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THE WORKS OF

JOHN WEBSTER.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

THE WORKS OF JOHN WEBSTER:

NOW FIRST COLLECTED, WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR, AND NOTES.

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE, B.A.

VOL. IV.

LONDON:
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THE MALCONTENT.

The Malcontent. By John Marston, 1604. *Printed at London, by V. S., for William Aspley, and are to be solde at his shop, in Paules Church-yard.*

The Malcontent. Augmented by John Marston. With the Additions played by the Kings Maiesties servants. Written by Ihon Webster. 1604. *At London Printed by V. S., for William Aspley, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules Church-yard.*

Both Marston and Webster, it appears from the last title-page, made additions to this play. It is impossible to distinguish the portions which the latter contributed; but he is generally supposed to have written the Induction. What is not found in the first 4to, I have marked by inverted commas: other variations of the two editions, I have given in the notes.

I have had occasion several times in the course of these volumes to observe, that different copies of the *same editions* of old plays often presented various readings: I have just found that my copy of the second 4to of the *Malcontent* does not altogether agree with that in the Garrick collection.

This drama has been given with no great accuracy in the different editions of Dodsley's *Old Plays*, and in the *Ancient British Drama*.

BENIAMINI JONSONIO,
POETÆ
ELEGANTISSIMO,
GRAVISSIMO,
AMICO
SVO, CANDIDO ET CORDATO,
IOHANNES MARSTON,
MVSARVM ALVMNVS,
ASPERAM HANC SUAM THALIAM
D. D

TO THE READER.

I AM an ill orator; and, in truth, use to indite more honestly than eloquently, for it is my custom to speak as I think, and write as I speak.

In plainness, therefore, understand, that in some things I have willingly erred, as in supposing a duke of Genoa, and in taking names different from that city's families: for which some may wittily accuse me; but my defence shall be as honest, as many reproofs unto me have been most malicious. Since, I heartily protest, it was my care to write so far from reasonable offence, that even strangers, in whose state I laid my scene, should not from thence draw any disgrace to any, dead or living. Yet in despite of my endeavours, I understand some have been most unadvisedly over-cunning in misinterpreting me, and with subtlety as deep as hell have maliciously spread ill rumours, which springing from themselves, might to themselves have heavily returned. Surely I desire to satisfy every firm spirit, who, in all his actions, proposeth to himself no more ends than God and virtue do, whose intentions are always simple: to such I protest that with my free understanding, I have not glanced at disgrace of any, but of those, whose unquiet studies labour innovation, contempt of holy policy, reverend, comely superiority, and

established unity: for the rest of my supposed tartness, I fear not, but unto every worthy mind it will be approved so general and honest, as may modestly pass with the freedom of a satire. I would fain leave the paper; only one thing afflicts me, to think that scenes, invented merely to be spoken, should be inforcively published to be read, and that the least hurt I can receive is to do myself the wrong. But, since others otherwise would do me more, the least inconvenience is to be accepted. I have myself, therefore, set forth this comedy; but so, that my inforced absence must much rely upon the printer's discretion; but I shall entreat, slight errors in orthography may be as slightly over-passed; and that the unhandsome shape which this trifle in reading presents, may be pardoned, for the pleasure it once afforded you, when it was presented with the soul of lively action.

*Sine aliqua dementia nullus Phœbus.**

J. M.

* *Sine aliqua, &c.*] Instead of this, the first 4to has "*Me mea sequentur fata.*"

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GIOVANNI ALTOFRONTO, disguised as MALEVOLE, sometime Duke of Genoa.
PIETRO JACOMO, Duke of Genoa.
MENDOZA, a minion to the Dutchess of Pietro Jacomo.
CELSO, a friend to Altofronto.
BILIOSO, an old cholerick marshal.
PREPASSO, a gentleman-usher.
FERNEZE, a young courtier, and enamoured on the Dutchess.
FERRARDO, a minion to Duke Pietro Jacomo.
EQUATO, GUERRINO, } two courtiers.
"PASSARELLO, fool to Bilioso."

AURELIA, Dutchess to Duke Pietro Jacomo.
MARIA, Dutchess to Duke Altofronto.
EMILIA, BIANCA, } two ladies attending the Dutchess.
MAQUERELLE, an old panderess.

" THE INDUCTION

" TO

" THE MALCONTENT, AND THE ADDITIONS ACTED " BY THE KING'S MAJESTY'S SERVANTS. " WRITTEN BY JOHN WEBSTER.

" *Enter* W. SLY*, *a* TIRE-MAN *following him with a* " *stool.*

" TIRE-MAN. Sir, the gentlemen will be angry if " you sit here.

" SLY. Why? we may sit upon the stage at the " private house. Thou dost not take me for a " country-gentleman, dost ? dost think I fear hiss- " ing? I 'll hold my life thou tookest me for one of " the players.

" TIRE-MAN. No, sir.

" SLY. By God's-slid, if you had, I would have " given you but six-pence† for your stool. Let " them that have stale suits sit in the galleries. " Hiss at me! He that will be laughed out of a " tavern, or an ordinary, shall seldom feed well, or

* *W. Sly.*] See an account of William Sly, by Malone and G. Chalmers, in Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), vol. iii., pp. 206, 476.

† *sixpence for your stool.*] From chap. vi. in Dekker's *Guls Horn-book*, it appears that it was the fashion for the gallants of the times to sit on the stage on stools. Reed.

" be drunk in good company. Where 's Harry
" Cundall, Dick Burbadge, and William Sly? Let
" me speak with some of them.

" Tire-man. An 't please you to go in, sir, you
" may.

" Sly. I tell you no: I am one that hath seen
" this play often, and can give them intelligence for
" their action: I have most of the jests here in my
" table-book.

" *Enter* Sinklow*.

" Sinklow. Save you, coz.

" Sly. O, cousin, come, you shall sit between my
" legs here.

" Sinklow. No, indeed, cousin; the audience
" then will take me for a viol-de-gambo, and think
" that you play upon me.

" Sly. Nay, rather that I work upon you, coz.

" Sinklow. We stayed for you at supper last
" night at my cousin Honey-moon's, the woollen-
" draper. After supper we drew cuts for a score of
" apricocks, the longest cut still to draw an apricock:
" by this light, 'twas Mistress Frank Honey-moon's

* *Sinklow.*] Was an actor of no great eminence. In the 4to edition of Shakespeare's *Henry IV.* Part 2d, and in the *Taming of the Shrew*, in the folio, 1623, his name is printed instead of the characters he played. He performed, also, in the entertainment of *The Seven Deadly Sins.*

" fortune still to have the longest cut: I did measure
" for the women. What be these, coz?

" *Enter* D. Burbadge, H. Cundall, *and* J. Lowin.*

" Sly. The players. God save you.

" Burbadge. You are very welcome.

" Sly. I pray you know this gentleman, my cou-
" sin; 'tis Master Doomsday's son, the usurer.

" Cundall. I beseech you, sir, be covered.

" Sly. Not, in good faith, for mine ease; look
" you, my hat's the handle to this fan: God's so,
" what a beast was I, I did not leave my feather at
" home! Well, but I 'll take an order with you.

[*Puts his feather in his pocket.*

" Burbadge. Why do you conceal your feather,
" sir?

" Sly. Why? do you think I 'll have jests broken
" upon me in the play to be laughed at? this play
" hath beaten all your gallants out of the feathers.
" Black-friars hath almost spoiled Black-friars for
" feathers.‡

* *D. Burbadge, H. Cundall, and J. Lowin.*] See Malone's and G. Chalmers's account of Richard Burbadge, Henry Cundall, and John Lowin, in Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), vol. iii. pp. 182, 467, 199, 475, 207, 516.

† *No, in good faith for mine ease.*] A quotation from the part of Osrick, in *Hamlet*. Sly might have been the original performer of that character. Steevens.

‡ *Black-friars hath almost spoiled Black-friars for feathers.*] See note *, vol. iii. p. 104.

The following passage, in act v. sc. 2, is probably alluded to

" Sinklow. God's so: I thought twas for some-
" what our gentlewomen at home counselled me to
" wear my feather to the play; yet I am loth to spoil
" it.

" Sly. Why, coz?

" Sinklow. Because I got it in the tilt-yard;
" there was a herald broke my pate for taking it up:
" but I have worn it up and down the Strand, and
" met him forty times since, and yet he dares not
" challenge it.

" Sly. Do you hear, sir? this play is a bitter
" play.

" Cundall. Why, sir, 'tis neither satire nor moral,
" but the mean passage of a history: yet there are
" a sort of discontented creatures that bear a sting-
" less envy to great ones, and these will wrest the
" doings of any man to their base, malicious appli-
" ment; but should their interpretation come to
" the test, like your marmoset, they presently turn
" their teeth to their tail and eat it.

" Sly. I will not go so far with you; but I say,
" any man that hath wit may censure, if he sit in
" the twelve-penny room; and I say again, the play
" is bitter.

" Burbadge. Sir, you are like a patron that, pre-
" senting a poor scholar to a benefice, enjoins him

as having produced this change. " For as now-a-days no courtier but has his mistress, no captain but has his cockatrice, no cuckold but has his horns, and *no fool but has his feather*." Collier.

" not to rail against anything that stands within " compass of his patron's folly. Why should not " we enjoy the ancient freedom of poesy? Shall " we protest to the ladies, that their painting makes " them angels? or to my young gallant, that his " expense in the brothel shall gain him reputation? " No, sir, such vices as stand not accountable to " law should be cured as men heal tetters, by cast- " ing ink upon them. Would you be satisfied in any " thing else, sir?

" Sly. Ay, marry, would I: I would know how " you came by this play?

" Cundall. Faith, sir, the book was lost; and " because 'twas pity so good a play should be lost, " we found it, and play it.

" Sly. I wonder you would play it, another com- " pany having interest in it.

" Cundall. Why not Malevole* in folio with us, " as Ieronimo in decimo sexto with them? They " taught us a name for our play; we call it, *One for* " *another.*

" Sly. What are your additions?

" Burbadge. 'Sooth, not greatly needful; only " as your sallet to your great feast, to entertain a

* *Why not Malevole, &c.*] It is not very easy to understand this passage, unless we suppose that the *Malcontent* was played by "the King's Majesty's Servants" at this time, under the title of *One for Another.* According to the entries in the Stationers' Books, W. Rowley wrote a play called "A Knave in Print; or, *One for Another.*" Collier.

" little more time, and to abridge the not-received " custom of music in our theatre. I must leave " you, sir. [*Exit.*

" Sinklow. Doth he play the Malcontent ?

" Cundall. Yes, sir.

" Sinklow. I durst lay four of mine ears the " play is not so well acted as it hath been.

" Cundall, O, no, sir, nothing, *Ad Parmenonis* " *suem.**

" Lowin. Have you lost your ears, sir, that you " are so prodigal of laying them ?

" Sinklow, Why did you ask that, friend ?

" Lowin. Marry, sir, because I have heard of a " fellow would offer to lay a hundred pound wager, " that was not worth five baubees : and in this kind " you might venture four of your elbows ; yet God " defend your coat should have so many.

" Sinklow. Nay, truly, I am no great censurer, " and yet I might have been one of the college of " critics once. My cousin, here, hath an excellent " memory indeed, sir.

" Sly. Who, I ? I 'll tell you a strange thing of " myself; and I can tell you, for one that never " studied the art of memory, 'tis very strange, too.

" Cundall. What's that, sir ?

* *Ad Parmenonis suem.*] Did the author intend a misquotation here ?

" Plurima salute Parmenonem
Summum suum impertit Gnatho, quid agitur."
Terent. *Eunuch,* act ii. sc. 2.

" Sly. Why, I 'll lay a hundred pound, I 'll walk
" but once down by the Goldsmith's row in Cheap,
" take notice of the signs, and tell you them with a
" breath instantly.

" Lowin. 'Tis very strange.

" Sly. They begin as the world did, with Adam
" and Eve. There 's in all just five and fifty. I
" do use to meditate much when I come to plays too.
" What do you think might come into a man's head
" now, seeing all this company ?

" Cundall. I know not, sir.

" Sly. I have an excellent thought. If some
" fifty of the Grecians that were crammed in the
" horse belly had eaten garlick, do you not
" think the Trojans might have smelt out their
" knavery ?

" Cundall. Very likely.

" Sly. By God, I would they* had, for I love
" Hector horribly.

" Sinklow. O, but coz, coz !
" Great Alexander† when he came to the tomb of
" Achilles,

* *they.*] The old copy, " *he.*"

† *Great Alexander, &c.*] " His afternoones theame," (says Gabriel Harvey, writing to Spenser,) " was borrowed out of him, whom one in your Coate, they say, is as much beholding unto, as any Planet or Starre in Heaven is unto the Sunne ; and is quoted as yourself best remember, in the Glose of your October :

Giunto Alessandro a la famosa tomba
Del

" Spake with a big loud voice, O thou thrice blessed
" and happy!

" Sly. Alexander was an ass to speak so well of
" a filthy cullion.

" Lowin. Good sir, will you leave the stage? I'll
" help you to a private room.

" Sly. Come, coz, let 's take some tobacco. Have
" you never a prologue?

" Lowin. Not any, sir.

" Sly. Let me see, I will make one extem-
" pore.

[*Come to them, and fencing of a congey with arms and legs, be round with them.**

Del fero Achille, sospirando disse,
O fortunato, che si chiara tromba
Trovasti:

Within a houre or there aboutes, he brought me these foure lustie Hexameters; altered since not past in a worde or two:

Noble Alexander, when he came to the tombe of Achilles,
Sighing spake with a bigge voyce: O thrice blessed Achilles,
That such a Trump, so great, so loude, so glorious hast found,
As the renowned and surprising Archpoet Homer."

Three Proper, and wittie, familiar Letters: lately passed betwene two Universitie men: touching the Earthquake in Aprill last, and our English reformed Versifying. 4to. 1580, p. 39. Peele had already ridiculed on the stage Gabriel's hexameters: see *The Old Wives Tale*, in *Peele's Works*, vol. i. p. 238, sec. ed.

* *Come to them, &c.*] I have made this a stage direction, at the suggestion of Mr. Collier: it is printed in the old copy as a portion of the text.

" Gentlemen,* I could wish for the women's
" sakes you had all soft cushions; and, gentle-
" women, I could wish that for the men's sakes you
" had all more easy standings.

" What would they wish more but the play, now?
" and that they shall have instantly."

[*Exeunt.*

* *Gentlemen, &c.*] This seems intended as a burlesque on the Epilogue to *As you like it*. Reed.

THE MALCONTENT*.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

The vilest out-of-tune music being heard.

Enter Bilioso *and* Prepasso.

Bil. Why, how now? are ye mad, or drunk, or both, or what?

Pre. Are ye building Babylon, there?

Bil. Here 's a noise in court! you think you are in a tavern, do you not?

Pre. You think you are in a brothel-house, do you not? This room is ill-scented.

Enter One with a perfume.

So, perfume, perfume; some upon me, I pray thee: the duke is upon instant entrance: so, make place, there.

Enter Pietro, Ferrardo, Equato, Celso *before, and* Guerrino.

Pietro. Where breathes that music?

* *The Malcontent.*] Opposite these words, on the margin of both 4tos, is "*Vexat censura columbas.*"

Bil. The discord rather than the music is heard from the malcontent Malevole's chamber.

Fer. Malevole!

Mal. (*out of his chamber*) Yaugh, god-a-man, what do'st thou there? Duke's Ganymede, Juno's jealous of thy long stockings: shadow of a woman, what wouldest, weasel? thou lamb a' court, what do'st thou bleat for? ah, you smooth-chinned catamite?

Pietro. Come down, thou rugged* cur, and snarl here; I give thy dogged sullenness free liberty: trot about and bespurtle whom thou pleasest.

Mal. I 'll come among you, you goatish-blooded toderers†, as gum into taffata, to fret, to fret: I 'll fall like a sponge into water, to suck up, to suck up. Howl again‡. I 'll go to church§ and come to you.

[*Exit above.*

Pietro. This Malevole is one of the most prodigious affections that ever conversed with nature. A man, or rather a monster; more discontent than Lucifer when he was thrust out of the Presence. His appetite is unsatiable as the grave; as far from any content as from heaven. His highest delight

* *rugged.*] The second 4to. "*ragged.*"

† *toderers.*] I suppose this is a word coined from *tod*, a certain weight of sheeps' wool. He seems willing to intimate that the duke, &c. are *mutton* mongers. The meaning of *lac'd mutton* is well known. Steevens.

‡ *Howl again.*] Qr. is this a stage direction?

§ *go to church.*] The first 4to, "*pray.*"

is to procure others vexation, and therein he thinks he truly serves heaven; for 'tis his position, whosoever in this earth can be contented, is a slave and damned; therefore does he afflict all in that to which they are most affected. Th' elements struggle within him; his own soul is at variance "within herself"; his speech is halter-worthy at all hours. I like him, faith; he gives good intelligence to my spirit, makes me understand those weaknesses which others' flattery palliates*. Hark! they sing.

A SONG.

Enter MALEVOLE, *after the song.*

See, he comes. Now shall you hear the extremity of a malcontent: he is as free as air: he blows over every man. And, sir, whence come you now?

MAL. From the public place of much dissimulation, "the church."

PIETRO. What did'st there?

MAL. Talk with a usurer; take up at interest.

PIETRO. I wonder what religion thou art "of"?

MAL. Of a soldier's religion.

PIETRO. And what do'st think makes most infidels now?

MAL. Sects, sects. I have seen seeming piety

* *palliates.*] The first 4to. "*palliate.*"

change her robe so oft, that sure none but some archdevil can shape her a new* petticoat.

Pietro. O, a religious policy!

Mal. But, damnation on a politick religion! "I am weary! would I were one of the duke's hounds now."

Pietro. But what 's the common news abroad, Malevole? thou doggest rumour still.

Mal. Common news? why, common words are, God save ye, Fare ye well: common actions, flattery, and cozenage: common things, women, and cuckolds. And how does my little Ferrard? Ah, ye lecherous animal! my little ferret! he goes sucking up and down the palace into every hen's nest, like a weasel. And to what dost thou addict thy time to now more than to those antique painted drabs that are still affected of young courtiers, flattery, pride, and venery?

Fer. I study languages. Who dost think to be the best linguist of our age?

Mal. Phew! the devil: let him possess thee; he 'll teach thee to speak all languages most readily and strangely; and great reason, marry, he 's travelled greatly in the world, and is everywhere.

Fer. Save i' th' court.

Mal. Ay, save i' th' court. And how does my old muckhill, overspread with fresh snow? thou half

* *new.*] Omitted in the second 4to.

a man, half a goat, all a beast! how does thy young wife, old huddle? [*To Bilioso.*

Bil. Out, you improvident rascal.

Mal. Do, kick, thou hugely-horned old duke's ox, good Master Make-pleece.

Pietro. How dost thou live now-a-days, Malevole?

Mal. Why, like the knight S. Patrick Penlolians, with killing a' spiders for my lady's monkey.

Pietro. How dost spend the night? I hear thou never sleepest.

Mal. O no; but dream the most fantastical! O heaven! O fubbery, fubbery!

Pietro. Dream! What dreamest?

Mal. Why, methinks I see that signior pawn his foot-cloth; that metreza her plate: this madam takes physick, that t'other monsieur may minister to her: here is a pander jewelled; there "is" a fellow in shift of satin this day, that could not shift a shirt t'other night: here a Paris supports that Helen; there 's a lady Guinever bears up that Sir Lancelot. Dreams, dreams, visions, fantasies, chimeras, imaginations, tricks, conceits! [*To Prepasso.*] Sir Tristram Trimtram, come aloft, Jack-an-apes*, with a whim-wham: here 's a knight of the land of Catito shall play at trap with any page in Europe; do the sword-dance with any morris-dancer in

* *come aloft, Jack-an-apes,* &c.] The exclamation of an apeward to his ape.

Christendom; ride at the ring, till the fin of his eyes look as blue as the welkin* ; and run the wild-goose chace even with Pompey the huge.

Pietro. You run!

Mal. To the devil. Now, signior Guerrino, that thou from a most pitied prisoner should'st grow a most loathed flatterer! Alas! poor Celso, thy star 's oppressed; thou art an honest lord! 'tis pity.

Equato. Is 't pity?

Mal. Ay, marry is 't, philosophical Equato; and 'tis pity that thou, being so excellent a scholar by art, shouldest be so ridiculous a fool by nature. I have a thing to tell you, duke: bid 'em avaunt, bid 'em avaunt.

Pietro. Leave us, leave us.

[*Exeunt all saving Pietro and Malevole.*

Now, sir, what is 't?

Mal. Duke, thou art a becco†, a cornuto.

Pietro. How?

Mal. Thou art a cuckold.

Pietro. Speak, unshale‡ him quick.

Mal. With most tumbler-like nimbleness.

Pietro. Who? by whom? I burst with desire.

* *till the fin of his eyes look as blue as the welkin.*] See note *, vol. i. p. 204.

† *becco.*] i. e. cuckold, *Ital.* Stevens.

‡ *unshale.*] A form of *unshell.*

MAL. Mendoza is the man makes thee a horned beast; duke, 'tis Mendoza cornutes thee.

PIETRO. What conformance? relate; short, short.

MAL. As a lawyer's beard.

There is an old crone in the court, her name is Maquerelle,
She is my mistress sooth to say, and she doth ever tell me.
Blirt, a rhyme; blirt, a rhyme: Maquerelle is a cunning bawd; I am an honest villain: thy wife is a close drab; and thou art a notorious cuckold: farewell, duke.

PIETRO. Stay, stay.

MAL. Dull, dull duke, can lazy patience make lame revenge? O God! for a woman to make a man that which God never created, never made!

PIETRO. What did God never make?

MAL. A cuckold: to be made a thing that 's hoodwinked with kindness, whilst every rascal fillips his brows; to have a coxcomb with egregious horns pinned to a lord's back, every page sporting himself with delightful laughter, whilst he must be the last must know it; pistols and poniards! pistols and poniards!

PIETRO. Death and damnation!

MAL. Lightning and thunder!

PIETRO. Vengeance and torture!

MAL. Catso !*

PIETRO. O revenge !

" MAL. Nay, to select among ten thousand fairs
" A lady far inferior to the most,
" In fair proportion both of limb and soul;
" To take her from austerer check of parents,
" To make her his by most devoutful rites,
" Make her commandress of a better essence,
" Than is the gorgeous world, even of a man;
" To hug her with as rais'd an appetite,
" As usurers do their delv'd-up treasury,
" (Thinking none tells it but his private self);
" To meet her spirit in a nimble kiss,
" Distilling panting ardour to her heart;
" True to her sheets, nay diets strong his blood,
" To give her height of hymeneal sweets—
" PIETRO. O God !
" MAL. Whilst she lisps, and gives him some
" court *quelquechose*,
" Made only to provoke, not satiate:
" And yet even then the thaw of her delight
" Flows from lewd heat of apprehension,
" Only from strange imagination's rankness,
" That forms the adulterer's presence in her soul,
" And makes her think she clips the foul knave's
" loins.

* *Catso.*] An Italian exclamation (of obscene meaning) still in use.

" PIETRO. Affliction to my blood's root !

" MAL. Nay, think, but think what may proceed
" of this ;
" Adultery is often the mother of incest.

" PIETRO. Incest !

" MAL. Yes, incest : mark ; Mendoza of his wife
" begets perchance a daughter : Mendoza dies ; his
" son marries this daughter : say you ? nay, 'tis fre-
" quent, not only probable, but no question often
" acted, whilst ignorance, fearless ignorance, clasps
" his own seed.

" PIETRO. Hideous imagination !

" MAL. Adultery ? why next to the sin of simony,
" 'tis the most horrid transgression under the cope
" of salvation.

" PIETRO. Next to simony !

" MAL. Ay, next to simony, in which our men in
" next age shall not sin.

" PIETRO. Not sin ! why ?

" MAL. Because (thanks to some church-men)
" our age will leave them nothing to sin with. But
" adultery, O dulness ! should shew* exemplary
" punishment, that intemperate bloods may freeze
" but to think it." I would damn him and all his generation ! my own hands should do it ; ha, I would not trust heaven with my vengeance any thing.

* *should shew.*] The old copy, " *shue should.*"

Pietro. Any thing, any thing, Malevole! thou shalt see instantly what temper my spirit holds. Farewell; remember I forget thee not; farewell.

[*Exit.*

" Mal. Farewell.
" Lean thoughtfulness, a sallow meditation,
" Suck thy veins dry, distemperance rob thy sleep!
" The heart's disquiet is revenge most deep;
" He that gets blood, the life of flesh but spills,
" But he that breaks heart's peace, the dear soul
" kills.
" Well, this disguise doth yet afford me that
" Which kings do seldom hear, or great men use,
" Free speech: and though my state's usurp'd,
" Yet this affected strain gives me a tongue,
" As fetterless as is an emperor's.
" I may speak foolishly, ay, knavishly,
" Always carelessly, yet no one thinks it fashion
" To poise my breath; for he that laughs and
" strikes,
" Is lightly felt, or seldom struck again.
" Duke, I 'll torment thee now; my just revenge
" From thee than crown a richer gem shall part.
" Beneath God, nought 's so dear as a calm heart."

Enter Celso.

Celso. My honour'd lord.

Mal. Peace, speak low; peace, O Celso! constant lord,

(Thou to whose faith I only rest discover'd,
Thou, one of full ten millions of men,
That lovest virtue only for itself;
Thou in whose hands old Ops may put her soul:)
Behold for-ever-banish'd Altofront,
This Genoa's last year's duke. O truly noble!
I wanted those old instruments of state,
Dissemblance, and suspect: I could not time it,
Celso;
My throne stood like a point midst* of a circle,
To all of equal nearness, bore with none;
Rein'd all alike, so slept in fearless virtue,
Suspectless, too suspectless: till the crowd,
(Still liquorous of untried novelties,)
Impatient with severer government,
Made strong with Florence, banish'd Altofront.

CELSO. Strong with Florence! ay, thence your mischief rose,
For when the daughter of the Florentine
Was match'd once with this Pietro, now duke,
No stratagem of state untried was left,
Till you of all——

MAL. Of all was quite bereft:
Alas! Maria too, close prisoned,
My true-faith'd dutchess, i' the citadel.

CELSO. I 'll still adhere: let 's mutiny and die.

MAL. O "no," climb not a falling tower, Celso;

* *midst.*] The second 4to, "*in* middest."

'Tis well held desperation, no zeal,
Hopeless to strive with fate ; peace ; temporize.
Hope, hope, that never forsak'st the wretched'st man,
Yet bid'st me live, and lurk in this disguise.
What? play I well the free-breath'd discontent?
Why, man, we are all philosophical monarchs
Or natural fools. Celso, the court 's afire ;
The dutchess' sheets will smoke for 't ere it be long.
Impure Mendoza, that sharp-nos'd lord, that made
The cursed match, link'd Genoa with Florence,
Now broad horns the duke, which he now knows.
Discord to malcontents is very manna ;
When the ranks are burst, then scuffle, Altofront.

CELSO. Ay, but durst——

MAL. 'Tis gone ; 'tis swallowed like a mineral :
Some way 'twill work ; pheut, I 'll not shrink :
He 's resolute who can no lower sink.

" BILIOSO *entering*, MALEVOLE *shifteth his speech.*

" O the father of may-poles ! did you never see a
" fellow whose strength consisted in his breath, re-
" spect in his office, religion on his lord, and love in
" himself? why then, behold.

" BIL. Signior.

" MAL. My right worshipful lord, your court
" night-cap makes you have a passing high fore-
" head.

" Bil. I can tell you strange news, but I am sure " you know them already. The duke speaks much " good of you.

" Mal. Go to, then; and shall you and I now " enter into a strict friendship?

" Bil. Second one another?

" Mal. Yes.

" Bil. Do one another good offices?

" Mal. Just: what though I called thee old ox, " egregious wittol, broken-bellied coward, rotten " mummy, yet, since I am in favour——

" Bil. Words of course, terms of disport. His " grace presents you by me a chain, as his grateful " remembrance for—I am ignorant for what, marry, " ye may impart: yet howsoever—come—dear " friend; dost know my son?

" Mal. Your son!

" Bil. He shall eat wood-cocks, dance jigs, make " possets, and play at shuttle-cock with any young " lord about the court: he has as sweet a lady, too; " dost know her little bitch?

" Mal. 'Tis a dog, man.

" Bil. Believe me, a she bitch: O 'tis a good " creature! thou shalt be her servant. I 'll make " thee acquainted with my young wife, too; what! I " keep her not at court for nothing: 'tis grown to " supper-time, come to my table; that, anything I " have, stands open to thee.

" Mal. How smooth to him that is in state of
" grace, [*To Celso.*
" How servile is the rugged'st courtier's face!
" What profit, nay, what nature would keep down,
" Are heav'd to them, are minions to a crown.
" Envious ambition never sates his thirst,
" Till sucking all, he swells and swells, and burst.*
" Bil. I shall now leave you with my always best
" wishes, only let 's hold betwixt us a firm corre-
" spondence, a mutual-friendly-reciprocal kind of
" steady-unanimous-heartily-leagued——
" Mal. Did your signiorship ne'er see a pigeon-
" house that was smooth, round, and white with-
" out, and full of holes and stink within? ha' ye
" not, old courtier?
" Bil. O yes, 'tis the form, the fashion of them
" all.
" Mal. Adieu, my true court-friend, farewell, my
" dear Castilio."† [*Exit Bilioso.*
Celso. Yonder 's Mendoza.
Mal. True, the privy-key. [*Descries Mendoza.*
Celso. I take my leave, sweet lord.
Mal. 'Tis fit, away. [*Exit Celso.*

* *burst.*] The old copy, "*burstes.*"

† *Castilio.*] An allusion to Baldessar Castiglione, see note *, vol. iii. p. 7.

Enter MENDOZA, *with three or four* SUITORS.

MEN. Leave your suits with me, I can and will: attend my secretary; leave me. [*Exeunt Suitors.*

MAL. Mendoza, hark ye, hark ye. You are a treacherous villain: God b' wi' ye.

MEN. Out, you base-born rascal!

MAL. We are all the sons of heaven, though a tripe-wife were our mother: ah, you whore-son, hot-reined he-marmoset! Ægisthus! did'st ever hear of one Ægisthus?

MEN. Gisthus?

MAL. Ay, Ægisthus; he was a filthy incontinent flesh-monger, such a one as thou art.

MEN. Out, grumbling rogue!

MAL. Orestes, beware Orestes!

MEN. Out, beggar!

MAL. I once shall rise.

MEN. Thou rise!

MAL. Ay, at the resurrection.

No vulgar seed, but once may rise, and shall;
No king so huge, but 'fore he die may fall. [*Exit.*

MEN. Now, good Elysium! what a delicious heaven is it for a man to be in a prince's favour! O sweet God! O pleasure! O fortune! O all thou best of life! what should I think, what say, what do to be a favourite? a minion? to have a general timorous respect observe a man, a stateful silence in his presence, solitariness in his absence, a con-

fused hum, and busy murmur of obsequious suitors training him ; the cloth held up, and way proclaimed before him; petitionary vassals licking the pavement with their slavish knees, whilst some odd palace lamprels that engender with snakes, and are full of eyes on both sides, with a kind of insinuated* humbleness, fix all their delights† upon his brow. O blessed state! what a ravishing prospect doth the Olympus of favour yield! Death! I cornute the duke! Sweet women! most sweet ladies! nay, angels! by heaven, he is more accursed than a devil that hates you, or is hated by you ; and happier than a god that loves you, or is beloved by you ; you preservers of mankind, life-blood of society, who would live, nay, who can live without you? O paradise, how majestical is your austerer presence! how imperiously chaste is your more modest face! but O! how full of ravishing attraction is your pretty, petulant, languishing, lasciviously-composed countenance! these amorous smiles, those soul-warming sparkling glances, ardent as those flames that singed the world by heedless Phaeton! in body how delicate‡, in soul how witty,in discourse how pregnant,

* *insinuated.*] The first 4to. "*insinuating.*"

† *delights.*] The first 4to. "*lights.*"

‡ *in body how delicate, &c.*] The author had here an eye to the well known passage of Shakespeare;—"What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form, and moving, how express and admirable! in action,

in life how wary, in favours how judicious, in day how sociable, and in night how —— O pleasure unutterable! indeed it is most certain, one man cannot deserve only to enjoy a beauteous woman; but a dutchess! in despite of Phœbus I 'll write a sonnet instantly in praise of her. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter FERNEZE, *ushering* AURELIA, *and* EMILIA *and* MAQUERELLE *bearing up her train,* BIANCA *attending: all go out but* AURELIA, MAQUERELLE, *and* FERNEZE.

AUREL. And is 't possible? Mendoza slight me! possible?

FER. Possible!

What can be strange in him that 's drunk with favour *,

Grows insolent with grace!—Speak Maquerelle, speak.

MAQ. To speak feelingly, more, more richly in solid sense than worthless words, give me those jewels of your ears to receive my enforced duty.

how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a God! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!"—*Hamlet*, act. ii sc. 2.

* *with favour.*] Omitted in the copy of the second 4to. in the Garrick collection.

As for my part, 'tis well known I can put up * any thing; [*Ferneze privately feeds Maquerelle's hands with jewels during this speech*] can bear patiently with any man: but when I heard he wronged your precious sweetness, I was enforced to take deep offence. 'Tis most certain he loves Emilia with high appetite: and as she told me (as you know we women impart our secrets one to another), when she repulsed his suit, in that he was possessed with your endeared grace, Mendoza most ingratefully renounced all faith to you.

Fer. Nay, called you—speak, Maquerelle, speak.

Maq. By heaven, witch, dried biscuit; and contested blushlessly he loved you but for a spurt, or so.

Fer. For maintenance.

Maq. Advancement and regard.

Aurel. O villain! O impudent Mendoza!

Maq. Nay, he is the rustiest-jawed †, the foulest mouthed knave in railing against our sex: he will rail against ‡ women—

Aurel. How? how?

Maq. I am ashamed to speak 't, I.

Aurel. I love to hate him; speak.

Maq. Why, when Emilia scorned his base un-

* *up.*] Not in the second 4to.

† *rustiest-jawed.*] The second 4to. "rustiest *jade;*" a misprint which is followed in modern editions of this play.

‡ *against.*] The first 4to "*agen.*"

steadiness, the black-throated rascal scolded, and said—

AUREL. What?

MAQ. Troth, 'tis too shameless.

AUREL. What said he?

MAQ. Why, that at four, women were fools; at fourteen, drabs; at forty, bawds; at fourscore, witches, and a hundred, cats.

AUREL. O unlimitable impudency!

FER. But as for poor Ferneze's fixed heart,
Was never shadeless meadow drier parch'd,
Under the scorching heat of heaven's dog,
Than is my heart with your enforcing eyes.

MAQ. A hot simile.

FER. Your smiles have been my heaven, your frowns my hell;
O pity then! grace should with beauty dwell.

MAQ. Reasonable perfect, by 'r lady.

AUREL. I will love thee, be it but in despite
Of that Mendoza: witch! Ferneze; witch!
Ferneze, thou art the dutchess' favourite,
Be faithful, private; but 'tis dangerous.

FER. His love is lifeless, that for love fears breath:
The worst that 's due to sin, O would 't were death!

AUREL. Enjoy my favour,
I will be sick instantly and take physic;
Therefore in depth of night visit—

MAQ. Visit her chamber, but conditionally, you shall not offend her bed: by this diamond!

FER. By this diamond— [*Gives it to Maquerelle.*

MAQ. Nor tarry longer than you please: by this ruby!

FER. By this ruby— [*Gives again.*

MAQ. And that the door shall not creak.

FER. And that the door shall not creak.

MAQ. Nay, but swear.

FER. By this purse— [*Gives her his purse.*

MAQ. Go to, I 'll keep your oaths for you: remember, visit.

Enter MENDOZA, *reading a sonnet.*

AUREL. Dried biscuit! Look where the base wretch comes.

MEN. *Beauty's life, heaven's model, love's queen.*

MAQ. That 's his Emilia.

MEN. *Nature's triumph, best on* * *earth!*

MAQ. Meaning Emilia.

MEN. *Thou only wonder that the world hath seen.*

MAQ. That's Emilia.

AUREL. Must I then hear her praised? Mendoza!

MEN. Madam, your excellency is graciously encountered; I have been writing passionate flashes in honour of— [*Exit Ferneze.*

AUREL. Out, villain! villain!

* *on.*] The first 4to "*of.*"

O judgment, where have been my eyes ? what
Bewitch'd election made me doat on thee?
What sorcery made me love thee ? but be gone !
Bury thy head ! O that I could do more
Than loathe thee ! hence, worst of ill !
No reason ask, our reason is our will *.

[*Exit, with Maquerelle.*

MEN. Women ! nay furies ! nay worse ! for they torment only the bad ; but women good and bad. Damnation of mankind ! breath, hast thou praised them for this ? and is 't you, Ferneze, are wriggled into smock-grace ? Sit sure. O that I could rail against these monsters in nature, models of hell, curse of the earth ; women that dare attempt any thing, and what they attempt they care not how they accomplish ; without all premeditation or prevention, rash in asking, desperate in working, impatient in suffering, extreme in desiring, slaves unto appetite, mistresses in dissembling, only constant in unconstancy †, only perfect

* *No reason,* &c.] The first 4to. ;

"No reason *else*, *my* reason is *my* will."

† *only constant in unconstancy.*] Compare a striking passage in *The Faire Maide of Bristow,* 1605 ;

"A harlot's love is like a chimney smoke,
Quivering in the aire betweene two blasts of winde,
Borne heere and there by either of the same,
And properly to none of both inclind,
Hate and despaire is painted in their eies,
Deceit and treason in their bossome lies :

Their

in counterfeiting: their words are feigned, their eyes forged, their sighs* dissembled, their looks counterfeit, their hair false, their given hopes deceitful, their very breath artificial. Their blood is their only god: bad clothes, and old age, are only the devils they tremble at. That I could rail now!

Enter PIETRO, *his sword drawn.*

PIETRO. A mischief fill thy throat, thou foul-jaw'd slave!
Say thy prayers.
MEN. I ha' forgot 'em.
PIETRO. Thou shalt die.
MEN. So shalt thou: I am heart-mad.
PIETRO. I am horn-mad.
MEN. Extreme mad.
PIETRO. Monstrously mad.
MEN. Why?

Their promises are made of brittle glasse,
Ground like a phillip to the finest dust,
Their thoughts like streaming rivers swiftly passe,
Their words are oyle, and yet they geather rust,
True are they never found but in untruth,
Constant in nought but in unconstancie,
Devouring cankars of mans liberty." Sig. E 3.

The play just quoted was no doubt written several years before it was given to the press.

* *sighs.*] Both 4tos. "*sights.*"

PIETRO. Why! thou, thou hast dishonoured my bed.

MEN. I! come, come, sit; here 's my bare heart to thee,
As steady as is this center to the * glorious world:
And yet hark, thou art a cornuto,—but by me!

PIETRO. Yes, slave, by thee.

MEN. Do not, do not with tart and spleenful breath
Lose him can loose thee: I offend my duke!
Bear record, O ye dumb and raw-air'd nights,
How vigilant my sleepless eyes have been,
To watch the traitor! record, thou spirit of truth,
With what debasement I ha' thrown myself
To under-offices only to learn
The truth, the party, time, the means, the place,
By whom, and when, and where thou wert disgrac'd!
And am I paid with slave? hath my intrusion
To places private and prohibited,
Only to observe the closer passages,
Heaven knows with vows of revelation,
Made me suspected, made me deem'd a villain?
What rogue hath wrong'd us?

PIETRO. Mendoza, I may err.

MEN. Err! 'tis too mild a name; but err and err,
Run giddy with suspect, 'fore through me thou know

* *the.*] The first 4to. "*this.*"

That which most creatures save thyself do know:
Nay, since my service hath so loath'd reject,
'Fore I 'll reveal, shalt find them clipt together.

PIETRO. Mendoza, thou know'st I am a most plain-breasted man.

MEN. The fitter to make a cuckold:* would your brows were most plain too!

PIETRO. Tell me, indeed I heard thee rail—

MEN. At women, true: why, what cold phlegm could choose
Knowing a lord so honest, virtuous,
So boundless loving, bounteous, fair-shap'd, sweet,
To be contemn'd, abus'd, defam'd, made cuckold?
Heart! I hate all women for 't; sweet sheets, wax lights, antick bed-posts, cambrick smocks, villainous curtains, arras pictures, oiled hinges, and all the† tongue-tied lascivious witnesses of great creatures' wantonness: what salvation can you expect?

PIETRO. Wilt thou tell me?

MEN. Why, you may find it yourself; observe, observe.

PIETRO. I ha' not the patience: wilt thou deserve‡ me? tell, give it.

* *cuckold.*] The first 4to. "*cornuto.*"
† *the.*] The first 4to. "*ye.*"
‡ *deserve.*] Qy. "Observe."

MEN. Take't; why, Ferneze is the man, Ferneze; I 'll prove 't, this night you shall take him in your sheets; will 't serve ?

PIETRO. It will, my bosom 's in some peace; till night—

MEN. What?

PIETRO. Farewell.

MEN. God! how weak a lord are you! Why, do you think there is no more but so ?

PIETRO. Why ?

MEN. Nay, then will I presume to counsel you; It should be thus. You with some guard upon the sudden
Break into the princess' chamber; I stay behind,
Without the door, through which he needs must pass;
Ferneze flies; let him; to me he comes; he 's kill'd
By me, observe, by me; you follow; I rail,
And seem to save the body. Dutchess comes,
On whom (respecting her advanced birth,
And your fair nature), I know, nay I do know,
No violence must be us'd; she comes; I storm,
I praise, excuse Ferneze, and still maintain
The dutchess' honour; she for this loves me.
I honour you, shall know her soul, you mine;
Then nought shall she contrive in vengeance
(As women are most thoughtful in revenge)
Of her Ferneze, but you shall sooner know 't

Than she can think 't. Thus shall his death come sure,
Your dutchess brain-caught: so your life secure.

PIETRO. It is too well, my bosom, and my heart:
When nothing helps, cut off the rotten part.

[*Exit.*

MEN. Who cannot feign friendship, can ne'er produce the effects of hatred. Honest fool duke! subtle lascivious dutchess! silly novice Ferneze! I do laugh at ye. My brain is in labour till it produce mischief, and I feel sudden throes, proofs sensible, the issue is at hand.

As bears shape young, so I 'll form my device,
Which grown proves horrid; vengeance makes men wise. [*Exit.*

" SCENE III.

" *Enter* MALEVOLE *and* PASSARELLO.

" MAL. Fool, most happily encountered; can'st " sing, fool?

" PASS. Yes, I can sing, fool, if you 'll bear the " burden; and I can play upon instruments, scurvily, " as gentlemen do. O that I had been gelded! I " should then have been a fat fool for a chamber, " a squeaking fool for a tavern, and a private fool " for all the ladies.

" Mal. You are in good case since you came to " court, fool; what, guarded, guarded*!

" Pass, Yes, faith, even as footmen and bawds " wear velvet, not for an ornament of honour, but " for a badge of drudgery: for now the duke is " discontented, I am fain to fool him asleep every " night.

" Mal. What are his griefs?

" Pass. He hath sore eyes.

" Mal. I never observed so much.

" Pass. Horrible sore eyes; and so hath every " cuckold, for the roots of the horns spring in the " eyeballs, and that 's the reason the horn of a " cuckold is as tender as his eye; or as that grow- " ing in the woman's forehead twelve years since†,

* *guarded.*] Adorned with lace, or fringe. Reed.

† *as that growing in the woman's forehead twelve years since.*] The woman with the horn in her forehead was probably Margaret Griffith, wife of David Owen, of Llan Gaduain, in Montgomery. A portrait of her is in existence, prefixed to a scarce pamphlet, entituled, "A miraculous and monstrous, but yet most true and certayne Discourse of a Woman, now to be seen in London, of the age of threescore yeares or thereabouts, in the midst of whose forehead there groweth out a crooked Horne of four ynches long. Imprinted at London, by Thomas Orwin, and are to be sold by Edward White, dwelling at the little north dore of Paules Church, at the signe of the Gun, 1588." O. Gilchrist.

If this lady is the person alluded to, this additional scene must have been composed about 1600.

" that could not endure to be touched. The duke " hangs down his head like a columbine.

" Mal. Passarello, why do great men beg " fools ?

" Pass. As the Welchman stole rushes, when " there was nothing else to filch ; only to keep beg- " ging in fashion.

" Mal. Pooh ! thou givest no good reason ; thou " speakest like a fool.

" Pass. Faith, I utter small fragments, as your " knight courts your city widow with jingling of " his gilt spurs, advancing his bush-coloured " beard*, and taking tobacco : this is all the mirror " of their knightly compliments. Nay, I shall talk " when my tongue is a going once ; 'tis like a citi- " zen on horse-back, evermore in a false gallop.

" Mal. And how doth Macquerelle fare now-a- " days ?

" Pass. Faith, I was wont to salute her as our " English women are at their first landing in " Flushing† : I would call her whore ; but now that

* *with jingling of his gilt spurs, advancing his bush-coloured beard.*] The gallants of the time considered it high fashion to wear spurs which jingled as they walked. I here follow the text of my own copy of *The Malcontent* : the copy in the Garrick collection (*the same edition*) has "*with something of his guilt : some* advancing his *high*-coloured beard."

† *as our English women are at their first landing in Flush-*

" antiquity leaves her as an old piece of plastick*
" t'work by, I only ask her how her rotten teeth
" fare every morning, and so leave her. She was
" the first that ever invented perfumed smocks for
" the gentlewomen, and woollen shoes for fear of
" creaking for the visitant. She were an excellent
" lady, but that her face peeleth like Muscovy
" glass†.

ing.] At this time, *Flushing* was in the hands of the English as part of the security for money advanced by Queen Elizabeth to the Dutch. The governor and garrison were all Englishmen. Reed.

* *an old piece of plastick.*] i. e. an ancient model made of wax or clay, by which an artist might work. Steevens.

† *Muscovy glass.*] i. e. talc. Here Reed cites the following passages:

" In the province of Corelia, and about the river Duyna towards
" the North-sea, there groweth a soft rocke which they call
" Slude. This they cut into pieces, and so tear it into thin *flakes.*
" *which naturally it is apt for*, and so use it for glasse lanthorns
" and such like. It giveth both inwards and outwards a clearer
" light then glasse, and for this respect is better than either
" glasse or horne; for that it neither breaketh like glasse, nor yet
" will burne like the lanthorne."

Giles Fletcher's *Russe Commonwealth*, 1591, p. 10.

" They have no English glass: of slices of a rocke,
Hight *Sluda*, they their windowes make, that English glass
doth mocke.
They cut it very thinne, and sow it with a thred
In pretie order like to panes to serve their present neede:
No other glasse good faith doth give a better light,
And sure the rocke is nothing rich, the cost is very slight."

Turbervile's *Letter to Spenser*, *Hackluyt*, 1589, p. 410.

" Mal. And how doth thy old lord, that hath " wit enough to be a flatterer, and conscience " enough to be a knave ?

" Pass. O excellent ! he keeps beside me fifteen " jesters, to instruct him in the art of fooling, and " utters their jests in private to the duke and " dutchess : he 'll lie like to your Switzer or law- " yer ; he 'll be of any side for most money.

" Mal. I am in haste, be brief.

" Pass. As your fiddler when he is paid. He 'll " thrive, I warrant you, while your young courtier " stands like Good-Friday in Lent ; men long to " see it, because more fatting days come after it ; " else he 's the leanest and pitifullest actor in the " whole pageant. Adieu, Malevole.

" Mal. O world most vild, when thy loose va- " nities,

" Taught by this fool, do make the fool seem wise !

" Pass. You 'll know me again, Malevole.

" Mal. O ay, by that velvet.

" Pass. Ay, as a petty-fogger by his buckram " bag. I am as common in the court as an hostess's " lips in the country ; knights, and clowns, and " knaves, and all share me : the court cannot pos- " sibly be without me. Adieu, Malevole."

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter MENDOZA *with a sconce* *, *to observe* FERNEZE'S *entrance, who, whilst the act is playing, enters unbraced, two pages before him with lights; is met by* MAQUERELLE *and conveyed in; the pages are* † *sent away.*

MEN. He 's caught, the woodcock's head is i' th' noose.
Now treads Ferneze in dangerous path of lust,
Swearing his sense is merely ‡ deified.
The fool grasps clouds and shall beget centaurs;
And now in strength of panting faint delight,
The goat bids heaven envy him. Good goose,
I can afford thee nothing
But the poor comfort of calamity, pity.
Lust's like the plummets hanging on clock lines,
Will ne'er ha' done till all is quite undone:
Such is the course salt sallow lust doth run,
Which thou shalt try: I 'll be reveng'd. Duke, thy suspect;
Dutchess, thy disgrace; Ferneze, thy rivalship;
Shall have swift vengeance. Nothing so holy,
No band of nature so strong,

* *sconce.*] *i. e.* lantern.
† *the pages are.*] The first 4to. "the *Dutchess* pages."
‡ *merely.*] *i. e.* absolutely.

No law of friendship so sacred;
But I 'll profane, burst, violate,
'Fore I 'll endure disgrace, contempt, and poverty.
Shall I, whose very hum struck all heads bare,
Whose face made silence, creaking of whose shoe
Forc'd the most private passages fly ope,
Scrape like a servile dog at some latch'd door?
Learn now to make a leg; and cry, beseech ye,
Pray ye, is such a lord within? be aw'd
At some odd usher's scoff'd formality?
First sear my brains! *Unde cadis, non quo, refert;*
My heart cries, perish all: how! how! what fate
Can once avoid revenge, that 's desperate?
I 'll to the duke; if all should ope—if! tush;
Fortune still doats on those who cannot blush.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter MALEVOLE *at one door*, BIANCA, EMILIA, *and* MAQUERELLE *at the other door.*

MAL. Bless ye, cast a' ladies! * Ha, Dipsas! † how dost thou, old Cole?

* *cast a' ladies.*] An expression drawn from falconry; a *cast* of hawks means a flight of hawks: Dodsley, whom all the editors of this play have followed, altered it to "*chaste* ladies."

† *Dipsas.*] A kind of serpent: those whom it bit were said to die tormented with thirst; hence Lucan, "*torrida* dipsas."

Maq. Old Cole !

Mal. Ay, old Cole: methinks thou liest like a brand under these * billets of green wood. He that will inflame a young wench's heart, let him lay close to her an old coal that hath first been fired, a panderess, my half-burnt lint, who though thou canst not flame thyself, yet art able to set a thousand virgins' tapers afire. And how doth † Janivere thy husband, my little periwinckle? is he troubled with the cough of ‡ the lungs still? does he hawk a' nights still? he will not bite.

Bian. No, by my troth, I took him with his mouth empty of old teeth.

Mal. And he took thee with thy belly full of young bones: marry, he took his maim by the stroke of his enemy.

Bian. And I mine by the stroke of my friend.

Mal. The close stock! § O mortal wench! Lady, ha' ye now no restoratives for your decayed Jasons? ‖ look ye, crabs' guts baked, distilled ox-pith, the pulverised hairs of a lion's upper-lip, jelly of cock-

* *these.*] Not in the second 4to.

† *doth.*] The first 4to. "*does.*"

‡ *is he troubled with the cough of.*] The first 4to. "is *a* troubled with the cough *a.*"

§ *stock.*] *i. e. stoccata.* See note †, vol. iii., p. 54.

‖ *Jasons.*] The first 4to. "*Jason.*"

sparrows, he-monkey's marrow, or powder of fox-stones? And whither are all * you ambling now?

Bian. Why †, to bed, to bed.

Mal. Do your husbands lie with ye?

Bian. That were country fashion, i' faith.

Mal. Ha' ye no foregoers about you? come, whither in good deed la now?

Maq ‡. In good indeed la now, to eat the most miraculously, admirably, astonishable composed posset with three curds, without any drink. Will ye help me with a he-fox? Here's the duke.

" Mal. Fried frogs are very good, and French-" like too." [*Exeunt ladies.*

Enter Pietro, Celso, Equato, Bilioso, Ferrardo, *and* Mendoza.

Pietro. The night grows deep and foul; what hour is 't?

Celso. Upon the stroke of twelve.

Mal. Save ye, duke.

Pietro. From thee: be gone, I do not love thee; let me see thee no more, we are displeased.

Mal. Why, God be with thee §; heaven hear my curse;

* *all.*] Not in the second 4to.

† *Why.*] Not in the second 4to.

‡ *Maquerelle.*] The second 4to. gives this speech to Bianca.

§ *be with thee.*] The first 4to., " *buy* thee."

May thy wife and thee live long together!

PIETRO. Be gone, sirrah!

MAL. * *When Arthur first in court began*,—Agamemnon—

Menelaus—was ever any duke a Cornuto?

PIETRO. Be gone, hence!

MAL. What religion wilt thou be of next?

MEN. Out with him!

MAL. With most servile patience. Time will come
When wonder of thy error will strike dumb
Thy bezel'd † sense. Slaves to favour, marry, shall arise ‡.
Good God! how subtle hell doth flatter vice!
Mounts § him aloft, and makes him seem to fly!
As fowl the tortoise mock'd, who to the sky
The ambitious shell-fish rais'd: th' end of all
Is only, that from height he might dead fall.

"BIL. Why, when‖? out, ye rogue! be gone,
"ye rascal!

* *When Arthur*, &c.] This entire ballad (which Falstaff likewise begins to sing in the Second Part of *King Henry* IV.) is published in the first Volume of Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. Reed.

† *bezel'd.*] *i. e.* besotted: to *bezzle* is to *drink hard*.

‡ *Slaves to favour, marry, shall arise.*] This is Dodsley's reading: both 4tos. have;

"Slaves *I* favour, *I* marry shall *he*, *rise*."

Qy. "*The* slave's i' favour; ay, marry, shall he rise."

§ *Mounts.*] The first 4to. "*mount*."

‖ *when.*] See note *, vol. i., p. 279

" Mal. I shall now leave ye with all my best " wishes.

" Bil. Out, ye cur!

" Mal. Only let 's hold together a firm corre- " spondence.

" Bil. Out!

" Mal. A mutual*-friendly-reciprocal-perpetual " kind of steady-unanimous-heartily-leagued—

" Bil. Hence, ye gross-jawed peasantly—out, " go!

" Mal. Adieu, pigeon-house; thou burr, that " only stickest to nappy fortunes. The serpigo, " the strangury, an eternal uneffectual priapism " seize thee!

" Bil. Out, rogue!

" Mal. Mayest thou be a notorious wittolly pan- " der to thine own wife, and yet get no office, but " live to be the utmost misery of mankind, a beg- " garly cuckold!" [*Exit.*

Pietro. It shall be so.

Men. It must be so, for where great states re- venge,
'Tis requisite the parties with piety
And lofty respect be closely dogged†.

* *a mutual, &c.*] Bilioso's words: see p. 34.

† *And lofty respect be closely dogg'd.*] So Dodsley reads: of the old copies I can make nothing;

" And *loft* respect *forbeares*, be closely dog'd;"

The first 4to. " *soft*."

Lay one into his breast shall sleep with him,
Feed in the same dish, run in self-faction,
Who may discover* any shape of danger;
For once disgrac'd, displayed† in offence,
It makes man blushless, and man is (all confess)
More prone to vengeance than to gratefulness.
Favours are writ in dust, but stripes we feel,
Depraved nature stamps in lasting steel.

PIETRO. You shall be leagued with the dutchess.

EQUATO. The plot is very good.

MEN. You shall both kill, and seem the corse to save.

FER. A most fine brain-trick.

CELSO. Of a most cunning knave. [*Tacitè.*

PIETRO. My lords, the heavy action we intend
Is death and shame, two of the ugliest shapes
That can confound a soul; think, think of it:
I strike, but yet like him that 'gainst stone walls
Directs, his shafts rebound‡ in his own face:
My lady's shame is mine, O God, 'tis mine!
Therefore I do conjure all secresy;
Let it be as very little as may be, pray ye, as may be.
Make frightless entrance, salute her with soft eyes,
Stain nought with blood, only Ferneze dies,
But not before her brows. O gentlemen,

* *discover*] The first 4to. "*dissever.*"

† *displayed.*] The first 4to "*discovered.*"

‡ *rebound.*] Both 4tos. "*rebounds.*"

God knows I love her ! Nothing else, but this
I am not well : if grief, that sucks veins dry,
Rivels the skin, casts ashes in men's faces,
Be-dulls the eye, unstrengthens all the blood,
Chance to remove me to another world,
As sure I once must die, let him succeed :
I have no child ; all that my youth begot
Hath been your loves, which shall inherit me :
Which, as it ever shall, I do conjure it,
Mendoza may succeed : he 's nobly* born ;
With me of much desert.

CELSO. Much. [*Tacitè.*

PIETRO. Your silence answers, ay :
I thank you. Come on now. O that I might die
Before her shame 's display'd ! would I were forc'd
To burn my father's tomb, unheal† his bones,
And dash them in the dirt, rather than this
This both the living and the dead offends ;
Sharp surgery, where nought but death amends.
[*Exit with the others.*

* *nobly.*] The second 4to. "*noble.*"

† *unheal.*] i. e. uncover. To *heal* in Sussex signifies to cover. Steevens. The first 4to. "*unhill.*"

SCENE III.

Enter MAQUERELLE, EMILIA, *and* BIANCA, *with the posset.*

MAQ. Even here it is, three curds in three regions individually distinct,
Most methodically* according to art compos'd without any drink.

BIAN. Without any drink!

MAQ. Upon my honour. Will you† sit and eat?

EMIL. Good the composure: the receipt, how is 't?

MAQ. 'Tis a pretty pearl; by this pearl, (how does't with me?) thus it is. Seven and thirty yolks of Barbary hens' eggs, eighteen spoonfuls and a half of the juice of cock-sparrow bones; one ounce, three drams, four scruples, and one quarter of the syrup of Ethiopian dates! sweetened with three quarters of a pound of pure candied Indian eringos; strewed over with the powder of pearl of America, amber of Cataia, and lamb-stones of Muscovia.

BIAN. Trust me, the ingredients are very cordial,

* *methodically.*] The second 4to. "*methodical.*"
† *you.*] The first 4to. "*ye.*"

and, no question, good, and most powerful in restauration*.

Maq. I know not what you mean by restauration; but this it doth, it purifieth the blood, smootheth the skin, enliveneth the eye, strengtheneth the veins, mundifieth the teeth, comforteth the stomach, fortifieth the back, and quickeneth the wit; that 's all.

Emil. By my troth, I have eaten but two spoonfuls, and methinks I could discourse most swiftly and wittily already.

Maq. Have you the art to seem honest?

Bian. Ay, thank advice and practice.

Maq. Why then, eat me of† this posset, quicken your blood, and preserve your beauty. Do you know doctor Plaster-face? by this curd he is the most exquisite in forging of veins, sprightening of eyes, dyeing of hair, sleeking of skins, blushing of cheeks, surphling‡ of breasts, blanching and bleaching of teeth, that ever made an old lady gracious by torch-light: by this curd la!

Bian. Well§, we are resolved, what God has given us we 'll cherish.

* *restauration.*] The first 4to. "*operation.*"

† *of.*] The first 4to. "*a.*"

‡ *surphling.*] To *surphle, surphale, surfel,* or *surfle,* is to wash with a cosmetic. All the editors of this play read "soupling!"

§ *Well.*] The second 4to "*We.*"

MAQ. Cherish any thing saving your husband: keep him not too high, lest he leap the pale: but, for your beauty, let it be your saint, bequeath two hours to it every morning in your closet. I ha' been young, and yet in my conscience I am not above five and twenty; but, believe me, preserve and use your beauty; for youth and beauty once gone, we are like bee-hives without honey; out-a-fashion apparel that no man will wear; therefore use me your beauty.

EMIL. Ay, but men say—

MAQ. Men say! let men say what they will: life a' woman! they are ignorant of our * wants. The more in years, the more in perfection they grow; if they lose youth and beauty, they gain wisdom and discretion: but when our beauty fades, good night with us. There cannot be an uglier thing to see, than an old woman; from which, O pruning, pinching, and painting, deliver all sweet beauties!

BIAN. Hark! musick!

MAQ. Peace, 'tis in the dutchess' bed-chamber. Good rest, most prosperously graced ladies.

EMIL. Good night, centinel.

BIAN. Night, dear Maquerelle.

[*Exeunt Bianca and Emilia.*

* *our.*] The second 4to. "*your.*"

Maq. May my posset's operation send you my wit and honesty; and me, your youth and beauty: the pleasingest rest! [*Exit.*

A SONG.

Whilst the song is singing, enter Mendoza *with his sword drawn, standing ready to murder Ferneze as he flies from the Dutchess' chamber.*

Within. Strike, strike.

Aur. (*within.*) Save my Ferneze! O, save my Ferneze!

Enter Ferneze *in his shirt, and is received upon Mendoza's sword.*

Within. Follow, pursue.

Aur. (*within.*) O, save Ferneze!

Men. Pierce, pierce; thou shallow fool, drop there.

He that attempts a prince's lawless love,
Must have broad hands, close heart, with Argus' eyes,
And back of Hercules, or else he dies.

[*Thrusts his rapier in Ferneze.*

Enter Aurelia, Pietro, Ferrardo, Bilioso, Celso, *and* Equato.

All. Follow, follow.

MEN. Stand off! forbear! ye most uncivil lords.

PIETRO. Strike.

MEN. Do not; tempt not a man resolv'd:

[*Mendoza bestrides the wounded body of Ferneze, and seems to save him.*

Would you, inhuman murderers, more than death?

AUR. O, poor Ferneze!

MEN. Alas! now all defence too late!

AUR. He's dead.

PIETRO. I am sorry for our shame: go to your bed:

Weep not too much, but leave some tears to shed
When I am dead.

AUR. What, weep for thee! my soul no tears shall find.

PIETRO. Alas, alas, that women's souls are blind!

MEN. Betray such beauty! murder such youth! contemn civility!

He loves him not that rails not at him.

PIETRO. Thou canst not move us: we have blood enough.

And please you, lady, we have quite forgot
All your defects: if not, why then—

AUR. Not.

PIETRO. Not: the best of rest; good night.

[*Exeunt Pietro, Ferrardo, Bilioso, Celso, and Equato.*

AUR. Despite go with thee.

MEN. Madam, you ha' done me foul disgrace:

You have wrong'd him much, loves you too much:
Go to; your soul knows you have.

AUR. I think I have.

MEN. Do you but think so?

AUR. Nay, sure I have: my eyes have witnessed thy love:
Thou hast stood too firm for me.

MEN. Why, tell me, fair-cheek'd lady, who even in tears
Art powerfully beauteous, what unadvis'd passion
Struck ye into such a violent heat against me?
Speak, what mischief wrong'd us? what devil injur'd us?
Speak.

AUR. That thing, ne'er worthy of the name of man, Ferneze;
Ferneze swore thou lov'dst Emilia;
Which to advance with most reproachful breath,
Thou both didst blemish and denounce my love.

MEN. Ignoble villain! did I for this bestride
Thy wounded limbs* ? for this, O God! for this,
Sunk all my hopes, and with my hopes my life?
Ripp'd bare my throat unto the hangman's axe?
Thou most dishonour'd trunk!—Emilia!
By life, I know her not—Emilia!—
Did you believe him?

* *Thy wounded limbs*, &c.] The first 4to.;
"Thy wounded limbs? for this *rank opposite*
Even to my sovereign? for this? O God, for this?"

AUR. Pardon me, I did.

MEN. Did you? and thereupon you grac'd him?

AUR. I did.

MEN. Took him to favour, nay even clasp'd with him?

AUR. Alas! I did.

MEN. This night?

AUR. This night.

MEN. And in your lustful twines the duke took you?

AUR. A most sad truth.

MEN. O God! O God! how we dull honest souls,
Heavy-brain'd men, are swallow'd in the bogs
Of a deceitful ground! whilst nimble bloods,
Light-jointed spirits speed*; cut good men's throats,
And 'scape. Alas, I am too honest for this age,
Too full of phlegm, and heavy steadiness;
Stood still whilst this slave cast a noose about me;
Nay, then to stand in honour of him and her,
Who had even slic'd my heart!

AUR. Come, I did err, and am most sorry I did err.

MEN. Why, we are both but dead; the duke hates us;
And those whom princes do once groundly hate,
Let them provide to die, as sure as fate.
Prevention is the heart of policy.

* *speed.*] The first 4to. *pent*, the second, *spent*. The reading in the text is Dodsley's.

Aur. Shall we murder him ?

Men. Instantly ?

Aur. Instantly ; before he casts a plot,
Or further blaze my honour's much-known blot,
Let's murder him.

Men. I would do much for you ; will ye marry me ?

Aur. I 'll make thee duke. We are of Medicis ;
Florence our friend ; in court my faction*
Not meanly strengthful ; the duke then dead ;
We well prepar'd for change ; the multitude
Irresolutely reeling ; we in force ;
Our party seconded ; the kingdom 'maz'd ;
No doubt of swift success all shall be grac'd.

Men. You do confirm me ; we are resolute ;
To-morrow look for change ; rest confident.
'Tis now about the immodest waist of night :
The mother of moist dew with pallid light
Spreads gloomy shades about the numbed earth.
Sleep, sleep, whilst we contrive our mischief's birth.
This man I 'll get inhum'd. Farewell : to bed ;
Ay, kiss the pillow, dream the duke is dead.

[*Exit Aurelia.*

* *in court my faction,* &c.] I would recommend the following regulation, &c., of this speech :

——— " in court my faction
Not meanly strengthen'd (the duke then *being* dead)
Were well prepar'd for change."—Steevens.

And perhaps we should read :

——— ——— " the multitude,
Irresolutely reeling, we *enforce*."

So, so, good night. How fortune doats on impudence*!
I am in private the adopted son
Of yon good prince:
I must be duke; why, if I must, I must:
Most silly lord, name me! O heaven! I see
God made honest fools to maintain crafty knaves.
The dutchess is wholly mine too; must kill her husband
To quit her shame; much†! then marry her: ay.
O I grow proud in prosperous treachery!
As wrestlers clip, so I 'll embrace you all,
Not to support, but to procure your fall.

Enter MALEVOLE.

MAL. God arrest thee!

MEN. At whose suit?

MAL. At the devil's. Ah, you treacherous damnable monster! How dost? how dost, thou treacherous rogue? Ah, ye rascal! I am banished the court, sirrah.

MEN. Prithee let 's be acquainted; I do love thee, faith.

MAL. At your service, by the lord, la: shall 's go

* *How fortune doats on impudence.*] So at p. 52.
"Fortune still doats on those who cannot blush."

† *much.*] A contemptuous and ironical exclamation frequently used by our old dramatists, to express denial.

to supper? Let 's be once drunk together, and so unite a most virtuously strengthened friendship: shall 's, Hugonot? shall 's?

Men. Wilt fall upon my chamber to-morrow morn?

Mal. As a raven to a dunghill. They say there's one dead here; pricked for the pride of the flesh.

Men. Ferneze: there he is; prithee bury him.

Mal. O, most willingly: I mean to turn pure Rochel churchman*, I.

Men. Thou churchman! why, why?

Mal. Because I 'll live lazily, rail upon authority, deny kings' supremacy in things indifferent, and be a pope in mine own parish.

Men. Wherefore dost thou think churches were made?

Mal. To scour plough-shares; I have† seen oxen plough up altars: *et nunc seges ubi Sion fuit.*

Men. Strange!

Mal. Nay, monstrous! I ha' seen a sumptuous steeple turned to a stinking privy; more beastly, the sacredest place made a dogs' kennel; nay, most inhuman, the stoned coffins of long-dead christians

* *Rochel church-man.*] *Rochel* was at this time held by the Hugonots, or Protestants, with the privilege of professing their religion unmolested. It was besieged, in 1573, by the duke of Anjou without success; but fell into the hands of its enemies in 1629, after a long, obstinate, and brave defence. Reed.

† *have.*] The first 4to. "*ha.*"

burst up, and made hogs' troughs: *hic finis Priami.* Shall I ha' some sack and cheese at thy chamber? Good night, good mischievous incarnate devil, good night, Mendoza; ah, you* inhuman villain, good night! night, fub.

MEN. Good night: to-morrow morn. [*Exit.*

MAL. Ay, I will come, friendly damnation, I will come. I do descry cross-points; honesty and courtship straddle as far asunder as a true Frenchman's legs.

FER. O!

MAL. Proclamations! more proclamations!

FER. O! a surgeon!

MAL. Hark! lust cries for a surgeon. What news from limbo? how doth† the grand cuckold, Lucifer?

FER. O help! help! conceal and save me.

[*Ferneze stirs, and Malevole helps him up.*

MAL. Thy shame more than thy wounds do grieve me far:

Thy wounds but leave upon thy flesh some scar;
But fame ne'er heals, still rankles worse and worse;
Such is of uncontrolled lust the curse.
Think what it is in lawless sheets to lie;
But, O Ferneze, what in lust to die!
Then thou that shame respects, O fly converse
With women's eyes, and lisping wantonness,

* *ah, you.*] The first 4to. "*ha, ye.*"
† *doth.*] The first 4to., "*does.*"

Stick candles 'gainst a virgin wall's white back,
If they not burn, yet at the least they 'll black.
Come, I 'll convey thee to a private port,
Where thou shalt live (O happy man!) from court.
The beauty of the day begins to rise,
From whose bright form night's heavy shadow flies.
Now 'gin* close plots to work, the scene grows full,
And craves his eyes who hath a solid skull.

[*Exit, conveying Ferneze away.*

ACT III.—SCENE I.

Enter PIETRO, MENDOZA, EQUATO, *and* BILIOSO.

PIETRO. 'Tis grown to youth of day; how shall we waste this light?
My heart 's more heavy than a tyrant's crown.
Shall we go hunt? prepare for field.

[*Exit Equato.*

MEN. Would ye could be merry.

PIETRO. Would God I could! Mendoza, bid 'em haste. [*Exit Mendoza.*
I would fain shift place; O vain relief!
Sad souls may well change place, but not change grief:
As deer, being struck, fly thorough many soils,
Yet still the shaft sticks fast, so——

* *'gin.*] Both 4tos. "*gins.*"

Bil. A good old simile, my honest lord.

Pietro. I am not much unlike to some sick man,
That long desired hurtful drink; at last
Swills in and drinks his last, ending at once
Both life and thirst. O would I ne'er had known
My own dishonour! Good God, that men should
Desire to search out that, which being found kills all
Their joy of life! to taste the tree of knowledge,
And then be driven from out paradise!—
Canst give me some comfort?

Bil. My lord, I have some books which have been dedicated to my honour, and I ne'er read 'em, and yet they had very fine names; *Physick for fortune**, *Lozenges of sanctified sincerity*†, very pretty works of curates, scriveners, and school-masters. Marry, I remember one Seneca, Lucius Annæus Seneca——

* *Physick for Fortune.*] In 1579, was published a book, entitled "Physick against fortune, as well prosperous as adverse, contained in two Books. Written in Latin by Francis Petrarch, a most famous poet and oratour, and now first Englished by Thomas Twyne." 4to. B. L. Reed.

† *Lozenges of sanctified sincerity.*] I have not met with this book, but from the ridicule thrown out in *The Wits*, I believe some one with a similar title had before appeared. Reed.

The passage of Davenant's *Wits*, 1636, alluded to by Reed, is the following;

"'A pill to purge phlebotomy,'—'A balsamum
For the spiritual back,'—'*A lozenge against lust.*'"
Act ii. sc. 1.

PIETRO. Out upon him! he writ of temperance and fortitude, yet lived like a voluptuous epicure, and died like an effeminate coward. Haste thee to Florence.
Here, take our letters; see 'em seal'd: away;
Report in private to the honour'd duke
His daughter's forc'd disgrace; tell him at length
We know too much; due compliments* advance:
There 's nought that 's safe and sweet but ignorance. [*Exit.*

" *Enter* BIANCA.

" BIL. Madam, I am going ambassador for Flo-
" rence; 'twill be great charges to me.

" BIAN. No matter, my lord, you have the lease
" of two manors come out next Christmas; you may
" lay your tenants on the greater rack for it: and
" when you come home again, I 'll teach you how
" you shall get two hundred pounds a year by your
" teeth.

" BIL. How, madam?

" BIAN, Cut off so much from house-keeping;
" that which is saved by the teeth, you know is got
" by the teeth.

" BIL. 'Fore God, and so I may; I am in won-
" drous credit, lady.

" BIAN. See the use of flattery; I did ever coun-

* *compliments.*] The first 4to. " *complaints.*"

" sel you to flatter greatness, and you have profited
" well: any man that will do so shall be sure to be
" like your Scotch barnacle*, now a block, instantly
" a worm, and presently a great goose: this it is to
" rot and putrify in the bosom of greatness.

" Bil. Thou art ever my politician. O how happy
" is that old lord that hath a politician to his young
" lady! I 'll have fifty gentlemen shall attend upon
" me: marry, the most of them shall be farmers' sons,
" because they shall bear their own charges; and
" they shall go apparelled thus; in sea-water-green
" suits, ash-colour cloaks, watchet stockings, and
" popinjay-green feathers: will not the colours do
" excellent?

" Bian. Out upon 't: they 'll look like citizens
" riding to their friends at Whitsuntide; their ap-
" parel just so many several parishes.

" Bil. I 'll have it so; and Passarello, my fool,
" shall go along with me; marry, he shall be in
" velvet.

" Bian. A fool in velvet!

" Bil. Ay, 'tis common for your fool to wear
" satin; I 'll have mine in velvet.

" Bian. What will you wear, then, my lord?

" Bil. Velvet too, marry, it shall be embroidered,
" because I 'll differ from the fool somewhat. I

* *Scotch barnacle, &c.*] See, concerning this fiction, the notes of the commentators on the *Tempest*, act iv. sc. last. Malone's Shakespeare, by Boswell, vol. xv., pp. 155-6.

" am horribly troubled with the gout; nothing " grieves me, but that my doctor hath forbidden me " wine, and you know your ambassador must drink. " Did'st thou ask thy doctor what was good for the " gout?

" Bian. Yes; he said, ease, wine, and women, " were good for it.

" Bil. Nay, thou hast such a wit; what was good " to cure it, said he?

" Bian. Why, the rack. All your empericks could " never do the like cure upon the gout the rack did " in England, or your Scotch boot.* The French " harlequin† will instruct you.

" Bil. Surely, I do wonder, how thou, having for " the most part of thy life-time been a country " body, shouldest have so good a wit.

" Bian. Who, I? why, I have been a courtier " thrice two months.

" Bil. So have I this twenty year, and yet there " was a gentleman-usher called me coxcomb t' other " day, and to my face, too: was 't not a back-biting " rascal? I would I were better travelled, that I " might have been better acquainted with the " fashions of several countrymen: but my secre- " tary, I think he hath sufficiently instructed me.

* *Scotch boot.*] The very powerful description of the infliction of torture by this instrument, given in the universally-read *Tales of my Landlord,* renders any account of it unnecessary here.

† *harlequin.*] Spelt in both 4tos. "*herlakeene.*"

" Bian. How, my lord ?

" Bil. Marry, my good lord, quoth he, your lord-
" ship shall ever find amongst a hundred French-
" men forty hot shots ; amongst a hundred Spani-
" ards, three-score braggarts; amongst a hundred
" Dutchmen, four-score drunkards ; amongst a hun-
" dred Englishmen, four-score and ten madmen ;
" and amongst a hundred Welchmen——

" Bian. What, my lord ?

" Bil. Four-score and nineteen gentlemen.

" Bian. But since you go about a sad embassy,
" I would have you go in black, my lord.

" Bil. Why, dost think I cannot mourn, unless I
" wear my hat in cipres*, like an alderman's heir ?
" that's vile, very old, in faith.

" Bian. I 'll learn of you shortly : O we should
" have a fine gallant of you, should not I instruct
" you! how will you bear yourself when you come
" into the duke of Florence' court ?

" Bil. Proud enough, and 'twill do well enough ;
" as I walk up and down the chamber, I 'll spit
" frowns about me, have a strong perfume in my

* *my hat in cipres.*] If *cipres* (written, also, *cypress*, and *cyprus*) was not what we now call crape, it was a stuff nearly the same :

" *Gorg.* Goddesse of Cyprus—

Bub. Stay, I doe not like that word *Cypres*, for shee'le thinke I meane to make Hatbands on her."

Shirley's *Schoole of Complement*, 1631, Sig. E 4

" jerkin, let my beard grow to make me look ter-
" rible, salute no man beneath the fourth button, and
" 'twill do excellent.

" Bian. But there is a very beautiful lady there;
" how will you entertain her!

" Bil. I'll tell you that, when the lady hath enter-
" tained me: but to satisfy thee here comes the fool.

" *Enter* Passarello.

" Fool, thou shalt stand for the fair lady.

" Pass. Your fool will stand for your lady most
" willingly and most uprightly.

" Bil. I'll salute her in Latin.

" Pass. O, your fool can understand no Latin.

" Bil. Ay, but your lady can.

" Pass. Why then if your lady take down your
" fool, your fool will stand no longer for your lady.

" Bil. A pestilent fool! 'fore God, I think the
" world be turned upside down too.

" Pass. O no, sir; for then your lady and all
" the ladies in the palace should go with their heels
" upward, and that were a strange sight you know.

" Bil. There be many will repine at my prefer-
" ment.

" Pass. O ay, like the envy of an elder sister,
" that hath her younger made a lady before her.

" Bil. The duke is wondrous discontented.

" Pass. Ay, and more melancholick than a
" usurer having all his money out at the death of a
" prince.

" Bil. Didst thou see madam Floria to-day?

" Pass. Yes, I found her repairing her face to-
" day; the red upon the white showed as if her
" cheeks should have been served in for two dishes
" of barberries in stewed broth, and the flesh to
" them a woodcock.

" Bil. A bitter fool*! Come, madam, this night
" thou shalt enjoy me freely, and to-morrow for
" Florence.

" Pass. What a natural fool is he that would be
" a pair of boddice to a woman's petticoat, to be
" trussed and pointed to them! Well, I'll dog my
" lord, and the word is proper: for when I fawn
" upon him, he feeds me; when I snap him by the
" fingers, he spits in my mouth. If a dog's death
" were not strangling, I had rather be one than a
" serving-man: for the corruption of coin is either
" the generation of a usurer, or a lousy beggar.

[*Exeunt Bianca and Passarello.*"

Enter Malevole *in some freeze gown, whilst* Bilioso *reads his patent.*

Mal. I cannot sleep; my eyes' ill-neighbouring lids
Will hold no fellowship. O thou pale sober night,

* *fool.*] The old copy, "*fowl,*" and it is possible there may be an allusion to " the woodcock and barberries;" but we must observe, that Bilioso, in the preceding page, exclaims, " A pestilent *fool!*"

Thou that in sluggish fumes all sense dost steep;
Thou that gives all the world full leave to play,
Unbend'st the feebled veins of sweaty labour;
The gally-slave, that all the toilsome day
Tugs at his oar against the stubborn wave,
Straining his rugged veins, snores fast;
The stooping scythe-man, that doth barb * the field,
Thou mak'st wink sure! in night all creatures sleep,
Only the malcontent, that 'gainst his fate
Repines and quarrels: alas, he's goodman tell-clock!
His sallow jaw-bones sink with wasting moan;
Whilst others' beds are down, his pillow's stone.

Bil. Malevole!

Mal. Elder of Israel, thou honest defect of wicked nature and obstinate ignorance, when did thy wife let thee lie with her?

Bil. I am going ambassador to Florence.

Mal. Ambassador! Now for thy country's honour, prithee do not put up mutton and porridge in thy cloak bag. Thy young lady wife goes to Florence with thee too, does she not?

Bil. No, I leave her at the palace.

Mal. At the palace! Now discretion shield, man; for God's love let 's ha' no more cuckolds! Hymen begins to put off his saffron robe: keep thy wife i' the state of grace. Heart a' truth, I would sooner leave my lady singled in a bordello, than in the Genoa palace;

* *barb.*] *i. e.* mow. Steevens.

Sin there appearing in her sluttish shape,
Would soon grow loathsome, even to blushes' sense;
Surfeit would choak intemperate appetite,
Make the soul scent the rotten breath of lust.
When in an Italian lascivious palace,
A lady guardian-less,
Left to the push of all allurement,
The strongest incitements to immodesty,
To have her bound, incens'd with wanton sweets,
Her veins fill'd high with heating delicates,
Soft rest, sweet musick, amorous masquerers,
Lascivious banquets, sin itself gilt o'er,
Strong phantasy tricking up strange delights,
Presenting it dress'd pleasingly to sense,
Sense leading it unto the soul, confirm'd
With potent example, impudent custom,
Entic'd by that great bawd, opportunity*;
Thus being prepar'd, clap to her easy ear
Youth in good clothes, well-shap'd, rich,
Fair-spoken, promising, noble, ardent, blood-full,
Witty, flattering: Ulysses absent,
O Ithacan, chastest Penelope hold out†!

* *Entic'd by that great bawd, opportunity.*] So Shakespeare;

"O, *opportunity!* thy guilt is great:
. . . . . .
Thou foul abbettor, thou notorious *bawd.*"
Rape of Lucrece.

† The latter part of this speech (printed as prose in both

Bil. Mass, I'll think on't. Farewell.

Mal. Farewell. Take thy wife with thee. Farewell. [*Exit Bilioso.*

To Florence; um: it may prove good, it may:
And we may once unmask our brows.

Enter Celso.

Celso. My honour'd lord.

Mal. Celso, peace; how is 't? speak low; pale fears
Suspect that hedges, walls, and trees, have ears:
Speak, how runs all?

Celso. I' faith, my lord, that beast with many heads,
The staggering multitude, recoils apace,
Though thorough great men's envy, most men's malice,
Their much intemperate heat hath banish'd you,
Yet now they find * envy and malice ne'er
Produce faint reformation.
The duke, the too soft duke, lies as a block,
For which two tugging factions seem to saw,
But still the iron through the ribs they draw.

4tos.) is imperfect in the metre: the last line is given thus, in the first 4to;

"O Ithaca, *can* chastest Penelope hold out."

* *find.*] The first 4to. "*faind.*"

Mal. I tell thee, Celso, I have ever found
Thy breast most far from shifting cowardice
And fearful baseness; therefore I 'll tell thee, Celso,
I find the wind begins to come about,
I 'll shift my suit of fortune.
I know the Florentine, whose only force,
By marrying his proud daughter to this prince,
Both banish'd me, and made this weak lord duke,
Will now forsake them all, be sure he will:
I 'll lie in ambush for conveniency,
Upon their severance to confirm myself.

Celso. Is Ferneze interr'd?

Mal. Of that at leisure: he lives.

Celso. But how stands Mendoza? how is 't with him?

Mal. Faith like a pair of snuffers, snibs filth in other men, and retains it in himself*.

Celso. He does fly from publick notice, methinks, as a hare does from hounds, the feet whereon he flies betray† him.

Mal. I can track him, Celso.
O, my disguise fools him most powerfully!
For that I seem a desperate malcontent,
He fain would clasp with me; he is the true slave
That will put on the most affected grace,
For some vild second cause.

Celso. He 's here.

* *himself.*] The second 4to. "*itself.*"

† *betray.*] Both 4tos. "*betraies.*"

Enter MENDOZA.

MAL. Give place. [*Exit Celso.*] Illo! ho, ho, ho! art there, old true-penny?* Where hast thou spent thyself this morning? I see flattery in thine eyes, and damnation in thy soul. Ha, thou† huge rascal!

MEN. Thou art very merry.

MAL. As a scholar, *futuens gratis*: how doth‡ the devil go with thee now?

MEN. Malevole, thou art an arrant knave.

MAL. Who I? I have been a sergeant, man.

MEN. Thou art very poor.

MAL. As Job, an alchymist, or a poet.

MEN. The duke hates thee.

MAL. As Irishmen do bum-cracks.

MEN. Thou hast lost his amity.

MAL. As pleasing as maids lose their virginity.

MEN. Would thou wert of a lusty spirit, would thou wert noble.

MAL. Why, sure my blood gives me I am noble, sure I am of noble kind; for I find myself possessed with all their qualities; love dogs, dice, and drabs;

* *Illo! ho, ho, ho! art there, old truepenny.*]
"*Mar.* [*within*] *Illo, ho, ho,* my lord.
Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy, come, bird, come.
\- - - - - *art thou there, truepenny?*"
Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, act i. sc. 5.

† *thou.*] The first 4to. "*ye.*"

‡ *doth.*] The first 4to. "*does.*"

scorn wit in stuff cloaths, have beat my shoemaker knocked my semstress, cuckold my 'pothecary, and undone my tailor. Noble! why not? since the stoick said, *Neminem servum non ex regibus, neminem regem non ex servis esse oriundum*;* only busy fortune towses, and the provident chances blend† them together. I 'll give you a simile: did you e'er see a well with two buckets, whilst one comes up full to be emptied, another goes down empty to be filled? such is the state of all humanity. Why, look you, I may be the son of some duke; for, believe me, intemperate lascivious bastardy makes nobility doubtful: I have a lusty daring heart, Mendoza.

MEN. Let 's grasp, I do like thee infinitely: wilt enact one thing for me?

MAL. Shall I get by it? [*Men. gives him his purse.*] Command me, I am thy slave, beyond death and hell.

MEN. Murder the duke.

MAL. My heart's wish, my soul's desire, my fantasy's dream, my blood's longing, the only height of my hopes! How, O God, how! O how my united spirits throng together, to‡ strengthen my resolve!

* *Neminem, &c.*] "Plato ait: Neminem regem non ex servis esse oriundum, neminem non servum ex regibus."
Seneca, *Epist.* xliv.

† *blend.*] Both 4tos. "*blends.*"

‡ *To.*] Both 4tos. "*So.*"

MEN. The duke is now a hunting.

MAL. Excellent, admirable, as the devil would have it! lend me, lend me, rapier, pistol, cross-bow; so, so, I 'll do it.

MEN. Then we agree.

MAL. As lent and fishmongers. Come, a-cap-a-pe, how? inform.

MEN. Know that this weak-brain'd duke, who only stands
On Florence' stilts, hath out of witless zeal
Made me his heir, and secretly confirm'd
The wreath to me after his life's full point.

MAL. Upon what merit?

MEN. Merit! by heaven, I horn him;
Only Ferneze's death gave me state's life:
Tut, we are politick, he must not live now.

MAL. No reason, marry: but how must he die now?

MEN. My utmost project is to murder the duke, that I might have his state, because he makes me his heir; to banish the dutchess, that I might be rid of a cunning Lacedemonian, because I know Florence will forsake her; and then to marry Maria, the banished duke Altofront's wife, that her friends might strengthen me and my faction; this is all, la.

MAL. Do you love Maria?

MEN. Faith, no great affection, but as wise men do love great women, to ennoble their blood, and augment their revenue: to accomplish this now;

thus now. The duke is in the forest next the sea; single him, kill him, hurl him in the main, and proclaim thou sawest wolves eat him.

MAL. Um, not so good: methinks when he is slain,
To get some hypocrite, some dangerous wretch
That 's muffled, or with feigned holiness
To swear he heard the duke on some steep cliff
Lament his wife's dishonour, and in an agony
Of his heart's torture hurl'd his groaning sides
Into the swollen sea: this circumstance
Well made sounds probable: and hereupon
The dutchess——

MEN. May well be banished:
O unpeerable! invention rare!
Thou God of policy, it honies me.

MAL. Then fear not for the wife of Altofront; I 'll close to her.

MEN. Thou shalt, thou shalt, our excellency is pleas'd:
Why wert not thou an emperor? when we
Are duke, I 'll make thee some great man, sure.

MAL. Nay,
Make me some rich knave, and I 'll make myself
Some great man.

MEN. In thee be all my spirit:
Retain ten souls, unite thy virtual powers:
Resolve, ha, remember greatness! heart, farewell;
The fate of all my hopes in thee doth dwell. [*Exit.*

Enter Celso.

Mal. Celso, didst hear ? O heaven, didst hear
Such devilish mischief? sufferest thou the world
Carouse damnation even with greedy swallow,
And still dost wink, still does thy vengeance slumber?
If now thy brows are clear, when will they thunder!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Pietro, Ferrardo, Prepasso, *and* Three Pages.

Fer. The dogs are at a fault.

[*Cornets like horns.*

Pietro. Would God nothing but the dogs were at it! let the deer pursue safely, the dogs follow the game, and do you follow the dogs; as for me, 'tis unfit one beast should hunt another; I ha' one chaseth me: and 't please you, I would be rid of you* a little.

Fer. Would your grief would, as soon as we, leave you to quietness.†

[*Exeunt Ferrardo and Prepasso.*

* *you.*] The first 4to. "*ye.*"

† *as soon as we, leave you to quietness.*] The second 4to. "*as soon leave you as we to quietness.*"

PIETRO. I thank you. Boy, what dost thou dream of now?

PAGE. Of a dry summer, my lord, for here 's a hot world towards: but, my lord, I had a strange dream last night.

PIETRO. What strange dream?

PAGE. Why, methought I pleased you with singing, and then I dreamt you gave me that short sword.

PIETRO. Prettily begged: hold thee, I 'll prove thy dream true; take 't.

PAGE. My duty; but still I dreamt on, my lord; and methought, and 't shall please your excellency, you would needs out of your royal bounty give me that jewel in your hat.

PIETRO. O, thou didst but dream, boy, do not believe it; dreams prove not always true; they may hold in a short sword, but not in a jewel. But now, sir, you dreamt you had pleased me with singing; make that true, as I have made the other.

PAGE. Faith, my lord, I did but dream, and dreams, you say, prove not always true; they may hold in a good sword, but not in a good song: the truth is, I ha' lost my voice.

PIETRO. Lost thy voice! how?

PAGE. With dreaming, faith; but here 's a couple of syrenical rascals shall enchant ye; what shall they sing, my good lord?

PIETRO. Sing of the nature of women; and then

the song shall be surely full of variety, old crotchets, and most sweet closes: it shall be humorous, grave, fantastick, amorous, melancholy, sprightly, one in all, and all in one.

PAGE. All in one!

PIETRO. By 'r lady too many: sing; my speech grows culpable of unthrifty idleness; sing.

SONG.

Enter MALEVOLE, *with cross-bow and pistol.*

Ah, so, so, sing; I am heavy; walk off, I shall talk in my sleep; walk off. [*Exeunt Pages.*

MAL. Brief, brief: who? the duke! good heaven, that fools
Should stumble upon greatness! Do not sleep, duke;
Give ye good-morrow: you* must be brief, duke;
I am feed to murder thee; start not: Mendoza,
Mendoza hir'd me; here 's his gold, his pistol,
Cross-bow, and† sword: 'tis all as firm as earth.
O fool, fool, choaked with the common maze
Of easy idiots, credulity!
Make him thine heir! what, thy sworn murderer!

PIETRO. O, can it be?

MAL. Can!

* *you.*] Not in the first 4to.
† *and.*] Not in the first 4to.

PIETRO. Discover'd he not Ferneze ?

MAL. Yes, but why ? but why ? for love to thee ?
Much, much*! to be revenged upon his rival,
Who had thrust his jaws awry ;
Who being slain, suppos'd by thine own hands,
Defended by his sword, made thee most loathsome,
Him most gracious with thy loose princess.
Thou, closely yielding egress and regress to her,
Madest him heir : whose hot unquiet lust
Straight tows'd thy sheets, and now would seize
thy state.
Politician ! wise man ! death ! to be
Led to the stake like a bull by the horns ;
To make even kindness cut a gentle throat.
Life ! why art thou numb'd ? thou foggy dulness,
speak
Lives not more faith in a home-thrusting tongue
Than in these fencing tip-tap courtiers ?

Enter CELSO, *with a hermit's gown and beard.*

PIETRO.† Lord Malevole, if this be true——

MAL. If ! come, shade thee with this disguise.
If ! thou shalt handle it, he shall thank thee for

* *much.*] See note †, p. 67.
† Both 4tos. give this to Celso.

killing thyself. Come, follow my directions, and thou shall see strange sleights.

PIETRO. World, whither wilt thou ?

MAL. Why, to the devil: come, the morn grows late;

A steady quickness is the soul of state. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

Enter MAQUERELLE *knocking at the Ladies' door.*

MAQ. Medam*, medam, are you stirring, medam ? if you be stirring, medam, if I thought I should disturb ye—

Enter PAGE.

PAGE. My lady is up, forsooth.

MAQ. A pretty boy, faith ; how old art thou?

PAGE. I think fourteen.

MAQ. Nay, and ye be in the teens—are ye a gentleman born ? do you know me ? my name is medam Maquerelle, I lie in the old Cunny-court. See, here the ladies.

* *Medam.*] I allow this spelling to remain, as, I suppose, it is meant to mark the affected pronunciation of the speaker.

Enter BIANCA *and* EMILIA.

BIAN. A fair day to ye, Maquerelle.

EMIL. Is the dutchess up yet, centinel?

MAQ. O ladies, the most abominable mischance! O dear ladies, the most piteous disaster! Ferneze was taken last night in the dutchess' chamber: alas! the duke catched him and killed him.

BIAN. Was he found in bed?

MAQ. O, no; but the villainous certainty is, the door was not bolted, the tongue-tied hatch held his peace: so the naked troth is, he was found in his shirt, whilst I, like an arrant beast, lay in the outward chamber, heard nothing; and yet they came by me in the dark, and yet I felt them not, like a senseless creature as I was. O beauties, look to your busk-points*, if not chastely, yet charily: be sure the door be bolted. Is your lord gone to Florence?

BIAN. Yes, Maquerelle.

MAQ. I hope you 'll find the discretion to purchase a fresh gown fore his return. Now, by my troth, beauties, I would ha' ye once wise: he loves ye; pish! he is witty, bubble! fair-proportioned, mew! nobly born, wind! Let this be still your fixed position; esteem me every man ac-

* *busk-points.*] i. e. the tagged laces, fastening the busk of the stays.

cording to his good gifts, and so ye shall ever remain most dear, and most worthy to be, most dear ladies.

Emil. Is the duke returned from hunting yet?

Maq. They say not yet?

Bian. 'Tis now in midst of day.

Emil. How bears the dutchess with this blemish now?

Maq. Faith, boldly; strongly defies defame as one that has a duke to her father. And there 's a note to you: be sure of a stout friend in a corner, that may always awe your husband. Mark the 'haviour of the dutchess now: she dares defame; cries, duke, do what thou can'st, I 'll quit mine honour: nay, as one confirmed in her own virtue against ten thousand mouths that mutter her disgrace, she 's presently for dances.

Enter Ferrardo.

Bian. For dances!

Maq. Most true.

Emil. Most strange! See, here's my servant, young Ferrardo: how many servants thinkest thou I have, Maquerelle?

Maq. The more, the merrier: 'twas well said, use your servants as you do your smocks; have many, use one, and change often; for that 's most sweet and courtlike.

Fer. Save ye, fair ladies; is the duke return'd?

Bian. Sweet sir, no voice of him as yet in court.

Fer. 'Tis very strange.

Bian. And how like you my servant, Maquerelle?

Maq. I think he could hardly draw Ulysses' bow; but by my fidelity, were his nose narrower, his eyes broader, his hands thinner, his lips thicker, his legs bigger, his feet lesser, his hair blacker, and his teeth whiter, he were a tolerable sweet youth, i'faith. And he will come to my chamber, I will read him the fortune of his beard. [*Cornets sound.*

Fer. Not yet returned! I fear—but the dutchess approacheth.

Enter Mendoza *supporting the Dutchess*, Guerrino: *the ladies that are on the stage rise:* Ferrardo *ushers in the Dutchess, and then takes a lady to tread a measure*.*

Aur. We will dance; musick! we will dance.

Guer. *Les quanto*†, lady, *Pensez bien*, *Passa regis*, or *Bianca's brawl?*

* *tread a measure.*] A *measure* was a slow and solemn dance. It was not thought indecorous in the most grave and dignified personages to *tread a measure.*

† *Les quanto.*] Qy. "*Los guantes.*"

Aur. We have forgot the brawl*.

Fer. So soon? 'tis wonder.

Guer. Why, 'tis but two singles on the left, two on the right, three doubles† forward, a traverse of six round: do this twice, three singles side, galliard trick of twenty, coranto pace; a figure of eight, three singles broken down, come up, meet two doubles, fall back, and then honour.

Aur. O, Dædalus, thy maze! I have quite forgot it.

Maq. Trust me, so have I, saving the falling back, and then honour.

Enter Prepasso.

Aur. Musick, musick!

Prep. Who saw the duke? the duke?

Enter Equato.

Aur. Musick!

Prep. The duke! is the duke returned?

Aur. Musick!

Enter Celso.

Celso. The duke is either quite invisible, or else is not.

* *the brawl.*] Reed has a long unnecessary note here: the figure of this dance is no where so minutely described as in Guerrino's next speech.

† *doubles.*] The first 4to. "*double.*"

Aur. We are not pleased with your intrusion upon our private retirement: we are not pleased: you have forgot yourselves.

Enter a Page.

Celso. Boy, thy master? where's the duke?

Page. Alas! I left him burying the earth with his spread joyless limbs: he told me, he was heavy, would sleep; bade* me walk off, for that the strength of fantasy oft made him talk† in his dreams. I straight obeyed, nor ever‡ saw him since: but wheresoe'er he is, he 's sad.

Aur. Musick, sound high, as is our heart; sound high!

Enter Malevole, *and* Pietro *disguised like an Hermit.*

Mal. The duke! peace, the duke is dead!

Aur. Musick!

Mal. Is 't musick?

Men. Give proof.

Fer. How?

Celso. Where?

Prep. When?

Mal. Rest in peace, as the duke does; quietly sit: for my own part I beheld him but dead; that 's

* *bade.*] The second 4to. "*bid.*"

† *talk.*] The first 4to. "*talking.*"

‡ *ever.*] The first 4to. "*never.*"

all: marry, here 's one can give you a more particular account of him.

MEN. Speak, holy father, nor let any brow
Within this presence fright thee from the truth:
Speak confidently and freely.

AUR. We attend.

PIETRO. Now had the mounting sun's all-ripening wings
Swept the cold sweat of night from earth's dank breast,
When I, whom men call Hermit of the Rock,
Forsook my cell, and clamber'd up a cliff,
Against whose base the heady Neptune dash'd
His high-curl'd brows; there 'twas I eas'd my limbs:
When lo! my entrails melted with the moan
Some one, who far 'bove me was climb'd, did make—
I shall offend.

MEN. Not.

AUR. On.

PIETRO. Methinks I hear him yet.—O female faith!
Go sow the ingrateful sand, and love a woman:
And do I live to be the scoff of men?
To be the* wittol cuckold, even to hug
My poison? thou knowest, O truth!
Sooner hard steel will melt with southern wind,

* *the.*] The first 4to. "*their.*"

A seaman's whistle calm the ocean,
A town on fire be extinct with tears,
Than women, vow'd to blushless impudence,
With sweet behaviour and soft minioning*,
Will turn from that where appetite is fix'd.
O powerful blood! how thou dost slave their soul!
I wash'd an Ethiop, who, for recompence,
Sullied my name: and must I then be forc'd
To walk, to live thus black? must! must! fie,
He that can bear with must, he cannot die.
With that he sigh'd so† passionately deep,
That the dull air even groan'd: at last he cries,
Sink shame in seas, sink deep enough; so dies:
For then I view'd his body fall, and souse ‡

* *minioning.*] i. e. being treated as a *minion,* or darling.—Steevens. In the last edition of Dodsley's Old Plays, the note by Gilchrist on this word, and the quotation from Burton, are altogether "from the purpose."

† *so.*] The second 4to. "*too.*"

‡ *souse.*] From the occurrence of the word, I take the opportunity of noticing that the late excellent editor of Ben Jonson has, I think, unfortunately adopted it, in the following passage of *The Devil is an ass;*

"Madam, this young Wittipol
Would have debauch'd my wife, and made me cuckold
Thorough a casement; he did fly her home
To mine own window; but, I think, I *sous'd* him,
And ravish'd her away out of his pounces."

"All the copies of the folio which I have examined," says Mr. Gifford, "read *sou't,* of which I can make nothing but sought or

Into the foamy main. O then I saw,
That which methinks I see, it was the duke,
Whom straight the nicer-stomach'd sea belch'd up
But then——

MAL. Then came I in; but, 'las! all was too late,
For even straight he sunk.

PIETRO. Such was the duke's sad fate.

CELSO. A better fortune to our duke Mendoza!

OMNES. Mendoza! [*Cornets flourish.*

MEN. A guard! a guard! We, full of hearty tears, [*Enter a Guard.*
For our good father's loss,
(For so we well may call him,
Who did beseech your loves for our succession,)
Cannot so lightly over-jump his death,
As leave his woes revengeless. Woman of shame, [*To Aurelia.*
We banish thee for ever to the place,
From whence this good man comes; nor permit

sous'd; and I prefer the latter. Whalley reads *fought*, but he evidently had not consulted the old copy."

Gifford's *Ben Jonson*, vol. v. p. 126.

Sou't is nothing more than a variety in the spelling of *shu'd:* to *shu* is to scare away a bird. See Cotgrave, in v. *chou*, Tim Bobbin's *Lancashire Dialect*, and Jamieson's *Scottish Dictionary*, in v. *shu*.

That such is the meaning of the word in *Ben Jonson* is plain, from the rest of the passage where it occurs, "*fly* her home," an "out of his *pounces*."

On death, unto thy* body any ornament,
But, base as was thy life, depart away.

AUR. Ungrateful!

MEN. Away!

AUR. Villain, hear me.

[*Prepasso and Guerrino lead away the Dutchess.*

MEN. Begone. My lords,
Address to publick counsel, 'tis most fit,
The train of fortune is borne up by wit.
Away; our presence shall be sudden; haste.

[*All depart, saving Mendoza, Malevole, and Pietro.*

MAL. Now, you egregious devil! ha, ye murdering politician! how dost, duke? how dost look now? brave duke, i'faith.

MEN. How did you kill him?

MAL. Slatted† his brains out, then soused him in the briny sea.

MEN. Brained him and drowned him too?

MAL. O 'twas best, sure work: for he that strikes a great man, let him strike home, or else 'ware, he 'll prove no man: shoulder not a huge fellow, unless you may be sure to lay him in the kennel.

MEN. A most sound brain-pan!
I 'll make you both emperors.

MAL. Make us christians, make us christians.

* *thy.*] Both 4tos. "*the.*"

† *Slatted.*] i. e. *dashed.* It is a North-country word. See Ray's *Collection of English words*, p. 54, ed. 1768. Reed.

MEN. I 'll hoist ye, ye shall mount.

MAL. To the gallows, say ye? come*; *præmium incertum petit certum scelus.* How stands the progress?

MEN. Here, take my ring unto the citadel,
Have entrance to Maria, the grave dutchess
Of banish'd Altofront. Tell her, we love her:
Omit no circumstance to grace our person; do 't.

MAL. I 'll† make an excellent pander: duke, farewell; 'dieu, adieu, duke.

MEN. Take Maquerelle with thee; for 'tis found
None cuts a diamond but a diamond. Hermit,
[*Exit Malevole.*
Thou art a man for me, my confessor:
O thou selected spirit; born for my good;
Sure thou would'st make
An excellent elder in a deform'd church.
Come, we must be inward‡, thou and I all one.

PIETRO. I am glad I was ordain'd for ye.

MEN. Go to, then; thou must know that Malevole is a strange villain; dangerous, very dangerous: you see how broad 'a speaks, a gross-jawed rogue, I would have thee poison him: he 's like a corn upon my great toe, I cannot go for him; he must be cored out, he must. Wilt do 't ha?

* *come.*] The first 4to. "*O ô me.*"

† *I'll.*) The first 4to. "*Iste.*"

‡ *inward.*] See note †, vol. iii. p. 352.

PIETRO. Any thing, any thing.

MEN. Heart of my life! thus, then: to the citadel;
Thou shalt consort with this Malevole,
There being at supper, poison him: it shall be laid
Upon Maria, who yields love, or dies:
Scud† quick, like lightning.

PIETRO. Good deeds crawl, but mischief flies.*

[*Exit.*

Enter MALEVOLE.

MAL. Your devilship's ring has no virtue: the buff-captain, the sallow-Westphalian-gammon-faced zaza cries, Stand out, must have a stiffer warrant, or no pass into the castle of comfort.

MEN. Command our sudden letter.—Not enter! sha't: what place is there in Genoa but thou shalt? into my heart, into my very heart: come, let's love; we must love: we two, soul and body.

MAL. How did'st like the Hermit? a strange Hermit, sirrah.

MEN. A dangerous fellow, very perilous: he must die.

MAL. Ay, he must die.

* *Scud quick, &c.*] The first 4to.;
" Scud quick.
Pietro. Like lightning. Good deeds crawl, but mischief flies."

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MEN. Thou 'st* kill him. We are wise; we must be wise.

MAL. And provident.

MEN. Yea, provident: beware an hypocrite.
A church-man once corrupted, O avoid!
A fellow that makes religion his stalking-horse,†
He breeds a plague: thou shalt poison him.

MAL. O, 'tis wondrous necessary: how?

MEN. You both go jointly to the citadel,
There sup, there poison him: and Maria,
Because she is our opposite, shall bear
The sad suspect; on which she dies, or loves us.

MAL. I run. [*Exit.*

MEN. We that are great, our sole self-good still moves us.
They shall die both, for their deserts crave‡ more
Than we can recompense; their presence still
Upbraids§ our fortunes with beholdingness‖,

* *Thou'st.*] A contraction of "*thou must.*"

† *stalking-horse.*] *The stalking horse* was one either real or factitious, by which the fowler anciently sheltered himself from the sight of the game. See Steevens's note on *Much ado about Nothing*, act ii. sc. 3. Reed.

In the margin at this place [only in the second 4to.], the words "*shoots under his belly*" are inserted, which is merely an explanation of the manner in which a corrupted churchman makes religion his *stalking horse*, viz. by shooting at his object under its belly. Collier.

‡ *crave.*] Both 4tos. "*craves.*"

§ *Upbraids.*] Both 4tos. "*Imbraids.*"

‖ *beholdingness.*] The state of being beholden. Steevens.

Which we abhor; like deed, not doer: then conclude,
They live not, to cry out, ingratitude.
One stick burns t'other, steel cuts steel alone;
'Tis good trust few, but O, 'tis best trust none!
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter MALEVOLE *and* PIETRO, *still disguised, at several doors.*

MAL. How do you? how dost, duke?

PIETRO. O let the last day fall; drop, drop on* our cursed heads!
Let heaven unclasp itself, vomit forth flames!

MAL. O do not rant†, do not turn player; there 's more of them than can well live one by another already. What, art an infidel, still?

PIETRO. I am amaz'd‡: struck in a swoon with wonder:
I am commanded to poison thee—

MAL. I am commanded to poison thee, at supper—

PIETRO. At supper—

MAL. In the citadel—

PIETRO. In the citadel.

* *on.*] The first 4to. "*in.*"
† *rant.*] The first 4to. "*rave.*"
‡ *amazed.*] The first 4to. "*mazed.*"

Mal. Cross capers! tricks! truth a' heaven! he* would discharge us as boys do eldern†-guns, one pellet to strike out another: of what faith art now?

Pietro. All is damnation; wickedness extreme! There is no faith in man.

Men. In none but usurers and brokers; they deceive no man: men take 'em for blood suckers, and so they are: now God deliver me from my friends!

Pietro. Thy friends!

Mal. Yes, from my friends, for from mine enemies I 'll deliver myself. O, cut-throat friendship is the rankest villany! Mark this Mendoza; mark him for a villain: but heaven will send a plague upon him for a rogue.

Pietro. O world!

Mal. World! 'tis the only region of death, the greatest shop of the devil; the cruelest prison of men, out of the which none pass without paying their dearest breath for a fee: there 's nothing perfect in it but extreme, extreme calamity, such as comes yonder.

Enter Aurelia, *two halberts before and two after, supported by* Celso *and* Ferrardo; Aurelia *in base mourning attire.*

Aur. To banishment! led on to banishment!

* *he.*] Not in the first 4to.
† *eldern.*] The first 4to. "*elder.*"

Pietro. Lady, the blessedness of repentance to you.

Aur. Why? why? I can desire nothing but death,
Nor deserve any thing but hell.
If heaven should give sufficiency of grace
To clear my soul, it would make heaven graceless:
My sins would make the stock of mercy poor;
O, they would tire* heaven's goodness to reclaim them!
Judgment is just yet from that vast villain†;
But sure he shall not miss sad punishment
'Fore‡ he shall rule! On to my cell of shame.

Pietro. My cell 'tis, lady; where, instead of masks,
Musick, tilts, tournies, and such court-like shews,
The hollow murmur of the checkless winds
Shall groan again; whilst the unquiet sea
Shakes the whole rock with foamy battery.
There usherless the air comes in and out:
The rheumy vault will force your eyes to weep,

* *tire.*] The first 4to. "*try.*"

† *Judgment is just yet from that vast villain.*] I believe the text is right, and that Aurelia means, "My doom is just, though it be passed by that villain Mendoza." Dodsley, however, reads;

"Judgment is just; yet *for* that vast villain,
Be sure he shall not miss," &c.

‡ '*Fore.*] The first 4to. "*For.*"

Whilst you behold true desolation.
A rocky barrenness shall pierce* your eyes,
Where all at once one reaches where he stands,
With brows the roof, both walls with both his hands.

AUR. It is too good. Bless'd spirit of my lord,
O, in what orb soe'er thy soul is thron'd,
Behold me worthily most miserable!
O let the anguish of my contrite spirit
Entreat some reconciliation!
If not, O joy, triumph in my just grief!
Death is the end of woes and tears' relief.

PIETRO. Belike your lord not lov'd you, was unkind.

AUR. O heaven!
As the soul lov'd the body, so lov'd he:
'Twas death to him to part my presence,
Heaven to see me pleased.
Yet I, like to a wretch given o'er to hell,
Brake all the sacred rites of marriage,
To clip a base ungentle faithless villain;
O God! a very pagan reprobate—
What should I say? ungrateful, throws me out,
For whom I lost soul, body, fame, and honour.
But 'tis most fit: why should a better fate
Attend on any, who forsake chaste sheets;
Fly the embrace of a devoted heart,
Join'd by a solemn vow 'fore God and man,

* *pierce.*] The first 4to. "*pain.*"

To taste the brackish blood of beastly lust,
In an adulterous touch ? O ravenous immodesty !
Insatiate impudence of appetite !
Look, here's your end, for mark what sap in dust,
What sin in good, even so much love in lust.
Joy to thy ghost, sweet lord ; pardon to me !

Celso. 'Tis * the duke's pleasure, this night you rest in court.

Aurelia. Soul lurk in shades, run shame from brightsome skies ;
In night the blind man misseth not his eyes. [*Exit.*

Mal. Do not weep, kind cuckold ; take comfort, man : thy betters have been beccos : Agamemnon, emperor of all the merry Greeks, that tickled all the true Trojans, was a cornuto. Prince Arthur, that cut off twelve kings' beards, was a cornuto. Hercules, whose back bore up Heaven, and got forty wenches with child in one night—

Pietro. Nay, 't was fifty.

Mal. Faith, forty 's enow a-conscience—yet was a cornuto. Patience ; mischief grows proud ; be wise.

Pietro. Thou pinchest too deep ; art too keen upon me.

Mal. Tut, a pitiful surgeon makes a dangerous sore : I 'll tent thee to the ground. Thinkest I 'll sustain myself by flattering thee, because thou art

* *'Tis.*] The first 4to. "*it is.*"

a prince ? I had rather follow a drunkard, and live by licking up his vomit, than by servile flattery.

Pietro. Yet great men ha' done 't.

Mal. Great slaves fear better than love, born naturally for a coal-basket *; though the common usher of princes' presence, fortune, hath † blindly given them better place. I am vowed to be thy affliction.

Pietro. Prithee, be ;
I love much misery, and be thou son to me.

Enter Bilioso.

Mal. Because you are an usurping duke.——
Your lordship's well returned from Florence.

Bil. Well returned, I praise my horse.

Mal. What news from the Florentines ?

Bil. I will conceal the great duke's pleasure; only this was his charge: his pleasure is, that his daughter die ; duke Pietro be banished for banishing his blood's dishonour ; and that duke Altofront be reaccepted. This is all ; but I hear duke Pietro is dead.

Mal. Ay, and Mendoza is duke: what will you do ?

* *born naturally for a coal-basket.*] In great families the carriers of coals were the lowest of all drudges: hence, *to carry coals* meant to submit to insults.

† *hath.*] The first 4to. "*ha.*"

Bil. Is Mendoza strongest ?

Mal. Yet he is.

Bil. Then yet I 'll hold with him.

Mal. But if that Altofront should turn straight again ?

Bil. Why then, I would turn straight again. 'Tis good run still with him that has most might : I had rather stand with wrong, than fall with right.

" Mal. What religion will you be of now ?

" Bil. Of the duke's religion, when I know what " it is.

" Mal. O Hercules !

" Bil. Hercules ! Hercules was the son of Jupiter " and Alcmena.

" Mal. Your lordship is a very wittal.

" Bil. Wittal !

" Mal. Ay, all-wit.

" Bil. Amphytrio was a cuckold."

Mal. Your lordship sweats ; your young lady will get you a cloth for your old worship's brows. [*Exit Bilioso.*] Here 's a fellow to be damned ! this is his inviolable maxim, flatter the greatest and oppress the least : a whoreson flesh-fly, that still gnaws upon the lean galled backs.

Pietro. Why dost then salute him ?

Mal. I' faith *, as bawds go to church, for fashion

* *I' faith.*] The first 4to. " *Faith.*"

sake. Come, be not confounded; thou art * but in danger to lose a dukedom. Think this: this earth is the only grave and Golgotha wherein all things that live must rot: 'tis but the draught wherein the heavenly bodies discharge their corruption; the very muck-hill on which the sublunary orbs cast their excrements. Man is the slime of this dung-pit, and princes are the governors of these men; for, for our souls, they are as free as emperors, all of one piece; there † goes but a pair of sheers betwixt an emperor and the son of a bag-piper; only the dyeing, dressing, pressing, glossing, makes the difference. Now, what art thou like to lose?

A jailor's office to keep men in bonds,
Whilst toil and treason all life's good confounds.

PIETRO. I here renounce for ever regency;
O Altofront, I wrong thee to supplant thy right,
To trip thy heels up with a devilish sleight!
For which I now from throne am thrown; world-tricks abjure;
For vengeance though 't ‡ comes slow, yet it comes sure.
O, I am chang'd! for here, 'fore the dread power,

* *Thou art.*] The first 4to. "*th' art.*"

† *there goes but a pair of sheers*, &c.] *i. e.* they are both of the same piece. The same expression is in *Measure for Measure*. A. 1. sc. 2. Reed.

‡ *though 't.*] The first 4to, "*that.*"

In true contrition, I do dedicate
My breath to solitary holiness,
My lips to prayer, and my breast's care shall be,
Restoring Altofront to regency.

MAL. Thy vows are heard, and we accept thy faith.
[*Undisguiseth himself.*

Enter FERNEZE *and* CELSO.

Banish amazement; come, we four must stand
Full shock of fortune: be not so wonder-stricken.

PIETRO. Doth Ferneze live?

FER. For your pardon.

PIETRO. Pardon and love; give leave to recollect
My thoughts, dispers'd in wild astonishment:
My vows stand fix'd in heaven, and from hence
I crave all love and pardon.

MAL. Who doubts of providence,
That sees this change? a hearty faith to all:
He needs must rise, who * can no lower fall.
For still impetuous vicissitude
Towseth † the world; then let no maze intrude
Upon your spirits: wonder not I rise;
For who can sink that close can temporise?
The time grows ripe for action: I 'll detect
My privat'st plot, lest ignorance fear suspect.

* *who.*] Omitted in the second 4to.
† *Towseth.*] The first 4to. "*Looseth.*"

Let 's close to counsel, leave the rest to fate;
Mature discretion is the life of state. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.—SCENE I.

" *Enter* Bilioso *and* Passarello.

" Bil. Fool, how dost thou like my calf in a long " stocking?

" Pas. An excellent calf, my lord.

" Bil. This calf hath been a reveller this twenty " year. When Monsieur Gundi lay here ambassa- " dor, I could have carried a lady up and down at " arm's end in a platter; and I can tell you, there " were those at that time, who, to try the strength " of a man's back and his arm, would be coistered*. " I have measured calves with most of the palace, " and they come nothing near me: besides, I think

* *coistered.*] The meaning of this passage is plain enough without an explanation. The word *coistered* I have not found in any ancient writer, but it seems to be derived from the French word *coisser*, incommoder, faire de la peine; or perhaps *coiter*, presser, exciter. See Lacombe's *Dictionaire du vieux language Francois*, 1767.—Reed. Nares (in his *Gloss.*) says that coistered " seems to mean coiled up into a small compass." I believe it is an απαξ λεγομενον.

" there be not many armours in the arsenal will fit " me, especially for the head-piece. I 'll tell thee—

" Pass. What, my lord?

" Bil. I can eat stewed broth as it comes seething " off the fire; or a custard, as it comes reeking out " of the oven; and I think there are not many lords " can do it. A good pomander,* a little decayed " in the scent; but six grains of musk, ground with " rose-water, and tempered with a little civet, shall " fetch her again presently.

" Pass. O ay, as a bawd with aqua vitæ.

" Bil. And what, dost thou rail upon the ladies " as thou wert wont?

" Pass. I were better roast a live cat, and might " do it with more safety. I am as secret to thieves " as their painting; there 's Maquerelle, oldest " bawd, and a perpetual beggar—did you never " hear of her trick to be known in the city?

" Bil. Never.

" Pass. Why, she gets all the picture-makers to " draw her picture; when they have done, she " most courtly finds fault with them one after ano- " ther, and never fetcheth them; they in revenge of

* *pomander.*] Perfumed paste, generally rolled into a ball, but sometimes moulded into other forms; it was carried in the pocket, or hung about the neck, and was considered a preservative against infection. A silver case filled with perfumes was sometimes called a *pomander*. Something seems to have dropped out of the text here.

" this, execute her in pictures as they do in Ger-
" many, and hang her in their shops: by this
" means is she better known to the stinkards, than
" if she had been five times carted.

" Bil. 'Fore God, an excellent policy.

" Pass. Are there any revels to-night, my lord?

" Bil. Yes.

" Pass. Good my lord, give me leave to break a
" fellow's pate that hath abused me.

" Bil. Whose pate?

" Pass. Young Ferrardo, my lord.

" Bil. Take heed, he 's very valiant; I have
" known him fight eight quarrels in five days, be-
" lieve it.

" Pass. O, is he so great a quarreller? why then
" he 's an arrant coward.

" Bil. How prove you that?

" Pass. Why thus. He that quarrels seeks to
" fight; and he that seeks to fight, seeks to die;
" and he that seeks to die, seeks never to fight
" more; and he that will quarrel, and seeks means
" never to answer a man more, I think he 's a
" coward.

" Bil. Thou canst prove any thing.

" Pass. Any thing but a rich knave, for I can
" flatter no man.

" Bil. Well, be not drunk, good fool; I shall
" see you anon in the presence." [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter MALEVOLE *and* MAQUERELLE, *at several doors opposite, singing.*

MAL. *The Dutchman for a drunkard—*

MAQ. *The Dane for golden locks—*

MAL. *The Irishman for usquebaugh—*

MAQ. *The Frenchman for the pox.*

MAL. O, thou art a blessed creature! had I a modest woman to conceal, I would put her to thy custody, for no reasonable creature would ever suspect her to be in thy company; ha, thou art a melodious Maquerelle; thou picture of a woman, and substance of a beast!

" *Enter* PASSARELLO.

" MAQ. O fool, will ye be ready anon to go with " me to the revels? the hall will be so pestered* " anon.

" PASS. Ay, as the country is with attornies.

" MAL. What hast thou there, fool?

" PASS. Wine; I have learned to drink since I " went with my lord ambassador; I 'll drink to the " health of madam Maquerelle.

" MAL. Why, thou was wont to rail upon her.

* *pestered.*] i. e. crowded.

" Pass. Ay, but since I borrowed money of her,
" I 'll drink to her health now, as gentlemen visit
" brokers ; or as knights send venison to the city ;
" either to take up more money, or to procure longer
" forbearance.

" Mal. Give me the bowl ; I drink a health to
" Altofront, our deposed duke.

" Pass. I 'll take it so ; now I 'll begin a health
" to madam Maquerelle.

" Mal. Pugh ! I will not pledge her.

" Pass. Why, I pledged your lord.

" Mal. I care not.

" Pass. Not pledge madam Maquerelle ! why
" then will I spew up your lord again with this
" fool's finger.

" Mal. Hold ; I 'll take it.

" Maq. Now thou hast drunk my health, fool, I
" am friends with thee.

" Pass. Art ? art ?
" When Griffon* saw the reconciled quean
" Offering about his neck her arms to cast,
" He threw off sword, and heart's malignant
" stream,
" And lovely her below the loins embrac'd.
" Adieu, madam Maquerelle." [*Exit.*

* *When Griffon, &c.*] *Griffon* is one of the heroes of Orlando Furioso, from whence one might suspect these lines to be taken. I do not, however, find them there. Reed.

Mal. And how dost thou think a' this transformation of state now?

Maq. Verily*, very well; for we women always note, the falling of the one is the rising of the other; some must be fat, some must be lean, some must be fools, and some must be lords; some must be knaves, and some must be officers; some must be beggars, some must be knights; some must be cuckolds, and some must be citizens. As for example, I have two court-dogs, the† most fawning curs, the one called Watch, th' other Catch: now I, like lady Fortune, sometimes love this dog, sometimes raise‡ that dog; sometimes favour Watch, most commonly fancy Catch. Now that dog which I favour I feed, and he 's so ravenous, that what I give he never chaws it, gulps it down whole, without any relish of what he has, but with a greedy expectation of what he shall have. The other dog now——

Mal. No more dog, sweet Maquerelle, no more dog. And what hope hast thou of the dutchess Maria? will she stoop to the duke's lure? will she come§, thinkest?

* *Verily.*] The first 4to. "*Very.*"

† *the.*] Not in the first 4to.

‡ *raise.*] The first 4to. "*rouse.*"

§ *come.*] i. e. yield to his wishes. The second 4to. has, by a misprint, *cowe*, in consequence of which Dodsley and the editors of this play read "*coo!*"

Maq. Let me see, where 's the sign now? ha' ye e'er a calendar? where 's the sign, trow you?

Mal. Sign! why is there any moment in that?

Maq. O, believe me, a most secret power! look ye, a Chaldean or an Assyrian, I am sure 'twas a most sweet Jew, told me, court any woman in the right sign, you shall not miss. But you must take her in the right vein then; as, when the sign is in Pisces, a fishmonger's wife is very sociable; in Cancer, a precisian's wife is very flexible; in Capricorn, a merchant's wife hardly holds out; in Libra, a lawyer's wife is very tractable, especially if her husband be at the term; only in Scorpio 'tis very dangerous meddling. Has the duke sent any jewel, any rich stones?

Enter Captain.

Mal. Ay, I think those are the best signs to take a lady in.—By your favour, signior, I must discourse with the lady Maria, Altofront's dutchess; I must enter for the duke.

Capt. She here shall give you interview: I received the guardship of this citadel from the good Altofront, and for his use I 'll keep 't, till I am of no use.

Mal. Wilt thou? O heavens*, that a Christian

* *heavens.*] The first 4to. "*heaven.*"

should be found in a buff-jerkin! Captain Conscience, I love thee, captain: we attend.

[*Exit Captain.*

And what hope hast thou of this dutchess' easiness?

MAQ. 'Twill go hard, she was a cold creature ever; she hated monkies, fools, jesters, and gentlemen-ushers extremely; she had the vild trick on 't, not only to be truly modestly honourable in her own conscience, but she would avoid the least wanton carriage that might incur suspect; as, God bless me, she had almost brought bed-pressing out of fashion; I could scarce get a fine for the lease of a lady's favour once in a fortnight.

MAL. Now, in the name of immodesty, how many maidenheads hast thou brought to the block?

MAQ. Let me see: heaven forgive us our misdeeds!—Here 's the dutchess.

Enter MARIA *and* CAPTAIN.

MAL. God bless thee, lady.

MARIA. Out of thy company.

MAL. We have brought thee tender of a husband.

MARIA. I hope I have one already.

MAQ. Nay, by mine honour, madam, as good ha' ne'er a husband as a banished husband, he 's in another world now. I 'll tell ye, lady, I have heard of a sect that maintained, when the husband was asleep

the wife might lawfully entertain another man, for then her husband was as dead, much more when he is banished.

MARIA. Unhonest creature!

MAQ. Pish, honesty is but an art, to seem so;
Pray ye, what 's honesty, what 's constancy,
But fables feign'd, odd old fools' chat, devis'd
By jealous fools, to wrong our liberty?

MAL. Molly, he that loves thee is a duke, Mendoza; he will maintain thee royally, love thee ardently, defend thee powerfully, marry thee sumptuously, and keep thee in despite of Rosiclear, or Donzel del Phebo*: there 's jewels; if thou wilt, so; if not, so.

MARIA. Captain, for God's sake†, save poor wretchedness
From tyranny of lustful insolence;
Enforce me in the deepest dungeon dwell,
Rather than here, here round about is hell.
O my dearest Altofront! where'er thou breathe,
Let my soul sink into the shades beneath,
Before I stain thine honour! 'tis‡ thou has 't,
And long as I can die, I will live chaste.

MAL. 'Gainst him that can enforce how vain is strife!

* *Rosiclear, or Donzel del Phebo.*] See *The Mirror of Knighthood.* Steevens.

† *sake.*] The first 4to. "*love.*"

‡ *'tis.*] The second 4to. "*this.*"

MARIA. She that can be enforc'd, has ne'er a knife :
She that through force her limbs with lust enrolls,
Wants Cleopatra's asps and Portia's coals.
God amend you. [*Exit with Captain.*

MAL. Now the fear of the devil for ever go with thee! Maquerelle, I tell thee, I have found an honest woman: faith, I perceive when all is done, there is of women, as of all other things, some good, most bad; some saints, some sinners: for as now-a-days, no courtier but has his mistress, no captain but has his cockatrice*, no cuckold but has his horns, and no fool but has his feather; even so, no woman but has her weakness and feather too, no sex but has his :—I can hunt the letter no farther. O God, how loathsome this toying is to me! that a duke should be forced to fool it! well, *stultorum plena sunt omnia:* better play the fool lord, than be the fool lord! Now, where 's your sleights, madame Maquerelle?

MAQ. Why, are ye ignorant that 'tis said a squeamish affected niceness is natural to women, and that the excuse of their yielding is only, forsooth, the difficult obtaining? You must put her to 't: women are flax, and will fire in a moment.

MAL. Why, was [not] the flax put into thy mouth, and yet thou, thou set fire, thou inflame her!

* *cockatrice.*] See note *, vol. iii. p. 65.

MAQ. Marry, but I'll tell ye now, you were too hot.

MAL. The fitter to have inflamed the flax, woman.

MAQ. You were too boisterous, spleeny, for indeed——

MAL. Go, go, thou art a weak pandress: now I see,

Sooner earth's fire heaven itself shall waste,
Than all with heat can melt a mind that 's chaste.

Go, thou the duke's lime-twig! I 'll make the duke turn thee out of thine office: what, not get one touch of hope, and had her at such advantage!

MAQ. Now a' my conscience, now I think in my discretion, we did not take her in the right sign, the blood was not in the true vein, sure. [*Exit.*

" *Enter* BILIOSO.

" BIL. Make way, there; the duke returns from " the enthronement. Malevole!

" MAL. Out, rogue!

" BIL. Malevole.

" MAL. Hence, ye gross-jawed, peasantly—out, " go!*

" BIL. Nay, sweet Malevole, since my return, I " hear you are become the thing I always prophe-

* *Hence, &c.*] A repetition of what Bilioso had said to Malevole, see p. 56.

" sied would be, an advanced virtue, a worthily " employed faithfulness, a man a' grace, dear friend. " Come; what? *Si quoties peccant homines*:—if as " often as courtiers play the knaves, honest men " should be angry—why, look ye, we must collogue* " sometimes, forswear sometimes.

" Mal. Be damned sometimes!

" Bil. Right. *Nemo omnibus horis sapit*: no man " can be honest at all hours: necessity often de- " praves virtue.

" Mal. I will commend thee to the duke.

" Bil. Do, let us be friends, man.

" Mal. And knaves, man.

" Bil. Right, let us prosper and purchase†: our " lordships shall live, and our knavery be for- " gotten.

" Mal. He that by any ways gets riches, his " means never shame‡ him.

" Bil. True.

" Mal. For impudency and faithlessness are the " main stays to greatness.

" Bil. By the Lord, thou art a profound lad!

" Mal. By the lord, thou art a perfect knave: " out, ye ancient damnation!§

* *collogue.*] In cant language, the word *collogue* means to *wheedle.* Reed.

† *purchase.*] See notes, vol. i. p. 226, vol. ii. p. 85.

‡ *shame.*] The old copy, " *shames.*"

§ *ancient damnation.*] See note *, vol. iii. p. 44.

" Bil. Peace, peace, and thou wilt not be a friend " to me as I am a knave, be not a knave to me " as I am thy friend, and disclose me. Peace; cor- " nets."

Enter Prepasso *and* Ferrardo, Two Pages *with lights*, Celso *and* Equato, Mendoza *in duke's robes, and* Guerrino.

Men. On, on; leave us, leave us.

[*Exeunt all save Malevole and Mendoza.*

Stay, where is the hermit?

Mal. With Duke Pietro, with Duke Pietro.

Men. Is he dead? is he poisoned?

Mal. Dead, as the duke is.

Men. Good, excellent: he will not blab; secureness lives in secrecy. Come hither, come hither.

Mal. Thou hast a certain strong villainous scent about thee, my nature cannot endure.

Men. Scent, man! what returns Maria, what answer to our suit?

Mal. Cold, frosty; she is obstinate.

Men. Then she 's but dead; 'tis resolute, she dies:

Black deed only through black deed safely flies.

Mal. Pugh! *per scelera semper sceleribus tutum est iter.*

Men. What, art a scholar? art a politician? sure thou art an arrant knave.

Mal. Who, I ?* I have been twice an under-sheriff, man. "Well, I will go rail upon some "great man, that I may purchase the bastinado, or "else go marry some rich Genoan lady, and in-"stantly go travel.

"Men. Travel, when thou art married ?

"Mal. Ay, 'tis your young lord's fashion to do so, "though he was so lazy, being a batchelor, that he "would never travel so far as the university: yet "when he married her, tales off, and Catso,† for "England!

"Men. And why for England ?

"Mal. Because there is no brothel-houses there.

"Men. Nor courtezans ?

"Mal. Neither; your whore went down with "the stews, and your punk came up with your "puritan."

* *Mal. Who, I, &c.*] There is some confusion in the second 4to. at this place: it reads

"Mal. Who, I? I have bene twice an under-sherife, man.

Enter Malevole *and* Mendoza.

Men. Hast bin with Maria?

Mal. As your scrivener to your usurer I have delt about taking of this commoditie, but she 's could frosty. Well, I will go rail," &c.

Mr. Collier conjectures that perhaps when it was wished to shorten the performance, the scene began here.

† *Catso.*] See note *, p. 28.

MEN. Canst thou empoison? canst thou empoison?

MAL. Excellently; no Jew, 'pothecary, or politician better. Look ye, here 's a box; whom would'st thou empoison? here 's a box, which, opened and the fume taken * up in conduits † thorough which the brain purges itself, doth instantly for twelve hours' space bind up all show of life in a deep senseless sleep; here's another, which, being opened under the sleeper's nose, chokes all the pores ‡ of life, kills him suddenly.

MEN. I'll try experiments, 'tis good not to be deceived; so, so, catso. [*Seems to poison Malevole.*

Who would fear that may destroy?
Death hath no teeth or tongue;
And he that 's great, to him are § slaves,
Shame, murder, fame, and wrong.

Celso.

Enter CELSO.

CELSO. My honour'd lord!

MEN. The good Malevole, that plain-tongu'd man,
Alas, is dead on sudden, wondrous strangely!
He held in our esteem good place. Celso,
See him buried, see him buried.

* *taken.*] The first 4to. "*ta'en.*"
† *conduits.*] The second 4to. "*cõmodites.*"
‡ *pores.*] The second 4to. "*power.*"
§ *are.*] The first 4to. "*one.*"

CELSO. I shall observe ye.

MEN. And, Celso, prithee let it be thy care to-night
To have some pretty shew, to solemnize
Our high instalment; some music, maskery.
We 'll give fair entertain unto Maria,
The dutchess to the banish'd Altofront:
Thou shalt conduct her from the citadel
Unto the palace. Think on some maskery.

CELSO. Of what shape, sweet lord?

MEN. What * shape! why any quick-done fiction,
As some brave spirits of the Genoan dukes,
To come out of Elysium forsooth,
Led in by Mercury, to gratulate
Our happy fortune; some such anything,
Some far-fet trick good for ladies, some stale toy
Or other, no matter, so 't be of our devising.
Do thou prepare 't, 'tis but for fashion† sake;
Fear not, it shall be grac'd, man, it shall take.

CELSO. All service.

MEN. All thanks; our hand shall not be close to thee; farewell.
Now is my treachery secure, nor can we fall:
Mischief that prospers, men do virtue call.
I 'll trust no man; he that by tricks gets wreathes,
Keeps them with steel; no man securely breathes

* *What.*] Both 4tos. "*why.*"

† *fashion.*] The second 4to. "*a* fashion."

Out of deserved ranks *; the crowd will mutter, fool:
Who cannot bear with spite, he cannot rule.
The chiefest secret for a man of state
Is, to live senseless of a strengthless hate. [*Exit.*

Mal. Death of the damned thief! [*Starts up and speaks.*] I 'll make one i' the mask; thou shalt ha' some brave spirits of the antique dukes.

Cel. My lord, what strange delusion?

Mal. Most happy, dear Celso, poisoned with an empty box: I 'll give thee all anon: my lady comes to court; there is a whirl of fate comes tumbling on; the castle's captain stands for me, the people pray for me, and the great leader of the just stands for me: then courage, Celso;
For no disastrous chance can ever move him,
That leaveth nothing but a God above him.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Prepasso *and* Bilioso, *two Pages before them*, Maquerelle, Bianca, *and* Emilia.

Bil. Make room there, room for the ladies: why, gentlemen, will not ye suffer the ladies to be entered in the great chamber? why, gallants? and you,

* *Out of deserved ranks.*] The first 4to. instead of "*deserved*" has "*distuned:*" Qy. "Out of 's deserved rank."

sir, to drop your torch where the beauties must sit too?

Pre. And there's a great fellow plays the knave; why dost not strike him?

Bil. Let him play the knave a' God's name; thinkest thou, I have no more wit than to strike a great fellow? The musick! more lights! revelling! scaffolds! do you hear? Let there be oaths enow ready at the door, swear out the devil himself. Let's leave the ladies, and go see if the lords be ready for them. [*All save the ladies depart.*

Maq. And by my troth, beauties, why do you not put you into the fashion? this is a stale cut, you must come in fashion: look ye, you must be all felt, felt and feather, a felt upon your bare hair *: look ye, these tiring things are justly out of request now: and, do ye hear? you must wear falling bands, you must come into the falling fashion: there is such a deal a pinning these ruffs, when the fine clean fall is worth all: and again, if you should chance to take a nap in the afternoon, your falling band requires no poting-stick † to recover his form: believe me, no fashion to the falling‡, I say.

* *bare hair.*] The first 4to. "*head.*"

† *poting-stick.*] Generally written *poking-stick*,—a piece of stick, or iron, or bone, with which the plaits of ruffs were adjusted:

"A boy arm'd with a *poating-sticke*
Will dare to challenge Cutting Dicke."

Kempe's Nine daies wonder, 1600.

‡ *falling.*] The first 4to. "falling *band.*"

Bian. And is not signior St. Andrew * a gallant fellow now?

Maq. By my maidenhead, la, honour and he agree † as well together, as a sattin suit and woollen stockings.

Emilia. But is not marshal Make-room, my servant in reversion, a proper gentleman?

Maq. Yes, in reversion, as he had his office; as in truth he hath all things in reversion: he has his mistress in reversion, his cloaths in reversion, his wit in reversion; and indeed is a suitor to me for my dog in reversion: but in good verity, la, he is as proper a gentleman in reversion as—and indeed as fine a man as may be, having a red beard, and a pair of warpt ‡ legs.

Bian. But i' faith I am most monstrously in love with count Quidlibet-in-quodlibet; is he not a pretty, dapper, unidle § gallant?

Maq. He is even one of the most busy-fingered lords; he will put the beauties to the squeak most hideously.

Enter Bilioso.

Bil. Room! make a lane there! the duke is en-

* *St. Andrew.*] The first 4to. "St. Andrew *Jaques.*"

† *agree.*] Both 4tos. "*agrees.*"

‡ *warpt.*] The second 4to. "*wrapt*"

§ *unidle.*] The first 4to. "*windle.*" As Maquerelle immediatley after terms him "*busy*-fingered," "*unidle*" seems the right reading.

tering: stand handsomely for beauty's sake, take up the ladies there. So, cornets, cornets!

Enter PREPASSO, *joins to* BILIOSO, *two Pages and lights;* FERRARDO, MENDOZA, *at the other door two Pages with lights, and the Captain leading in* MARIA; *the Duke meets Maria, and closeth with her; the rest fall back.*

MEN. Madam, with gentle ear receive my suit;
A kingdom's safety should o'erpaise* slight rites;
Marriage is merely nature's policy:
Then, since unless our royal beds be join'd,
Danger and civil tumult frights the state,
Be wise as you are fair, give way to fate.

MARIA. What would'st thou, thou affliction to our house?
Thou ever devil, 'twas thou that banished'st
My truly noble lord!

MEN. I!

MARIA. Ay, by thy plots, by thy black stratagems,
Twelve moons have suffer'd change since I beheld
The loved presence of my dearest lord.
O thou, far worse than death! he parts but soul
From a weak body: but thou, soul from soul
Dissever'st, that which God's own hand did knit;
Thou scant of honour, full of devilish wit.

* *o'er-paise.*] *i. e.* over-weigh. Fr. *peser.*

MEN. We 'll check your too intemperate lavishness:
I can, and will.
MARIA. What canst?
MEN. Go to; in banishment thy husband dies.
MARIA. He ever is at home that 's ever wise.
MEN. You 'st* never meet more; reason should love control.
MARIA. Not meet!
She that dear loves, her love 's still in her soul.
MEN. You are but a woman, lady, you must yield.
MARIA. O save me, thou innated bashfulness,
Thou only ornament of woman's modesty!
MEN. Modesty! death, I 'll torment thee.
MARIA. Do, urge all torments, all afflictions try,
I 'll die my lord's, as long as I can die.
MEN. Thou obstinate, thou shalt die.—Captain, that lady's life
Is forfeited to justice; we have examin'd her,
And we do find, she hath empoisoned
The reverend hermit; therefore we command
Severest custody. Nay, if you 'll do 's no good,
You 'st do 's no harm: a tyrant's peace is blood.
MARIA. O thou art merciful, O gracious devil!
Rather by much let me condemned be
For seeming murder, than be damn'd for thee.

* *You 'st.*] A contraction of *you must*: so *thou 'st* is put for *thou must*, see p. 102.

I 'll mourn no more; come, girt my brows with flowers;
Revel and dance, soul, now thy wish thou hast;
Die like a bride, poor heart, thou shalt die chaste.

Enter AURELIA *in mourning habit.*

Life is a frost of cold felicity*—

AUR. And death the thaw of all our vanity:
Was 't not an honest priest that wrote so?

MEN. Who let her in?

BIL. Forbear.

PRE. Forbear.

AUR. Alas! calamity is every where:
Sad misery, despite your double doors,
Will enter even in court.

BIL. Peace.

AUR. I ha' done; one word; take heed; I ha' done†.

Enter MERCURY *with loud musick.*

MER. Cyllenian Mercury, the god of ghosts,
From gloomy shades that spread the lower coasts,
Calls four high-famed Genoan‡ dukes to come,
And make this presence their Elysium;

* *Life is a frost of cold felicity.*] This line is given to Aurelia in the second 4to.

† *I ha' done, &c.*] Perhaps "one word; take heed" in this line belongs to Bilioso, Aurelia repeating "I ha' done." Collier.

‡ *Genoan.*] The first 4to. "*Genoa.*"

To pass away this high triumphal night,
With song and dances, courts' more soft delight.

Aur. Are you god of ghosts? I have a suit depending in hell betwixt me and my conscience; I would fain have thee help me to an advocate.

Bil. Mercury shall be your lawyer, lady.

Aur. Nay, faith, Mercury has too good a face to be a right lawyer.

Pre. Peace, forbear: Mercury presents the mask.

Cornets: the song to the cornets, which playing, the mask enters: Malevole, Pietro, Ferneze, *and* Celso, *in white robes, with dukes' crowns upon laurel wreathes; pistolets and short swords under their robes.*

Men. Celso, Celso, court* Maria for our love. Lady, be gracious, yet grace.

Maria. With me, sir?

[*Malevole takes his wife to dance.*

Mal. Yes, more loved than my breath;
With you I 'll dance.

Maria. Why then you dance with death.
But come, sir, I was ne'er more apt for† mirth.
Death gives eternity a glorious breath:
O, to die honour'd, who would fear to die.

Mal. They die in fear who live in villainy.

* *court.*] The second 4to. "*count.*"

† *for.*] The second 4to. "*to.*"

MEN. Yes, believe him, lady, and be ruled by him.

PIETRO. Madam, with me.

[*Pietro takes his wife Aurelia to dance.*

AUR. Would'st then be miserable?

PIETRO. I need not wish.

AUR. O yet forbear my hand! away! fly! fly! O seek not her that only seeks to die!

PIETRO. Poor loved soul!

AUR. What! would'st court misery?

PIETRO. Yes.

AUR. She 'll come too soon; O my grieved heart!

PIETRO. Lady, ha' done, ha' done:
Come*, let 's dance; be once from sorrow free.

AUR. Art a sad man?

PIETRO. Yes, sweet.

AUR. Then we 'll agree.

[*Ferneze takes Maquerelle, and Celso Bianca: then the cornets sound the measure, one change and rest.*

FER. Believe it, lady, shall I swear, let me enjoy you in private, and I 'll marry you by my soul.

[*To Bianca.*

BIAN. I had rather you would swear by your body: I think that would prove the more regarded oath with you.

* *Come.*] The first 4to. "Come *down.*"

Fer. I 'll swear by them both, to please you.

Bian. O, damn them not both to please me, for God's sake!

Fer. Faith, sweet creature, let me enjoy you to night, and I 'll marry you to-morrow fortnight, by my troth, la.

Maq. On his troth, la! believe him not; that kind of coney-catching is as stale as sir Oliver Anchovy's perfumed jerkin: promise of matrimony by a young gallant, to bring a virgin lady into a fool's paradise; make her a great woman, and then cast her off: 'tis as common and* natural to a courtier, as jealousy to a citizen, gluttony to a puritan, wisdom to an alderman, pride to a taylor, or an empty hand-basket† to one of these sixpenny damnations: of his troth, la! believe him not; traps to catch pole-cats.

Mal. Keep your face constant, let no sudden passion
Speak in your eyes. [*To Maria.*

Maria. O my Altofront!

Pietro. A tyrant's jealousies
Are very nimble; you receive it all. [*To Aurelia.*

Aur. My heart, though not my knees, doth humbly fall,
Low as the earth to thee.

* *and.*] Both 4tos. "*as.*"

† *hand-basket*] Not in the first 4to.

PIETRO. Peace; next change; no words.

MARIA. Speech to such, ay, O what will affords!

[*Cornets sound the measure over again; which danced, they unmask.*

MEN. Malevole!

[*They environ Mendoza, bending their pistols on him.*

MAL. No.

MEN. Altofront! duke Pietro*! Ferneze! ha!

ALL. Duke Altofront! duke Altofront!

[*Cornets, a flourish.*

MEN. Are we surpris'd? what strange delusions mock
Our senses? do I dream? or have I dreamt

[*They seize upon Mendoza.*

This two days' space? where am I?

MAL. Where an arch-villain is.

MEN. O lend me breath, till I am fit to die†!
For peace with heaven, for your own souls' sake,
Vouchsafe me life.

PIETRO. Ignoble villain! whom neither heaven nor hell,
Goodness of God or man, could once make good!

MAL. Base, treacherous wretch! what grace canst thou expect,

* *Pietro.*] The first 4to. "*Lorenzo.*"

† *till I am fit to die.*] The first 4to. "*to live* till I am fit to die."

That hast grown impudent in gracelessness?

MEN. O, life!

MAL. Slave, take thy life.

Wert thou defenced, through blood and wounds,
The sternest horror of a civil fight,
Would I atchieve thee; but prostrate at my feet
I scorn to hurt thee: 'tis the heart of slaves
That deigns to triumph over peasants' graves;
For such thou art, since birth doth ne'er enroll
A man 'mong monarchs, but a glorious soul.
" O, I have seen strange accidents of state!
" The flatterer, like the ivy, clip the oak,
" And waste it to the heart; lust so confirm'd,
" That the black act of sin itself not sham'd
" To be term'd courtship.
" O, they that are as great as be their sins,
" Let them remember, that th' inconstant people
" Love many princes* merely for their faces,
" And outward shews; and they do covet more
" To have a sight of these than of their virtues.
" Yet thus much let the great ones still conceal,
" When they observe not heaven's impos'd conditions,
" They are no kings†, but forfeit their commissions.

* *princes.*] So my copy of the second 4to.; that in the Garrick collection, "*men.*"

† *kings*] So my copy of the second 4to.; that in the Garrick collection, "*men.*"

" Maq. O good my lord, I have lived in the court
" this twenty year; they that have been old cour-
" tiers, and come to live in the city, they are spited
" at, and thrust to the walls like apricocks, good my
" lord.

" Bil. My lord, I did know your lordship in this
" disguise; you heard me ever say, if Altofront did
" return, I would stand for him: besides, 'twas your
" lordship's pleasure to call me wittol and cuckold:
" you must not think, but that I knew you I would
" have put it up so patiently."

Mal. You o'er-joy'd* spirits, wipe your long-wet eyes. [*To Pietro and Aurelia.*

Hence with this man [*Kicks out Mendoza*]: an eagle takes not flies.

You to your vows [*To Pietro and Aurelia*]: and thou unto the suburbs†. [*To Maquerelle.*

You to my worst friend I would hardly give;

Thou art a perfect old knave [*To Bilioso*]: all pleased live.

You two unto my breast [*To Celso and the Captain*]: thou to my heart. [*To Maria.*

" The rest of idle actors idly part:"

And as for me I here assume my right,

To which I hope all 's pleas'd: to all good night.

[*Cornets, a flourish. Exeunt Omnes.*

* *o'erjoy'd.*] The first 4to. "*are joy'd.*"

† *the suburbs.*] Where in most countries the stews are situated. Reed.

" AN IMPERFECT ODE, BEING BUT " ONE STAFF,

" SPOKEN BY THE PROLOGUE.

" To wrest each hurtless thought to private sense,
" Is the foul use of ill-bred impudence :
" Immodest censure now grows wild,
" All over-running.
" Let innocence be ne'er so chaste,
" Yet at the last
" She is defil'd
" With too nice-brained cunning.
" O you of fairer soul,
" Controul
" With an Herculean arm
" This harm ;
" And once teach all old freedom of a pen,
" Which still must write of fools, whiles 't writes of
" men !"

" EPILOGUS.

" Your modest silence, full of heedy stillness,
" Makes me thus speak: a voluntary illness
" Is merely senseless, but unwilling error
" Such as proceeds from too rash youthful fervour,
" May well be call'd a fault, but not a sin;
" Rivers take names from founts where they begin.
" Then let not too severe an eye peruse
" The slighter brakes of our reformed Muse*,
" Who could, herself, herself of faults detect,
" But that she knows 'tis easy to correct,
" Though some men's labour: troth, to err is fit,
" As long as wisdom 's not profess'd, but wit.
" Then till another's happier Muse appears,
" Till his Thalia feast your learned ears,
" To whose desertful lamps pleas'd fates impart
" Art above nature, judgment above art,
" Receive this piece, which hope nor fear yet
" daunteth;
" He that knows most, knows most how much he
" wanteth."

* *The slighter brakes of our reformed Muse.*] I suppose by this expression is meant *the uncultivated parts* of our performance; *brakes* (i. e. fern) commonly grow in ground that is never tilled, or broken up. Steevens.

THE THRACIAN WONDER.

The Thracian Wonder. A Comical History, As it hath been several times Acted with great Applause. Written by John Webster and William Rowley. Placere Cupio. London: Printed by Tho. Johnson, and are to be sold by Francis Kirkman, at his Shop at the Sign of John Fletcher's Head, over against the Angel Inn, on the Back-side of St. Clements, without Temple-Bar. 1661. 4to.

This drama was first given to the press by Kirkman: assuredly, not one word of it was written by Webster.

The Thracian Wonder is partly founded on the story of Curan and Argentile in Warner's *Albion's England*. A poetical tract, founded also on the same portion of Warner's work, appeared in 1617, written by a *William* Webster, and entitled *The most pleasant and delightfull Historie of Curan, Prince of Danske, and the fayre Princesse Argentile, Daughter and Heyre of Adelbright, sometime King of Northumberland:* and Mr. J. P. Collier plausibly conjectures, (*Poet. Decam*, vol. i. p. 268.) that Kirkman's recollection of the poem by *William* Webster induced him to attribute the present drama to *John* Webster.

With a strange want of taste and judgment, when so many better dramas might have been selected, the Editor of *A Continuation of Dodsley's Old Plays*, 1816, reprinted *The Thracian Wonder* in his sixth volume: one cannot but smile, on reading his prefatory remarks, to find that he never for a moment suspected that it was not a genuine production of Webster; he allows, indeed, that it is "certainly inferior" to *The White Devil* or *The Dutchess of Malfi!*

THE

STATIONER TO THE READER.

GENTLEMEN,

IT is now the second time of my appearing in print in this nature: I should not have troubled you, but that I believe you will be as well pleased as myself; I am sure that when I applied myself to buying and reading of books, I was very well satisfied when I could purchase a new play. I have promised you three this term,—*A Cure for a Cuckold* was the first; this the second; and the third, viz. *Gamer Gurton's Needle*, is ready for you. I have several others that I intend for you suddenly; I shall not (as some others of my profession have done) promise more than I will perform in a year or two, or it may be never; but I will assure you that I shall never leave printing, so long as you shall continue buying. I have several manuscripts of this nature, written by worthy authors; and I account it much pity they should now lie dormant, and buried in oblivion, since ingenuity is so likely to be encouraged by reason of the happy restoration of our liberties. We have had the private stage for some years clouded, and under a tyrannical command, though the public stage of England has produced many monstrous villains, some of which have de-

servedly made their *exit*. I believe future ages will not credit the transactions of our late times to be other than a play or a romance: I am sure in most romantic plays there hath been more probability than in our true (though sad) stories. Gentlemen, I will not further trouble you at this time: only I shall tell you, that if you please to repair to my shop, I shall furnish you with all the plays that were ever yet printed. I have seven hundred several plays, and most of them several times over, and I intend to increase my store as I sell: and I hope you will, by your frequent buying, encourage

Your servant,

FRANCIS KIRKMAN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Pheander, king of Thrace, father to Ariadne.
King of Sicilia, father to Radagon.
Alcade, King of Africa, father to Lillia Guida.
Sophos, brother to Pheander.
Radagon, son to the king of Sicilia, and husband to Ariadne.
Eusanius, son to Radagon and Ariadne.
Leonardo, a Thracian Lord.
Two Thracian Lords.
Two Sicilian Lords.
Two African Lords.
Antimon, an old shepherd, father to Serena and the Clown.
Tityrus, a merry shepherd.
Palemon, a shepherd, in love with Serena.
The Clown, son to Antimon.
Two Shepherds.
A Fisherman.
A Priest.
Soldiers, &c.

Pythia, a goddess.
Ariadne, daughter to Pheander and wife to Radagon.
Lillia Guida, daughter to Alcade,
Serena, a shepherdess, daughter to Antimon.
Two Shepherdesses.

Chorus and Time.

THE THRACIAN WONDER.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

Enter PHEANDER, *King of Thrace, with his sword drawn, two* NOBLEMEN *holding him;* ARIADNE *flying before him with a Child in her arms.*

1 THR. LORD. Good my liege!
2 THR. LORD. Dear Sovereign!
PHEAN. Why do you keep the sword of justice back
From cutting off so foul a blasted branch?
2 THR. LORD. O, let your milder sense censure this fate,
And cast her not away in hate of spleen!
1 THR. LORD. Consider, sir, she is your only child,
Your kingdom's heir, your country's future hope,
And she may live——
PHEAN. To be a strumpet, sir. Do not vex my soul
With extollation of a thing so vile.
Is 't possible a lady of her birth
Should stain her royal race with beastly lust,

And mix the blood of kings with a base issue?
Was it for this you were so long mew'd up
Within your private chamber?
Was it for this we gave so strict a charge
To have your tedious sickness look'd unto?
But our example shall be such on thee,
As all the world shall take a warning by.
What man, or devil in the shape of man,
Was he that durst presume for to pollute thee?
Either confess him, or by all our gods,
I'll plague thy body with continual tortures:
That being done, I will devise a death
That time to come shall never pattern it.

Enter RADAGON, *with his sword drawn.*

RAD. There 's not the smallest torture while I live
That shall afflict or touch her tender body.
PHEAN. What traitor slave dares interrupt
The passage of our will? Cut him in pieces!
ARIAD. O, hold your hands! for mercy let him live,
And twenty pierces in my bosom give!*.
PHEAN. Death, now 'tis probable! I 'll lay my life

* *And twenty pierces in my bosom give.*] So the editor of 1816 reads, and perhaps rightly: the old copy,
"And twenty *pieces within* my bosom give."

This groom is father to the strumpet's brat.
A guard there! (*Enter a Guard.*) Seize him! make
the slave confess;
And if he will not, kill him instantly.
RAD. Villains, unhand me! I'll reveal the truth:
I will not die in base obscurity.
Pheander, know I am not what I seem,
An abject groom, but royal as thyself:
My name is Radagon,
Son to thy enemy, Sicilia's king:
This thirteen months I have continued here
In hope for to obtain, what now I have,
My Ariadne's love. 'Tis I am father
To this princely boy, and I 'll maintain 't
Even with the utmost hazard of my life.
PHEAN. Thy life, base lecher!
That is the smallest satisfaction
That thou canst render for thy foul transgression.
And were 't not 'gainst the law of arms and nature,
These hands should sacrifice your guilty souls,
And with your bloods wash the foul stain from off
Our royal house.
As for the brat, his brains shall be dash'd out;
No base remembrance shall be left of him:
I'll have my will effected instantly.
1 THR. LORD. Dear sovereign, let pity plead this
case,
And natural love reclaim your high displeasure.
The babe is guiltless of the fact committed;

And she is all the children that you have:
Then, for your country's cause, and kingdom's good,
Be pleas'd to take her to your grace again.

2 Thr. Lord. Besides, my liege, 'tis known that Radagon
Is by his noble birth a worthy lord,
Princely descended, of a royal stock,
Although not heir-apparent to a crown:
Then, since their hearts have sympathiz'd in one,
Confirm with love this happy union.

Phean. This hand shall be his priest* that dares again
Presume to speak for her.
What worse disgrace did ever king sustain,
Than I by this luxurious† couple have?
But you shall see our clemency is such,
That we will mildlier sentence their vild fact,
Than they themselves can look for, or deserve.
Take them asunder, and attend our doom.

Rad. Before you speak, vouchsafe to hear me, sir:
It is not for myself I bend my knee,
Nor will I crave the least forgiveness,
But for your daughter; do but set her free,
And let me feel the worst of tyranny.

* *This hand shall be his priest.*] *i. e.* I will make a sacrifice of, I will slay, him that, &c.

† *luxurious.*] *i. e.* incontinent.

ARIAD. The like submission do I make for him.

PHEAN. Stop her mouth!

We never more intend to hear her speak:
I would not have a token of remembrance,
That ever I did bear the name of father.
For you, lascivious sir, on pain of death
We charge you leave our kingdom instantly:
Two days we limit you for your departure;
Which time expir'd, 'tis death to tread upon
Our Thracian bounds. But, housewife, as for you,
You with your brat, we'll send afloat the main,
There to be left, never to land again:
And that your copesmate may be sure to lose
The chief content of his desired bliss,
You shall be guarded from our kingdom's confines,
And put to sea, with several winds and tides,
That ye may never more enjoy each other.
She in a small boat, without man or oar,
Shall to the mercy of the waves be left;
He in a pinnace, without sail or pilot,
Shall be dragg'd forth some five leagues from the shore,
And there be drench'd in the vast ocean.
You hear your doom, which shall for ever stand
Irrevocable.
Make no reply. Go, strumpet, get thee hence;
No sin so vile as disobedience. [*Exit.*

ARIAD. A heavy, bitter sentence! when for love
We must be banish'd from our native right.

Had his high rage but suffer'd me to speak,
I could have [made] my chastity as clear
As is the unspotted lamb of innocence.

1 Thr. Lord. Alas, good lady!
Now, on my faith, I do believe as much:
I'll back return unto his majesty,
And urge him to recall his heavy doom.

Ariad. O, no! I would not for the world, believe me, sir,
Endanger you in such an embassy,
Let him persist; the heavens have * ever sent
A tower of strength to guard the innocent.
O Radagon! we two shall never meet,
Until we tread upon the higher frame:
Farewell, dear love. Poor babe, thy wretched birth
Makes us to part eternally on earth.

[*Exit Ariadne and Guard.*

Rad. My life, my soul, all my felicity,
Is in a trice divided from my sight!
No matter now whate'er become of me,
All earthly joys are lost in losing thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Tityrus *and* Palemon.

Tit. Come, I must know your cause of discontent.

* *have.*] The old copy "*hath.*"

PAL. I know it is your love to urge thus far,
And 'tis my love thus to conceal it from you:
Should I relate my cause of sorrow to you,
And you,
Seeking my remedy, should wound yourself,
Think what a corsive* it would prove to me:
And yet I wonder you conceive it not:
If you consider truly your own state,
You 'll find our cause of grief to be alike.

TIT. You have found a pretty way to silence me;
But 'twill not serve, indeed it will not, sir,
Because I know you do dissemble with me.
The strongest allegation that ye have,
Is that you sorrow for a father's death,
And that I know is feign'd; for since that time
Myself have heard you in your roundelays
More frolic far than any of the swains;
And in your pastimes on the holidays
Strive to surpass the activest of us all.
Therefore that cannot serve you for excuse;
And for your flocks, I 'm sure they thrive as well
As any shepherd's do upon the plain:
That makes me wonder, and importunate
To know the cause that might procure this sadness.

PAL. Since nothing but the truth will satisfy,
Take 't in a word; brother, I am in love.

TIT. Ha! ha! what 's that?

* *corsive.*] i. e. corrosive.

Pal. A god, which many thousands do adore.
Tit. A fable that fond fools give* credit to:
I that have been a shepherd all my life,
And ne'er train'd up to school, as thou hast been,
Would scorn to be deluded by a fiction,
A thing that 's nothing but inconstancy.
Didst never hear the invective that I made?
Pal. No, nor desire it now.
Tit. Yes, prithee mark it;
I 'll tell thee my opinion now of love.

Love is a law, a discord of such force,
That 'twixt our sense and reason makes divorce;
Love 's a desire, that to obtain betime,
We lose an age of years pluck'd from our prime;
Love is a thing to which we soon consent,
As soon refuse, but sooner far repent.

Then what must women be, that are the cause
That love hath life? that lovers feel such laws?
They 're like the winds upon Lapanthae's shore,
That still are changing: O, then love no more!
A woman's love is like that Syrian flower,
That buds, and spreads, and withers in an hour.

Enter old Antimon *and* Clown.

Pal. See, Orpheus, you have drawn listeners.

* *give.*] The old copy, "*gives.*"

Tit. What, dost make beasts of 'em?

Ant. Come, son, let's make haste to fold up our flocks, I fear we shall have a foul evening.

Clown. I think so too, father, for there 's a strong wind risen in the back door. S'nails! yonder's Master Tityrus, the merry shepherd, and the old fool my father would pass by: we 'll have a fit of mirth before we part. [*Exit Antimon.*

Tit. Hoyse! a God's name, cannot the puppy see?

Clown. Hardly, sir, for he has been troubled with sore eyes this nine days.

Tit. Muscod, come hither: what shall I give thee to put my brother Palemon from his dumps?

Clown. I do not know what you 'll give me; but promise what you will, I 'm sure to be paid if I meddle with him: he 's the strangest humoured man now of late that e'er I met withal; he was ready to lay his hook o'er my pate t'other morning for giving him the time of the day. But upon one condition I 'll venture a knock this once.

Tit. What 's your condition?

Clown. Marry, that you would give me a delicate song to court my wench withal; but it must be a good one, for women are grown so musical now-a-days, they care not a pin for a song unless it be well pricked.

Tit. O, I have one a' purpose: hark, shalt hear it.

I care not for these idle toys,
That must be woo'd and pray'd to;
Come, sweet love, let 's use the joys
That men and women use to do.

The first man had a woman
Created for his use, you know;
Then never seek so close to keep
A jewel of a price so low.

Delay in love 's a lingering pain,
That never can be cur'd;
Unless that love have love again,
'Tis not to be endur'd.

Clown. But then you shall have her say,

I cannot, nor I dare not,
For fear my mother she do chide.

Tit. Tush, she 'll ne'er blame thee to use the game,
Which she herself so oft hath tried.

Clown. O, excellent! this will fit her to [a] hair, i' faith: I 'll to him* presently.

Tit. So, I 'm delivered: a fool and a madman are well put together; for none but fools or madmen will love women. [*Exit.*

Clown. How do you, sir?

Pal. What 's that to you, sir?

Clown. 'Tis something to me, sir, as I take it.

* *him.*] i.e. Palemon, whom, in return for Tityrus' song, the Clown was "to put from his dumps."

Pal. You shall have more, sir, if you trouble me.

Clown. You shall not need, sir; this is more than I looked for. I tell you, sir, my blood begins to rise.

Pal. You might have passed by me then; you saw me busy.

Clown. I felt you busy, though I saw you not.

Pal. My mind was busy.

Clown. I minded not that indeed.

Pal. Muscod, come hither; come, we 'll sit together.

Clown. Not within the length of your hook, by your leave.

Pal. Come nearer, man; I will not strike, believe me.
I prithee tell me, dost thou love a woman?

Clown. Yes, by this hand do I, two or three.

Pal. Wert thou to choose 'mongst all our Thracian dames,
Who would'st select to make thy* mistress of?

Clown. Why, I would choose a woman; some body that I liked, I know not who.

Pal. What think'st thou of my mistress? is not she
The fairest shepherdess we have in Thrace?

Clown. The fairest! do you make a doubt of 't?

* *thy.*] The old copy, "*the.*"

is there any body dares compare* with her? Who is your mistress? Let me know that before I praise her any further.

Enter SERENA.

PAL. See where she comes!
Like to Dianat in her summer's weed,
Going to sport by Arethusa's fount.

CLOWN. This is my sister! what an ass was he could not have told me so before, I might have spoke a good word for him: I 'm glad she 's come, I 'll e'en sneak away, and glad I 'm so rid of him.

[*Exit.*

PAL. Will you still blast me with such coy disdain?
Shall all my services

* *compare.*] The old copy, "*compares.*"

† *Like to Diana, &c.*] Here the author had an eye to a copy of verses, called *Doron's Description of Samela,* in Greene's *Arcadia or Menaphon,* which was first printed in 1587;

> "*Like to Diana in her summer weede,*
> Girt with a crimson robe of brightest die,
> goes faire Samela.
> Whiter then be the flocks that stragling feede,
> When washt by *Arethusa* faint they lie,
> is faire Samela."

Sig. E 3, ed. 1610.

Doron's Description of Samela is given in *England's Helicon,* 1600, and in *England's Parnassus,* 1600: in the latter work it is attributed to Lodge.

Be still neglected with disdainful scorn?
Could I dissemble love, make tears my truchman*,
File my faith with oaths, that in the utterance
Make† the hearers tremble; should I profane,
In seeking to compare, with flattery;
Should I do this, I surely should obtain
What loyal service never can make mine.

SER. I cannot answer in such eloquence
As you have studied to accost me with,
But in plain terms resolve yourself, I hate you:
Who can do less than hate such impudence,
That having had so many flat denials,
Dares prosecute again his hated suit?

PAL. With low-bent‡ knee I do submit myself,
And beg your pardon for presumption:
If my endeavours might deserve your love,
What would Palemon for Serena do!

SER. If e'er Palemon then have hope to gain
The smallest favour from Serena's love,
He must perform a task I will impose.

PAL. I shall account me bless'd by your employment.

SER. I will not credit you, unless you take
An oath for the performance.

PAL. By all the gods we Thracians do adore,

* *truchman.*] i. e. interpreter: the old copy, "*truce man.*
† *make.*] The old copy "*makes.*"
‡ *low-bent.*] The old copy, "*low-bend.*"

I will perform it whatsoe'er it be,
So you 'll consent to love me when 'tis done.
SER. My hand and faith upon 't. Now mark my words :
You never shall again renew your suit,
Nor see my face until I send for you,
Unless we chance to meet at unawares ;
And meeting so, to turn away your eyes,
And not to speak, as you respect your vow.
PAL. O, everlasting labyrinth! Dear love,
Recal this doom, and let me undergo
Herculean labours : 'tis too great a woe
To be debarr'd your sight; rather command me
To rip up this heart, these hands shall do it ;
Bar me my food—I 'll like the Argive live
In contemplation of my mistress' beauty :
I 'll make thee arbours in those shady vallies
Whereas* the snickfail grows, and hyacinth ;
The cowslip, primrose, and the violet,
Shall serve to make thee garlands for thy head.
SER. Nothing shall serve, but what I have prefix'd.
PAL. I'll pluck the moon from forth the starry throne,
And place thee there to light the lower orb ;

* *Whereas.*] i. e. where.

And if stern Pluto offer to embrace thee,
I 'll pitch him headlong into Phlegethon.

SER. Phœbus defend me ! O, I fear he 's mad !

PAL. Or if thou 'lt live, and be the shepherds' queen,
I 'll fetch Senessa from the down of swans*
To be thy handmaid : the Phrygian boy,
That Jove so doated on, shall be thy page,
And serve thee on his knee :
Thou shalt be guarded round with jolly swains,
Such as was Luna's love on Latmus' hill:
Thy music shall surpass the Argus'-tamer†.
If this content thee not,
I 'll dive into the bottom of the deep,
And fetch thee bracelets of the orient pearl ;
The treasure of the sea shall all be thine.

SER. He 's stark mad ! some power withhold him here,
Until I find some place to shelter me ! [*Exit.*

* *I 'll fetch Senessa from, &c.*] This line is made nonsense by a misprint which I cannot rectify : the old copy,

" I 'll fetch Senessa *frown*," &c.

† *Argus'-tamer.*] i. e. Mercury,—an allusion to the well-known story of Iö. The old copy has " *Argo's tamer*," and the Editor of 1816 thought that as Orpheus was one of the Argonauts, it might possibly allude to him : but in old plays *Argos* is frequently put by a misprint for *Argus ;* so in *The Two Maides of Moreclacke*, 1609, " Thou should'st with *Argos* hundred eyes." Sig. E 3 ; and in *The Knave in Graine*, 1640,

" And you may sooner whisper with the saint
Argos had charge of." Sig. D 4.

PAL. Art thou gone in haste,
I 'll not forsake thee;
Runn'st thou ne'er so fast,
I 'll o'ertake thee:
O'er the dales, o'er the downs,
Through the green meadows,
From the fields, through the towns,
To the dim shadows.

All along the plain,
To the low fountains,
Up and down again
From the high mountains;
Echo then shall again
Tell her I follow,
And the floods to the woods,
Carry my holla, holla!
Ce! la! ho! ho! hu! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A dumb Show. Thunder and Lightning. Enter OLD ANTIMON *bringing in* ARIADNE *shipwrecked, the* CLOWN *turning the Child up and down, and wringing the clouts: they pass over the stage: exeunt. Enter* RADAGON, *all wet, looking about for shelter as shipwrecked; enter to him* TITYRUS, *seems to question him, puts off his hat and coat and puts* [*them*] *on him; so guides him off: exeunt. Storm ceases.*

Enter Chorus.

Cho. This storm is o'er:
But now a greater storm is to be fear'd,
That is, your censures of this history.
From cruel shipwreck you have here beheld
The preservation of these banish'd princes:
Who being put to sea in mastless boats,
With several winds and tides, were driven back
To the same coast that they were banish'd from:
Which understanding, lest they should be known,
They change their names, and habits, and persuade
The silly shepherds they are foreigners:
In several cottages remote from court
These lovers live, thinking each other dead.
The sighs, the tears, the passions that were spent
On either side, we could describe to you;

Enter Time *with an hour-glass, sets it down, and exit.*

But Time hath barr'd us. This is all you see
That he hath lent us for our history:
I doubt we hardly shall conclude so soon:
But if you please to like our author's pen,
We 'll beguile Time, and turn his glass again.

[*Exit.*

ACT II.—SCENE I.

Groans of dying men heard within. *Enter* Two Lords *of Thrace, severally.*

1 Thr. Lord. Good gods, be merciful!

Within. Oh! oh! oh!

2 Thr. Lord. Some power defend us from this noisome sickness!

Stand! who 's that? The wind!

1 Thr. Lord. Keep distance then. O, my lord, is 't you?

This is a fearful visitation:

The people as they walk drop down in heaps.

Enter Lord Leonardo.

Retire and keep the wind: here comes another.

Leon. Oh! oh! [*Falls dead.*

2 Thr. Lord. Mercy, he's dead!

1 Thr. Lord. Who is 't?

2 Thr. Lord. I cannot well discern him; but I think

It is the Lord Leonardo; yes, 'tis he.

1 Thr. Lord. A fearful rest receive him, he was virtuous!

My lord, I would fain exchange some private words with you;

I think you are clear.

Enter SOPHOS, *the king's brother, reading a letter.*

2 THR. LORD. Upon my life, I am.

1 THR. LORD. Let's walk together then.

SOPH. Alas, poor niece! cruel, unnatural father!
A Phalaris, a smiling tyrant,
To use his daughter with such cruelty!
Bless me! I fear I have taken the infection.

1 THR. LORD. 'Tis Sophos, the king's brother, come to court.

SOPH. I heard some speak; keep off, whate'er you be:
Who is 't? Pallation? Where 's the king my brother?

1 THR. LORD. In his bed-chamber.

SOPH. Tell him I am here.

1 THR. LORD. I shall, my lord. Some there remove the body. [*Exit.*

SOPH. No, it shall lie;
Himself shall see in what a state we live.
His daughter's murder'd, banish'd I should say,
And the Sicilian prince, both innocent:
A little infant perish'd, the gods know
As lawfully begot as he or I.
Nay, never stare, 'tis true:
The gods are not displeased without cause.
[*Cornets flourish.*
Heyday! is this a time for music?
And so it is indeed; for every one

Is ready to kick up his heels.
[*Within.* Oh! oh! oh!]
Ay marry, sir, here 's music fits the time.

Enter PHEANDER, *in his gown and cap, and* 1st THRACIAN LORD.

PHEAN. What horrid shrieks and clamours fill * our ears!
Are groans fit music for a prince's court?
SOPH. 'Tis music fit for princes that delight
In devilish dances. Look, sir, behold!
Here 's one hath danc'd himself quite out of breath† ;
Here 's good Leonardo gone: your daughter 's dead,
(Poor niece, with tears I speak it), and your land
Infected with a plague incurable:
Your court——
And 'twas not wont to be the court disease:
What should occasion this but——
Would I durst speak what I suspect!—suspect, said I?—
Nay, what is truth, for that 's beyond suspicion.
Read that, then guess the cause of our inflictions.
PHEAN. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

* *fill.*] the old copy "*fills.*"

† *Here 's one hath danc'd himself quite out of breath.*] Resembles a line in *Sir Thomas Wyatt;*

"Here 's one has run so fast, she's out of breath."
(vol. ii. p. 318.)

This was a subtle, and [a] shrewd device
To shadow treachery; was it not, my lords?
Having wrapp'd treason in a poison'd paper,
Delivers it to us to take the infection.

SOPH. By the bless'd sun 'tis false! I am no traitor;
As loyal as the truest subject here;
Yet there is poison in 't, of power and strength
To make a father's heart to swell and burst
At the recital of such tyranny.
Thy daughter 's chaste, a royal spotless princess:
She here doth vow, and call the gods to witness,
She ne'er admitted him unto her bed,
Until the nuptial rites were celebrate;
Yet, tyrant like, thou putt'st her unto sea,
Not suffering her to plead her innocence,
Where she and her poor babe did suffer death.

PHEAN. Dissembling hypocrite! art not asham'd
To lay such shallow baits to catch a crown?
Observe what a discover'd way he treads,
Thinking her dead,
(Which all you know she justly merited,)
Has forg'd this letter,
To turn your hearts with seeming pity,
To dispossess us, and be king himself:
But you, whose hearts have ever yet been loyal,
Know how to censure of such treachery,
With true discretion. Pray ye use him kindly;
Let him not feel too many cruel tortures;

He is our brother; though he have transgress'd
The law of gods and nature, we are are loath
To punish with too much severity.

SOPH. Ha! ha! ha! Now give me leave to laugh.

Devouring crocodile, dost think I fear to die?
Let death fright those that fear to die for ever:
Let me behold him in his ugliest shape,
He 's then most lovely;
If I did fear, I 'd ne'er have utter'd this;
It was to clear thy daughter's innocence,
And blaze thy infamy unto the world;
For this I did it; if for this I die,
I die for truth, live with eternity.

PHEAN. Take him aside until we call for him.

SOPH. Do not touch me, slaves, I scorn to run.

[*Exit Guard with Sophos.*

PHEAN. Your counsel, lords, what we [had] best to do;
You see his guilt apparently appears:
We dare not call a public consultation
For fear of the infection: unto you
We will refer the manner of his death.
Here seat yourselves, and every man set down
His several censure; which when we survey,
We'll give our sentence, either life or death. [*Exit.*

[*They seat themselves at a table severally, and fall to writing.*

Enter 1st Sicilian Lord.

Sicil. Lord. I think this be the land of Golgotha,
Inhabited by none but by the dead,
Except some airy shadows, and they 're silent:
The streets are strew'd with breathless carcases,
As 'twas in Rome when Marius Sylla warr'd.
All that do see me shun me like the plague,
And shut their doors; sure I am not infectious.
Entering the court, the guard stood gazing at me,
And gave me free access into the palace,
Without demanding whence, or what I came for:
The strangeness of their looks and fearful action
Makes me imagine that I am transform'd.
Would I could meet but with a water-spring,
To see if I retain my wonted shape!
This should be near the presence;—what are these?
They should be lawyers; they 're not dumb I 'm sure.

1 Thr. Lord. What 's he?

2 Thr. Lord. Some stranger.

3 Thr. Lord. How came he in the guard?

Sicil. Lord. They speak; I 'll try if they can hear.

1 Thr. Lord. Keep back: who are you?
The cause of your approach so near the king?

Sicil. Lord. Your outsides speak you noble. Know, my lords,
The cause of my arrival in this land,

Is in the search of princely Radagon,
Now son and heir to the Sicilian king;
If ever you did hear of such a prince,
Let not fore-passed hate extinguish him,
But glad an aged father with a son,
Who now is all the children he hath left.
They shake their heads and weep: Good gods, I fear
They have ta'en away his life by tyranny!

Enter PHEANDER, *ready**.

PHEAN. What stranger 's that? What makes him in our court?
What, are you dumb? Why do you not resolve us?
1 THR. LORD. He is a subject to Sicilia's king,
And comes in search of banish'd Radagon.
SICIL. LORD. How! banish'd?
PHEAN. Ay, sir, banish'd:
And 'twas too mild a satisfaction
For the base wrongs that I sustain'd by him:
In a small boat, hopeless of help or life,
He was put forth to sea by our command.
This you may tell your king; and so begone.
SICIL. LORD. You could not be so unmerciful,
To use a virtuous prince so cruelly;
You durst not so transgress the law of kings,

* *ready.*] *i. e.* dressed: when last on the stage, he was "in his gown and cap." See p. 170.

To murder him, although your enemy.
I know no cause of his did merit it,
But the stern hate of ancient enmity.

PHEAN. How dare you, sir, capitulate the cause?
Go bid your master come himself to know,
And then perchance we may resolve it him.

SICIL. LORD. Be sure he will, thou cruel homicide!
And ask the cause in such a thundering language,
Will make both thee and all that hear it tremble.
[*Exit.*

PHEAN. We 'll answer him as loud, sir, fear it not.
But to our first affairs: what is your censure?
Is life or death the sentence we must give?

1 THR. LORD. Mine is his life, my liege.

2 THR. LORD. And so is mine.

3 THR. LORD. Mine is his life, but not his liberty.

PHEAN. Why not his death as well? his fact is treason.

1 THR. LORD. Suspected, but not prov'd; therefore 'tis fit
He should be kept close prisoner, till we hear
How the rude multitude do stand affected,
For he was deeply seated in their hearts.

PHEAN. We are resolv'd, let him be straight brought forth;
We 'll use him with what clemency we may:
I know the gods, whom kings should imitate,
Have plac'd us here to rule, not overthrow:

Enter Sophos.

Justice shall hand-in-hand with mercy go.
We spake * before a king, but now a brother:
If you will yet confess your guilt, and cause
That mov'd you first unto this forgery,
We may perhaps forgive you; otherwise
There is no other favour but to die.

Soph. Ha, ha, ha! to die!
I do not think I shall be made so happy,
For death's the honest man's felicity:
There is no favour that I crave but death;
In living here I shall more torments find;
But being dead, there ends my misery.

Phean. If you will yet confess, we will have mercy.

Soph. Mercy! on whom? for what? you are deceiv'd:
It is a thing not in thy power to give.
Mercy 's immortal, and to human eyes
Is never seen till fleshly passion dies.

Phean. It seems then, sir, you do desire to die?

Soph. With full consent;
For life's a loathsome vale of misery.

Phean. In which thou still shalt live: thy life we give,
But doom thee to perpetual banishment:

* *spake.*] The old copy "*speak.*"

We limit you no time; therefore dispatch.
See that he instantly depart the court.

Soph. Dost think I 'll stay? By all our gods,
Thy crown and kingdom shall not hire me to 't!
Tyrant, farewell; if e'er I do return,
Cities that now stand, shall be heaps of stone.

[*Exit.*

Phean. This foggy cloud dispers'd, I hold it fit
Some post to Delphos * to the oracle,
To know what shall ensue these thunder-claps
That threaten such destruction †: we ourself
Will see you furnish'd for the offering.
Whom shall we send? Cleanthes? no. You two,
Prepare for your departure presently.
What though he was our brother? 'tis not fit
Mistrustful men should live within our court:
What is 't to be a king and stand in awe?
Those that entreat, and may command with fear,
Are fitter to climb up than tarry here.

[*Exeunt. Cornets flourish.*

SCENE II.

Enter Tityrus *and* Radagon, *severally.*

Tit. Stirring so early, partner? Then I see

* *Delphos.*] The old copy "*the* Delphos."
† *destruction.*] The old copy "*distraction.*"

You 'll prove a wealthy shepherd: watchfulness
Is the chief star within our calendar:
'Twere vain to ask you how you affect this life,
Your forwardness expresses that you like it.

RAD. Who can dislike a peaceful happiness?
Methinks I never prov'd a sweeter happiness:
In every corner here content sits smiling:
The mountain tops I make my morning walks,
The evening shades my recreation;
And when night's queen puts on her gorgeous robe,
I take delight to gaze upon the stars,
In which, methinks, I read philosophy;
And by the astronomical aspects
I search out nature's secrets; the chief means
For the preventing my lambs' prejudice.
I tell you, sir, I find, in being a shepherd,
What many kings want in their royalties.

TIT. I joy in your content; yet wonder, sir,
You do frequent such melancholy walks:
I have observ'd your passions many times,
And seen you sit, sole companied with thought,
As if your passions were your comforters;
I fear some foolish female has entrapp'd you.

RAD. Not any, sir, believe it; that 's a thing
I thank my stars I ne'er did estimate.
Love, that imparadiseth some, to me
Is hell itself, if hell on earth there be.

TIT. Bless'd be the hour that e'er I met with thee!

Not love a woman! have I a second self?
O, happy, happy man! not love a woman!

RAD. I do not yet, assure you.

TIT. Nor ever do, if you do love yourself:
Of all things in the world take heed of 'em
I have a brother mad forsooth for love.
But that I had a mother, I could wish,
That there were no such things as women are.
We shall have such a hoyting * here anon,
You 'll wonder at it. 'Tis Pan's holiday,
The chiefest festival the shepherds keep;
'Tis held upon this green.

RAD. I thought as much; belike then that 's the cause
This place is so bedeck'd and strew'd with flowers.

[*Music.*

TIT. The very same. They come; observe the custom.

Enter old ANTIMON, *and another old* SHEPHERD; *after them two* SHEPHERDS *to dance, then the* CLOWN *with garlands upon his hook, himself dressed with ribands and scarfs; then* ARIADNE, *the Princess, like a Shepherdess, with* SERENA, *and two other* SHEPHERDESSES, *to dance. Cease music.*

ANT. Tityrus, well met! you are the welcom'st man

* *hoyting.*] Idle and noisy mirth. Editor of 1816.

I see to-day: the wenches were afraid
You 'd not have come, and then our roundelays
Had all been spoil'd.

TIT. Sir, you may thank this man:
Pray bid him welcome, he's a stranger here.

ANT. What countryman?

RAD. Sicilia gave me life,
On whose fair promontories I have liv'd
This many years, till covet to see change
Brought me to Thrace, which I affect so well,
I would continue.

1 SHEP. And welcome.

2 SHEP. Welcome.

CLOWN. Y' are very heartily welcome.

ANT. Son, set down thy hook, and shake it* lustily;
Win me the garland, and I promise thee
I'll give thee two fat wethers to make merry.
O, when I was a young man, I 'd a' tickl'd it!

CLOWN. I warrant ye, father, for the cast of the leg,
The standing caper, or the placket jump,
Let me alone, I 'll firk 'em up, i' faith.

1 SHEP. Sir, you 'll make one? nay, no excuse shall serve;
We know you can, and will not be denied.

RAD. I shall but shame our countrymen. Will you?

* *shake it.*] *i. e.* dance. Editor of 1816.

TIT. Who, I? And 'twere not to observe the ceremony,
They should not have me here. I must do somewhat.

ANT. Come, y'are well match'd; strike music and begin;
We two will sit as judges.

[*Dance, wherein Ariadne, alias Mariana, dances with Radagon. Dance ends. Soft Music. The men all pass by the two old Shepherds with obeisance, Radagon last; as he makes congé they put the crown upon his head; he offers to refuse it; they put it on him, and set him betwixt them.*

ANT. Nay, you must not refuse it; 't is deserv'd;
You have it with a general consent;
This shall confirm 't.

[*The rest of the Shepherds pass by him with obeisance.*

1 SHEP. And this.

2 SHEP. And this.

RAD. I thank you.

[*Music again. The wenches come with obeisance to Ariadne, crown her Queen of the Shepherdesses: they lead her to Radagon their King—she and they make obeisance to him, he rises and kisses her. Music ceases.*

ANT. Come, spread the cloth, and bring away
the meat:
So, so, sit down. Daughter, attend the queen;
It may be thy turn next.

Enter CLOWN *with a table-cloth; he and* ANTIMON *spread it ridiculously on the ground; they all sit down.*

That 's a good boy.

[*Music. Dishes of apples, nuts, and cheese-cakes.*

Enter TITYRUS, *like old Janus, with a coat girt to him, a white beard and hair: a hatchet in one hand and a bowl in the other. He sings.*

Now does jolly Janus greet your merriment;
For since the world's creation,
I never changed my fashion;
'Tis good enough to fence the cold:
My hatchet serves to cut my firing yearly,
My bowl preserves the juice of grape and barley:
Fire, wine, and strong beer, makes me live so
long here,
To give the merry new year a welcome in.

All the potent powers of plenty wait upon
You that intend to be frolic to-day:

To Bacchus I commend ye, and Ceres eke attend ye,
To keep encroaching cares away.
That Boreas' blasts may never blow to harm you;
Nor Hyems'* frosts, but give you cause to warm you:
Old father Janevere drinks a health to all here,
To give the merry new year a welcome in.

Ariad. Good Janevere, depart: another time
We 'll bid thee welcome as befits thy years;
But now our flocks are young, and should they feel
But the smallest breath from thee sent in a storm,
They would go near to perish: prithee, leave us.

Tit. Since you desire my absence,
I will depart this green;
Though loath to leave the presence
Of such a lovely queen;
Whose beauty, like the sun,
Melts all my frost away;
And now, instead of winter,
Behold a youthful May.

Omnes. Tityrus! Welcome.

* *Hyems.*] The old copy, "*Hymens.*"

Enter PALEMON.

PAL. I come, I come, I come!

CLOWN. I go, I go, I go! [*Climbs up a tree.*

SER. O, hide me from him!

[*Exeunt all but Palemon and Clown.*

PAL. Puff, they 're blown away with a whirl-wind:
Thanks, gentle Æolus! th' 'ast left my love
Upon a lofty pine.

CLOWN. Yes, I shall pine, for I 'm like to get no victuals whilst he is here.

PAL. That 's not her voice: no, now I see her plain,
'Tis an owl in an ivy-bush.

CLOWN. I 'm glad he takes me for an owl: now if I could but cry like one—ta-wit, ta-wo!

PAL. O, 'tis my love! she says I come to woo;
'Tis true:
Come down, dear love; or stay, I come to thee.

CLOWN. No, no, no! I come, I come down to thee. He 'll break my neck if he get up once.

[*Comes down.*

PAL. Alas! poor heart, how pale and black she looks!
I think she 's almost starv'd: she 's black i' th' mouth!
See, here 's a banquet: come, sit down, my love.

CLOWN. I 'm glad a' this, we shall feed again.

PAL. Yet stay: now I remember,
Those that are kept from victuals a long time,
Must not be cloy'd too much, for fear they surfeit.

CLOWN. I warrant you, my love, I will not feed.

PAL. No, do not feed.

CLOWN. Yes, yes, a little.

PAL. No, 'tis dangerous; we 'll first to sea,
And purge the blood that dims thy rosy cheeks.

CLOWN. Let 's fill our bellies, and we shall purge the better.

PAL. It is not good to purge on a full stomach.
Come, we 'll embark us in this hollow tree,
And sail to Jericho. Music! shall we dance?

CLOWN. Ay, ay, we 'll dance to Jericho.

[*A mad dance; they dance off.*

SCENE III.

Consort, a lesson. A Table and Tapers. Enter* PRIEST *and* TWO THRACIAN LORDS. *Ceremonies ended, the Priest speaks.*

PRIEST. Know, sacred goddess, these are sent
From fertile Thrace, whose discontent
By noisome sickness is increas'd:

* *Consort.*] See note *, vol. iii., p. 177.

But how, or when it shall be ceas'd*,
Their king, Pheander, craves resolve ;
The reason of his country's grief,
And when they shall regain relief?

[*Pythia above, behind the curtains.*

Pyth. The ireful gods, with full consent,
Have plagued the Thracian continent;
Their court and country woe shall sing,
For the transgression of their king ;
Who, 'gainst all right and piety,
Hath quite expell'd pure chastity :
But for the time when plagues shall end,
This schedule to the king I send ;
Wherein at large is full express'd
When all your woe shall be redress'd.

[*Throws down a paper.*

Priest. (*Reads*) *Content shall keep in town and field,*
When Neptune from his waves shall yield
A Thracian Wonder ; and as when
It shall be prov'd 'mongst Thracian men,
That lambs have lions to their guides,
And seas have neither ebbs nor tides ;
Then shall a shepherd from the plain
Restore your health and crown again.

* Opposite to this line, on the margin of the old copy, is "*Pythia speaks in the music-room, behind the curtains.*"

The oracle pronounces still obscure;
But what is writ is truth most sure:
Though ne'er so hard to you it seem,
Time will make clear what you misdeem. [*Exit.*

1 Thr. Lord. But we that time shall never live to see.
What Thracian Wonder can the sea-waves yield?
Lambs ne'er will have stern lions for their guides*,
Or when will seas leave off their ebbs and tides?

2 Thr. Lord. Never, O, never!

1 Thr. Lord. Then ne'er shall Thrace be bless'd.
But we will bear this problem to the king,
And let him know that for his tyranny
His subjects suffer this calamity. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Antimon *and* Ariadne.

Ant. Minion, take heed; turn not my proffer'd love,
By peevishness and folly, to disdain;
For if thou dost——

Ariad. You 'll turn me out of all;
I know it is the sequel of your words,

* *guides.*] The old copy "*guide.*"

Which I, unhappy wretch, must undergo:
Were every lamb increas'd unto a flock,
And every flock to thousands multiplied,
I must not love you.

ANT. You must not!

ARIAD. And worse,
I must for ever hate you if you name
But love again; I must ingrateful be
For all the courtesies you have bestow'd.
Love, or the thought of it, to me,
Is like the talon of a soaring hawk
Striking a silly dove, it murders me.

ANT. So, you are sensible of your own grief,
But no other pity; I am wounded too,
But you feel it not.

ARIAD. Where are you wounded, sir?

ANT. Even at the heart: I am wounded for thy love.

ARIAD. If I could see it bleed, I should believe 't.

ANT. You would! I thank you heartily for that.

ARIAD. Sure, sir, I think you would not fear a wound:
Cold and decaying nature has made you
Strike-free, you have no blood to die with;
Y' are now buried in your skin's sear-cloth;
And would you warm that monumental robe
At love's fire in your grave?

ANT. Scorn'd and abus'd! 'tis 'long of Menalcas.

Go ! with that hand preserv'd thee from the wrack
Of the devouring billows, that ravenous
And merciless assembly of salt drops ;
That charitable hand, that long hath been
The tender foster-father to thy wants ;
With that hand now I turn thee off : turn thou
Thy face no more to any house of mine ;
I 'll burn them all ere they shall cover thee.
Thou wert my joy, but this thy scornful spite
Has made me hate where I took most delight.

[*Exit.*

ARIAD. My sweet Eusanius ! It is his loss
Makes me unfortunate ; that weighty grief
Follow'd by mercies, yet wert thou the chief ;
Where'er thou art, Fate in spite send me hither,
Though in the arms of death we meet together.

Enter TITYRUS ; *sings.*

I loved a lass, (alas ! my folly,)
Was full of her coy disdaining ;
I courted her thus ; What shall I, sweet Dolly,
Do for thy dear love's obtaining ?
At length I did dally so long with my Dolly,
That Dolly, for all her feigning,
Had got such a mountain above her valley,
That Dolly came home complaining.

ARIAD. O, misery, misery! which way should
I turn from thee?

TIT. Ha! there 's a foolish lover, upon my life; a female heigho, i' faith. Alas, poor heart, why dost thou sit dejected? pretty soul, he is a hard-hearted stubborn clown, I warrant him, whate'er he is; but I hold him the wiser man for 't though: will he not do, filthy churl as he is? Poor heart, would I had a heart could pity thee!

ARIAD. Whate'er you are, sir,
My miseries have not deserv'd your scorn.
I do beseech you leave me with my sorrows,
For I desire no other company.

TIT. Ha! a good face, i' faith, a special good face; fine babies in her eyes; those lips speak now, methinks, and say, Come kiss me. How now, Tityrus! the singing Satyr against all women, the madrigal-maker against good faces, beauty's despiser, are you in contemplation now? I must not turn my tale* sure from shepherds' roundelays to epithalamiums, and sonnets, and Io's, and heighos: this were odd if I should; and yet, by my troth, I think I must for aught I can perceive: that thievish god, Cupid, that useth to steal hearts, affections, and sighs out of men's bosoms, is now crept into mine, and spite of my proud heart, makes me confess, that—

* *tale.*] Qy. "*tail.*"

Love 's a lovely lad,
His bringing-up is beauty;
Who loves him not is mad,
For I must pay him duty;
Now I 'm sad.

Hail to those sweet eyes,
That shine celestial wonder;
From thence do flames arise,
Burn* my poor heart asunder;
Now it fries.

ARIAD. Sir, you are rustic, and no generous spirit
To make calamity your merry theme:
Beseech you leave me.

TIT. Cupid sets a crown
Upon those lovely tresses;
O, spoil not with a frown
What he so sweetly dresses!
I 'll sit down.

ARIAD. You 'll force me then to rise, and fly your folly:
Yet why should you have power to banish me
From this free spreading air, that I may claim

* *Burn.*] The old copy "*Burns.*"

For mine as well as yours ? But 'tis no matter,
Take this place to ye; where'er you force me go,
I shall keep still my sad companion, woe.

Tit. Nay, then, have at you in prose, if metre be no metre for you; you must not leave me thus; and as even till this hour I hated women, and therefore must needs be the honester man, I will not stay you for any ill, by my hook and troth, la. And now do not I know what to say to her neither, but you have a good face, white neck, a dainty cheek, soft hand, and I love you: if my nurse had ever taught me better language, I could afford it you.

Ariad. That very word will feather my slow feet,
And make me fly from you. I hate all love,
And am in love with nought but hate and scorn,
Sorrows and griefs ; I am expos'd to them,
Turn'd from a charity that fed me once,
To naked poverty ; thrust into the mouth
Of Fortune's battery, to stand all malice
That she can shoot at mortal.

Tit. What heart could be so cruel ? hand so ungentle ?

Ariad. Old Antimon's ; till this hour courteous,
Now most unkind and spiteful.

Tit. Why then, have * Love and Hate mistaken

* *have.*] The old copy, "*has.*"

their quivers to-day? He that was courteous to women is now turned unkind, and I that ever hated* am struck most pitifully in love with 'em. Here, take all the store I have, to defend thee from common necessities, to feed and lodge: I will be thus bountiful though I never have better of thee while I live; and I am sorry I am no better furnished: if thou remainest in these fields, I 'll lend thee enough to stock thee with a flock, and give thee day enough for payment too. He that should have said I would have been thus bountiful to-day morning, I would have said by this time he had been a witch. Fare thee well! I have some strange meditations, that I desire to be alone myself now; some of 'em must out again howsoever.

Whither shall I go,
To escape away from folly?
For now there 's love I know,
Or else 'tis melancholy:
Heigh, heigho!

Yonder lies the snow,
But my heart cannot melt it:
Love shoots from his bow,
And my poor heart hath felt it:
Heigh, heigho!

[*Exeunt severally.*

* *hated.*] The old copy, "*halted.*"

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter PHEANDER *with the* TWO THRACIAN LORDS *from the Oracle.*

PHEAN. What news from Delphos? what says the oracle?
Wherefore is Thrace thus pester'd with these plagues?

1 THR. LORD. My liege, we have perform'd your dread command;
Yet not command so much, as our desire
Did make our tedious travels to seem short,
Until we heard Apollo's ireful doom;
But then——

PHEAN. What then? nay, quick; go on, I say;
We long to hear the oracle's decree.

1 THR. LORD. Having pronounc'd the gods were all displeas'd
With woeful Thrace, she said our sorrow's spring
Was caus'd by the transgressions of our king,
Who, 'gainst the law of equity and right,
Had from his sight abandon'd chastity:
But for the time when plagues and woes shall end,
Deliver this unto your Thracian king:
Till this be full accomplish'd, 'tis in vain
Ever to hope, or seek redress again.

PHEAN. (*Reads.*) *Content shall keep in town and field,*
When Neptune from his waves, &c.
Pish! these moral mysteries are incredulous,
Nor can they contradict the will of kings:
Comets portend at first blaze, but take effect
Within the bosom of the destinies;
So oracles at Delphos though foretold,
Are shap'd and finish'd in your council-house:
And yet I charge you both upon your lives,
Let not the commons understand so much,
Lest several censures raise a mutiny:
'Tis death to show a discontented brow,
But smooth your over-burthen'd grief with smiles:
There 's no disaster that afflicts a clime,
But it contains some limitation.
Let 's wait the time, and with domestic care
Strive to maintain those honours we have won.
[*A cry within, arm, arm.*
Let 's stand upon our guard, I fear some treason.
Speak, villains, quickly, what means this noise?

Enter a FISHERMAN.

FISH. My duty, mighty king, made me presume
To press thus boldly to your highness' presence,
To bid you make prevention 'gainst your foes:
They are in number numberless to tell;
And, as I guess, are of Sicilia. [*Tucket.*

PHEAN. What trumpet 's this ? is it our enemy?

Enter a SICILIAN LORD.

2 THR. LORD. One from the enemy.

PHEAN. Quickly the news, that we may give an answer.

SICIL. LORD. My royal master, the Sicilian King——

PHEAN. We know your message, sir, in that one word;

In naming him we understand the cause.

SICIL. LORD. Desires to parley with your majesty.

PHEAN. We 'll parley in no language but in steel:

This shall maintain the justice I have done
Against my daughter, and base Radagon;
Whose hateful name when I but think upon,
Adds vigour to my heart to take revenge.
Begone, and tell your king, for his presumption,
We 'll lash him from our land with iron rods,
And drag him at our stirrup through the streets.

SICIL. LORD. Prepare for battle when this answer 's known.

PHEAN. We 'll meet him in the midway: say we come. [*Exit Sicil. Lord.*

1 THR. LORD. Your grace were better parley with the foe,

And take a truce, my liege, for certain days:
Let your pretence be search of Radagon,
Which proposition they 'll consent unto:
Then have we time to fortify our land,
And muster stronger powers to make resistance;
For, as we are,
We are but a handful to a multitude.

PHEAN. Were they ten times as many, and we fewer,
They should not rest one night within our bounds,
Till I have sated my revenge in blood:
Have we so many foreign conquests won,
And shall we fear a broil in our own land?
Our powers shall march and issue forth the towns,
Armies shall grapple, and the earth shall groan,
To bear the burthen of war's horror.
Come, let 's on; base fear 's the brand of slaves;
They that die nobly, shall have honour'd graves.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Trumpets flourish. Enter the KING *of* SICILIA, *with* TWO SICILIAN LORDS, CAPTAINS, *Drums and* SOLDIERS.

K. OF SICIL. Did he receive our message with such scorn?

1 Sicil. Lord. With such a barbarous and proud disdain,
He scarce would suffer me to utter it;
But bid me back return and tell your grace
He 'd lash you from his land with whips of steel,
And when he had ta'en you prisoner, hand to hand,
He 'd drag you at his stirrups through the streets.

K. of Sicil. I 'm glad they are so valiant. Then they come?

1 Sicil. Lord. The voice of *arm, arm!* hurried through the court
As swift as lightning, and their clattering arms
Put on in haste, made such a horrid noise,
As if a voice had issued from the clouds,
And all the way pursued me:
Methinks my ears still tingle with the sound.

K. of Sicil. Courage, Sicilians! let this be your honour,
They are no cowards that you fight withal;
For they have been approv'd in foreign lands.

2 Sicil. Lord. Let 'em be what they will, we stand prepar'd;
If they be bold, we are as resolute;
If valiant, we undaunted and resolv'd.
Let it be seen which of our swords this day
Carves deepest wounds upon the breast of Thrace.

1 Sicil. Lord. In equal balance since our fortunes lie,
Let each man strive to conquer; vanquish'd, die.

K. of Sicil. I like your forward spirits, and commend 'em:
In all our troops I cannot spy a man
Whom I mislike or dread; and for my part,
As you have seen a burning taper fall,
And burn most bright when it begins to fade,
So shall you see me in declining age.
Methinks I cannot hear their drums to thunder,
Nor their hoarse brazen pipes breathe forth a sound,
To publish their defiance.

1 Sicil. Lord. Does not that echo issue from the town?

K. of Sicil. These are no braving tones.

2 Sicil. Lord. Yet nearer, nearer still.

K. of Sicil. Beat up our drums, and drown their hornets' sound.

Enter Pheander, *the* King *of* Thrace, *and* Lords, *his Drum unbraced, Ensigns folded up, himself in a Palmer's Gown, Hat and Staff.*

K. of Sicil. How now, what are these?

1 Sicil. Lord. Mummers, my lord, I think.
Set down your drums! we 'll play for all your crowns;
I 'm sure you know me, you have too much cause.

Phean. Behold, great sir, my ensigns folded up,
My drums unbrac'd, and all those instruments

That should encourage war quite put to silence ;
There 's not a hand in all our warlike host
That 's arm'd for opposition or defence.

2 Sicil. Lord. Is this the man would lash us from his land
With whips of steel ?

K. of Sicil. Where are the horses, to whose curled tails
We must be bound, and dragg'd along the streets ?

1 Thr. Lord. Can you, my lord, bear these injurious brands ?
This would put life in statues carv'd with hands,
Much more encourage cowards : we that late
Persuaded you to peace, upon our knees
Entreat you to command your ensigns wave,
And by our ancient honours, which our foes
Cannot without a blushing cheek deny,
We 'll make 'em know they do defy their victors.

Phean. He forfeits his allegiance that again
Presumes to motion war :
I wish my sorrows shadows ; but, alas !
They are too real, too essential :
They dwell not in the face and outward brow,
But have their habitation here within ;
Where they torment me and shall ever,
Till I behold Sicilia's son secur'd,
And my fair daughter fast clos'd in my arms ;
Those two poor innocent, and spotless souls,
Whom my remorseless rage and tyranny

Hath sold to all afflictions.

K. of Sicil. Speak, Pheander;
Are not those passions merely counterfeit?
Do they proceed from fear and cowardice,
That thus thou fold'st thy warlike ensigns up,
And without stroke of battle giv'st the day;
Or, which I rather deem, from policy,
And Machiavelian cunning?

Phean. Neither, prince;
But mere repentance for my late misdeed;
Which is so heinous in the eyes of heaven,
It seems beyond their pardon: therefore now,
In expiation of that horrid act,
And to inflict due penance on myself,
(All regal ornaments of state put off,
Awe, and command that wait on majesty,)
I henceforth vow a lasting pilgrimage,
Either to bring the prince, thy son, alive,
And tender him to safety in thine arms,
(Withal with her fair beauty) in rich Thrace
Robb'd of so rare a jewel; or, if dead,
End the remainder of my afflicted hours
In exile, and forsaken solitude,
In deserts scarce discover'd.

K. of Sicil. A sad vow!

Phean. To make which good to thee, Sicilia's king,
In part of recompence to thy great wrongs,
I here resign all state and empire up,

My crown, my sceptre, and majestic orb,
Until the truce prefix'd be quite expir'd:
And charge you all, on your allegiance, lords,
That you the faith and homage sworn to me,
Pay to this king in all just loyalty.
This pilgrim's weed be now my robe of state,
No other gay trim will Pheander wear;
My sword, the sword of justice borne before now,
Is now no better than a palmer's staff,
By which I will do justice on myself
In humble penance; and instead of gold
And cups of hollow'd pearl, in which I us'd
To quaff deep healths of rich pomegranate wine,
This scallop shall be now my drinking cup
To sip cold water: I am now, Sicilia,
A man reform'd; for, lo! I die to state,
Live only to devotion. Lords, adieu!
These are my arms yon kingdom to pursue.

[*Exit.*

K. of Sicil. I hear your prince's mind, and hope his vows
Are out of his mere zeal and penitence,
Which I accept: will you accord with him,
And promise your true fealties to us?

1 Thr. Lord. As we to him were, we are now to you,
As loyal and as faithful; 'twas his pleasure,
And we submit to both, acknowledging
His wrongs to you, and, take them at the best,

Far above all forgiveness.

2 Thr. Lord. You cannot boast of any conquest won,

To gain a kingdom and lose such a son.

K. of Sicil. This to us is a full satisfaction,

And, my lords, we know how to requite your gratitude:

The regency, by him assign'd to us,

We in our bounty reassign to you;

Be your own lords, excepting still the fealty

Due to your sovereign at his back return;

In whose forc'd absence should you use our aid,

We shall be your protector.

Thr. Lords. Noble in all his acts* is Sicily.

K. of Sicil. Billet our soldiers in such neighbouring towns,

Where victual and best harbour may be had;

Withal proclaim not the least violence

Be done to any Thracian; they are ours now,

Though under your command.

Here was a happy war, fought without blows,

Yet no dishonour in't: he that endures

Such war within can be no coward sure.

In all designs, this still must be confess'd,

He that himself subdues, conquers the best.

[*Exeunt.*

* *acts.*] The old copy "*arts.*"

SCENE III.

Trumpets flourish. *Enter* ALCADE, KING OF AFRICA, SOPHOS, LILLIA GUIDA, EUSANIUS, MOORS, *and* GUARD.

ALCADE. Where 's Sophos ?
SOPH. Here, my lord.
ALCADE. Has our command
Been well effected that we gave in charge ?
SOPH. Great king, it has.
ALCADE. Our purse, and people, are at thy dispose:
Levy an army of the stoutest men
Afric affords; we love thee, thou art honest.
In Africa, the Moors are only known,
And never yet search'd part of Christendom ;
Nor do we levy arms against their religion,
But like a prince, and royal justicer,
To patron right, and supplant tyranny :
We are in this as gods, and in like care
Should punish ignomy, and virtue spare.
EUS. They gave a partial measure that subscrib'd
Afric within so small and strict a limit,
Making great Europe boundless. Royal sir,
Give me but leave
To go with Sophos to the Thracian wars,
That I may speak your fame unto the world,

And where you are but heard of, make you famous.
If ever fame, or valour, crown my youth
With the least honours, all my services
I'll dedicate to you and my fair mistress,
[The] wonder of her sex; whose beauty shines
Like to a star amongst so many clouds
Of her own nation: Lillia Guida's name
Shall be as much in Christendom,
As Greekish Helen's was. Good sir, speak for me.

SOPH. 'T had been my first request, but that I fear'd
It would offend your mistress: she being pleas'd,
Upon my knee I do entreat for you.

LIL. To show my willingness, I'll be the third myself,
And humbly crave it may not be denied:
I do not love to be attended on
In a wrought night-cap; obey'd with quilted calves;
Give me a man that agues cannot quake,
Nor fire tremble. Pardon me, princely father,
It is your spirit speaks; I am your own,
And by that privilege become your suitor.

ALCADE. Our daughter has prevail'd; Sophos, your ear.

LIL. To give encouragement unto thy hopes,
Receive this favour; may it prove a charm
Unto thy arm, and double puissance add
Unto thy strength, when any danger's extant.

1 MOOR. This it was

That I long since suspected ; this shall prove
His tragic fate, and ruin to her love.

Eus. You grace me beyond merit : while I live
I will make known your honours ; rank your name
Amongst the bravest dames of Christendom ;
And when I view this scarf, it will infuse
Undaunted vigour, make me overcome
Impossibilities, there easy to desire.

Alcade. Treason, didst say ?

1 Moor. Against your majesty ;
Dishonour of your fair and beauteous child :
Their motions, gestures, looks, and conference,
I have observ'd, and watch'd with jealous eyes,
And find 'em all corrupt. 'Lack ! my liege,
Behold before your face their amorous fire
Breaks forth into bright flames ; is 't not apparent ?
His suit to leave the court, her seconding
His treason with a boon, and favour too.
You thought 'twas his desire to go to wars ;
Believe it not, there's no such man in him ;
It is some secret plot they have contriv'd
To fly away : prevent it speedily.

Alcade. Thou hast infus'd a spirit into my breast
I never yet did feel : strange impudence !
Ambition never heard of in a peasant !
A slave that neither knows his birth, nor breeding,
Should thus presume for to seduce a princess !
Hence with that traitor ! let him have a death
As horrid as his crime.

Soph. How 's this?

Eus. A traitor!

1 Moor. Ay, traitor, traitor, sirrah!

Eus. Sirrah, you lie! this shall maintain 't
'Gainst thee or any dares affirm this title.
Mount us, great king, upon some lofty spire,
Where is but room for two———
Place him amidst an host, in this just cause,
To clear my honour, and her innocence,
I 'll pierce thorough armed guards, and make my way
Through halberts, pikes, and deadly killing shot;
Break through many battles, sally
Thorough whole squadrons, and make him
Like a confused lump that ne'er had form.
Guard me, you sacred powers! lest I forget
Time, presence, place, and on this ugly slave
Commit an outrage.

Alcade. Kill, and stop his fury!
Insolent boy! how dares thy violence
Offer itself in blows, and we in presence?
Had we no other cause, this were enough
To take away thy life. Away with him!

Soph. Stay yet, dear sir!
As ever I deserv'd grace at your hand,
Hear me first speak: behold him bow to you,
That in your cause hath made great kings to kneel,
And tender you submission: for my sake,
Let him not suffer death; 'tis undeserv'd:
I will engage all that I have on earth

That he is loyal: let not false surmise,
Suspect, and jealousy, beget belief
To wrong your princely thoughts: in killing him,
You make me guilty, and a murderer,
For I first brought him hither; to my hands
He did commit his life, being a child,
When on the plain of Thrace I took him up;
Let him not lose it at a holy altar;
And princes' courts are such, and should maintain
As divine privilege as sanctuary;
For kings that circle in themselves with death,
Poison the air in which themselves draw breath.

LIL. Bless'd be that orator! Gracious father—

ALCADE. Let her not speak, her words confirm suspect:
Bear her away unto her private chamber,
There let her be confin'd a prisoner,
Till we determine further.

1 MOOR. It shall be done.

[*Exit Guard with Lillia.*

ALCADE. Sophos, his life is thine, but not his freedom.

EUS. Durance! worse than death!

ALCADE. No; banishment:
Save Africa make all the world thine own.

SOPH. The king's all mercy.

EUS. I 'll proclaim as much.

1 MOOR. Ay, but, my lord, what safety for my life,
Which he so much hath threaten'd?

Eus. I scorn to touch thy life, thou timorous slave!
But traitors are all cowards: fare thee well;
And my dear foster-father, wanting whom
I lose my better part: thus they thrive,
That cannot flatter kings; feel death alive. [*Exit.*

Alcade. Nay, Sophos, be not sad;
'Tis thy pretended good that we pursue:
The girl was wanton, and the boy was young,
And love is kindled by desire as soon,
In one poor minute, as an age of time:
We banish'd him, that she might fancy thee,
Whom we intend shall have her: 'tis true as we
Are royal, if you please for to accept of her.

Soph. 'Tis an honour that I shall never merit,
To spouse a princess of her excellency;
For I have nothing worthy her affection:
She cannot give consent to love a man
That's banish'd from his land and native soil:
I have no titles for to honour her,
And that 's a thing that women most affect.

Alcade. Sir, you inherit virtue: that's a thing
No mortal can restore; all other state
We will invest you with; the crown of Thrace
Shall be your own, or cost ten thousand lives:
Our sable ensigns, never yet before
Display'd beyond the Mediterranean sea,
Shall now be seen to fly; men have livers there
Pale as their faces, and, when we appear,

Will frighted run from such a golden soil:
Our home-bred fear have end; foreign foes
Must be our conquest now.
Come, my best Sophos, ere the next moon spring,
My child shall call thee husband, Thrace her king.
[*Trumpets flourish. Exeunt.*

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

Enter PHEANDER *in a Pilgrim's habit, alone, reading the Oracle.*

PHEAN. *Content shall keep in town and field*, &c.
I know not in what sense to apprehend it,
So intricate this matter seems to me;
Yet in these latter lines I read a comfort;
Then shall a shepherd from the plain,*
Restore your health and crown again.
There is a sign of truth already past,
For when Apollo did pronounce this doom,
I was a king, and did enjoy my crown,
And I must be depos'd before restor'd.
But then the man—ay, there 's the doubt of all;
For ever since I took this pilgrim's habit
I have wander'd up and down to find this shepherd;
Wander'd indeed! for in the search of him,

* *plain.*] The old copy "*plains.*"

I have lost myself. Sitting upon the plain,
I saw a face of such surpassing beauty,
That Jove and nature, should they both contend
To make a shape of their mix'd purity,
Could not invent
A sky-born form so beautiful as she:
Be she a mortal, and a shepherdess,
Her beauty may become a prince's court.
Why may not I, wedding this shepherd's queen,
Beget an heir that may restore my crown?
I 'll lay my life the oracle meant so.
The stars from earthly humours gain their light,
Our humours from their lights possess their powers.
But now the means for to obtain this prize?
I 'll send a private messenger to court,
To bid Pallation, with a well-arm'd troop,
At such a certain hour to meet me here,
And lie in secret ambush 'bout the house.
I will conceal myself, and watch a time
To bear away this wonder of our clime.
[*Stands aside.*

Enter ARIADNE, *and* TITYRUS *after her singing, &c.*

TIT. O stay, O turn, O pity me,
That sighs, that sues for love of thee!
O lack! I never lov'd before;
If you deny, I 'll ne'er love more.

No hope, no help! then wretched I
Must lose, must lack, must pine, and die;
Since you neglect when I implore,
Farewell, hard, I 'll ne'er love more.

Enter PALEMON, *frantickly habited, dancing over the stage;* OLD ANTIMON, *antic-like;* CLOWN, *like Maid Marian; exeunt.*

TIT. Here 's a sight
Gives a fresh wound unto my love-sick heart:
To think a man that was reputed wise,
Should lose himself in a Dædalian maze,
And run mad for a woman; woman, that 's the cause;
It is indeed, happy remembrance!
In searching out his wound, I have cur'd myself:
Shall I see my brother's* wits caught in a purse-net,
And run my head into the same noose?
Then count me for a woodcock; no, I am now
The man I was, and will still say—

There is not any wise man,
That fancy can a woman;
Then never turn your eyes on
A thing that is so common:
For be they foul or fair,
They tempting devils are,

* *brother's.*] i. e. Palemon's: the old copy, "*brother.*"

Since they first fell;
They that love do live in hell,
And therefore, men, beware. [*Exit.*

ARIAD. What a distraction 's this! Was ever seen
So strange a dotage? not in him alone,
But 'tis in general: that did not grief
Usurp too much upon a heart suppress*,
'Twere mirth would move to laughter.

Enter EUSANIUS, *like a shepherd.*

This is no lover, sure; I know him not;
Yet I mistrust the hanging of his head:
I 'll note him further; 'tis a handsome fellow.

EUS. This habit is most frequent in this place,
I 'll wear 't for fashion sake; 't may be a means
To gain a sight of the fair shepherdess,
Whose beauty fills the clime with wonderment.

ARIAD. Alas, poor man, he's troubled too in mind!
Would I could overhear him: how he stands!

EUS. I know not where to lie, and it grows late;
I have not, since I enter'd on these plains,
Seen any creature that has human sense:
A woman first! good luck, and be thy will.

ARIAD. Why kneel you, sir?

EUS. Not to ask blessing, sweet;
That were a foul disgrace unto a virgin.

* *suppress.*] Qy. "*oppress'd.*"

ARIAD. For aught you know, I am a mother, sir.

EUS. Would you were mine. Please you, I 'll make you one.

ARIAD. I thank your love, sir, but I am one already.

EUS. Then my suit 's at an end: yet one word more.

ARIAD. What is 't, sir? I 'm in haste.

EUS. No more but this;
Nay, in your ears, lest you misconstrue me.

Enter RADAGON.

RAD. So close, and privately! then I perceive
I have been too neglectful: shallow fool!
That having had such opportunity,
So long continuance, place, and privacy,
Durst never utter thy affections.
When I beheld her first I fancied her,
And more because she favour'd* my dead wife,
Whose memory I still mourn; but since she 's gone,
Rather than lose regeneration, I
Could wed with her: she 's fair, and may be honest;
Though the world deem 'em contrarieties.
I 'm seen, and must go on.

ARIAD. Menalcas,

* *favour'd.*] i. e. "*resembled.*"

You come as wish'd for: here 's a stranger, sir,
That wants reposure: will you, for my sake,
Allow him entertain? the night draws on,
And 'twere unhospitable to deny him;
You shall command as great a courtesy.

RAD. I doubt it not. To me y 'are welcome, sir;
Such homely cates as a poor cottage yields,
You shall be sure to taste. Shepherds in this
Come* nearest to the gods, for they allow
The smallest hospitality;
Witness when Baucis feasted Jupiter.

ARIAD. For that I 'll interrupt you; you shall both
Before you part from hence taste of our cheer.
Whence is that aged man? Pray question him:
Let him not go before he have relief.

RAD. Come nearer, father. 'Tis a great wonder
To see a pilgrim wandering in these parts.
What countryman?

PHEAN. A Roman, gentle sir;
One that hath vow'd in weary pilgrimage
To spend the poor remainder of his days:
To such, you know, all places are alike.

EUS. How long have you continu'd in this land?

PHEAN. But a small time.

EUS. You have not seen the court?

PHEAN. Not yet, fair sir.

* *Come.*] The old copy, "*Comes.*"

Rad. What should we do at court? we have a king
Knows no religion; heathens, infidels,
Inhabit there: the poor live most secure,
For as they know no good, they fear no ill:
But we must not decypher. Come, sit down.
Eus. Fair mistress.
Ariad. Good sir, sit; this is my place.
Rad. Seat you. Fie! fie! complement.
Ariad. Here 's no variety; but such as 'tis,
If you can feed, y' are welcome, shepherd's fare.
Eus. We thank you.
Rad. Sir, fall to: y' are sad, methinks.
Phean. Not sad, but somewhat griev'd to think report
Should scandalize so sweet a continent:
Not only foreigners, but Thracians born,
Hate and abhor the clime and government,
Saying it is infectious, and your king
A misbelieving tyrant, infamous.
Ariad. Where heard you this?
Phean. All Thrace proclaims as much.
Rad. I cannot tell: but trust me, sir, 'tis thought
It was a cruel deed, not like a king,
Much less a father, having but one child,
To banish her; and for so small a fault.
Eus. What was the offence?
Rad. A customary thing,
I cannot well appropriate a name.

ARIAD. Is it so slight, and do you shame to utter 't?

RAD. Your presence must excuse me; otherwise I should have found a title.

ARIAD. Then I 'll speak:
It was so heinous, and so vild a fact,
The king could not in justice pardon it;
'Twas a disgrace to him, shame to her sex,
Dishonour to herself, and progeny:
What greater infamy unto a king,
Than for to blot his name with bastardy?

RAD. You speak well in the defence of virtue, sweet;
But if such defaults should be so punish'd,
We should have but few women in our kingdom:
Admit the princess, in her wanton blood,
Committed such an error; do but think
What frailty is, the baits—nay more, 'tis thought
That they were man and wife; if it were so,
He could be little better than a tyrant.

PHEAN. A tyrant! nay, a villain, murderer:
Pray pardon me, I must, and will have leave
To speak my conscience; should I see the king,
I 'd tell him to his face he were a tyrant.
Say she did err, he was the cause on't,
Not suffering her to wed where she did love:
What may his subjects think? he being dead,
For want of issue, they shall servile be
To Turks, and Infidels, if worse than he

Can anywhere be found.

ARIAD. Dotard, forbear!
Thou hast already spoke more than thy life
Can ever satisfy: if that the king
Had known they had been married, questionless
He would have been more merciful; but that
Rests in suspicion: his sentence was pronounc'd
As they were guilty, not as man and wife;
And then what punishment can be too great?
His suppos'd ill was so much lenity;
To live had been to die a lingering death,
For reputation is the life of honour,
And that once lost, the mother hates the child,
Curses the man she did commix withal,
And like a shame-fac'd felon seeks to shun
The face of every one that knows her guilt.

PHEAN. Admired'st of all women, now I see
There is much virtue lives in poverty.

EUS. And yet methinks the mother's shame is not
To be compar'd unto the injury
The child sustains;
For she receives her sorrows by consent;
But the poor infant, guiltless of the fact,
Grown to maturity, shall bear the brand
Of bastard by his birth; be dispossess'd
Of all inheritance due to the seed
That 's sown in holy wedlock; if a curse
Belong unto the issue of base lusts,

'Tis given to the child for to bestow
On those that did beget him: sure, I think,
Whoe'er he was that wrong'd so fair a dame
As your king's daughter, could be no true prince,
But some base upstart, that deluded her
Under a feigned title.

RAD. Slave, thou liest!

[*Radagon strikes Eusanius with his hook; she holds Eusanius; Pheander, Radagon.*

ARIAD. Had you e'er a mother, sir?

EUS. I cannot tell. Unhand me.

ARIAD. For my sake, or if there be
A woman in the world whom you affect,
In her name I conjure ye let my tears
Assuage your just-mov'd anger;

[*Pheander whispers with Radagon.*

It will discredit me, endanger you,
If you should strike him here. I 'll give you reason.

RAD. This is some fallery; it cannot be.

PHEAN. Now by my holy vow, what I prescribe
I will approve; I know you love this woman;
The revelation of celestial orbs,
The aspects, and influence of heavenly planets,
Do direct my skill: by palmistry, and physiognomy,
I have declar'd to kings accidents past,
Portents to come, and told to what event

Present designs should run: what should I make
Experiments of art on him that not believes it?

RAD. Troth, I do.

PHEAN. Then reconcile yourself unto this man;
Let him by no means use to visit her;
For in the hour of his nativity,
Some powerful working star was in conjunction
With too forward Venus: take him from her,
And all th' auxiliary heavenly helps,
That may give physic to a love-sick heart,
I 'll invocate to be benevolent,
And ere to-morrow's sun she shall be yours.

ARIAD. See, sir, he comes towards you.

RAD. Sir, for my rash offence I 'm sorry.

ARIAD. What would ye more, good sir?

RAD. If you desire a further satisfaction,
You shall have it.

EUS. How?

RAD. Thus.

EUS. 'Tis accepted.

PHEAN. This device took well. Now to my plot.
[*Exit.*

ARIAD. I fear you are not friends yet.

RAD. Who, not we?
Why should you think so? look you, we embrace;
Shake hands; nay more, we will be bed-fellows,
And early in the morn revisit you.

ARIAD. Where lies the palmer? Gone, and take
no leave!

RAD. O, fear not him, he is provided for.
Come, sir, take leave and part.

[*Exeunt Rad. and Eus.*

ARIAD. Good rest to both.
There is a fire kindled in my breast;
I have not felt a flame this twenty years;
Betwixt these two I stand in a dilemma,
Not knowing which to fancy or forsake,
So equal my heart doth stand affected.

Enter PHEANDER *again, and* TWO LORDS *in ambush.*

PHEAN. That 's she: I 'll not be seen.
ARIAD. I am resolv'd, since from them both I am freed,
Thus I 'll conclude, he that first speaks shall speed.
1 LORD. That 's I.
2 LORD. I.
ARIAD. Help! help!
1 LORD. It is in vain to call.
ARIAD. O, would this hour might be my funeral!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter ANTIMON *and* CLOWN; ANTIMON *brave, antickly attired in brave clothes.*

ANT. A glass, a glass, a glass! I 'll trust my face
No more in the fair water, 'tis not bright enough
To show me in my smugness; reach a glass.

CLOWN. A looking-glass!

ANT. A looking-glass, I say.

CLOWN. You shall, sir, presently; there 's one stands under my bed.

ANT. Why that 's a jorden, fool.

CLOWN. So much the better, father; 'tis but making water in 't, and then you may behold your sweet phisnomy in the clear streams of the river Jordan.

ANT. I smell 'twill be a match.

CLOWN. If you smell a match, take heed of your nose, for a little thing will set it a fire.

ANT. How sits my suit? is it not spruce and neat?

CLOWN. A most impertinent suit, I assure you.

ANT. She cannot choose but love me now; I 'm sure

Old Menophon ne'er courted in such clothes:
Were it not best I should leave off some part
Of this my bravery, lest appearing suddenly
In this bright splendour, the wenches, overcome,
And ravish'd with my sight, fall at dissension,
And so go by th' ears about me?

CLOWN. 'Twas well remember'd that; in any case
Look you put off some of those glittering weeds
Until you see your mistress; all the maids
Will be stark mad to see you; do but mark
When they behold you, how they 'll fight for you;
You 'll hardly 'scape their fingers, I 'm afraid.

ANT. Ay, say'st thou so? here, do thou wear 'em then,
And give 'em me when Mariana comes.

CLOWN. Yes, marry, will I, if you can overtake me:
I 'll court her first myself. Father, farewell.

ANT, Nay, but——

CLOWN. I shoot at no such butts. Father, farewell. [*Exit.*

ANT. O, villain! slave! I have sold half my flocks
To buy these clothes, and now am cheated.

Enter TITYRUS *and* SERENA.

See if the rogue has not sent company
To laugh at me:
If Tityrus should see me in this shape,
He would make a ballad on 't. I 'll after him,
And if I catch the rascal, I 'll say nothing. [*Exit.*

TIT. Yet, beauty of these fields, be less obdure,
And stay his labouring brains of that great toil
In which it travails for thee.

SER. Love a madman!

TIT. If he be mad, 'tis you have made him so:
Can you not fancy your own workmanship?
Will you not cure him whom you help'd to kill?

SER. Were his hurts
Made in the body, I have helping herbs,
And such choice simples, as should cure his wounds;
No shepherdess knows better than myself
How to restore him;
But where that herb, or science, can ye find,
That hath the virtue to restore the mind?

TIT. Mind! he minded you too much, the more fool he;
That man 's mad that minds any of you all;
For you are—let me see—

Foolish, idle toys,
That Nature gave unto us,
But to curb our joys,
And only to undo us ;
For since Lucretia's fall,
There are none chaste at all :
Or if perchance there be
One in an empery,
Some other malady
Makes her far worse than she.
Out upon ye all !

'Twere too much to tell
The follies that attend ye ;
He must love you well
That can but discommend ye ;
For your deserts are such,
Man cannot rail too much ;
Nor is the world so blind,
But it may easily find
The body, or mind,
Tainted in womankind.
O, the devil take you all !

Ser. Have you now done ?

Tit. Done ! 'Sfoot ! if I could find words enough, and bad enough, I 'd rail at you all till to-morrow morning.

Ser. If ye should, I 'll have the last word.

I have been silent yet, vex me no more ;
For if I once begin, I 'll make thee mad too,
And send thy wits a wool gathering
After thy brother's.

Enter RADAGON *and* EUSANIUS.

TIT. What the devil are these women made of ?
Do not think I would surcease my suit,
But for this interruption.
RAD. Is there no valley, nor no mountain's top
Free from these clamours ? You see we are intercepted :
But for these, this should have been the place
EUS. Let's watch a fitter time, and spy a place
Of more conveniency.
RAD. 'Tis agreed: all friends.
EUS. Till then.
RAD. Think you I meant otherwise ?
EUS. No.
RAD. Well then.

Enter ANTIMON *running after the* CLOWN.

CLOWN. O, father, well overtaken.
ANT. 'Tis well you are return'd, sir ; I was coming,
I was e'en coming for you. How now, what are these ?
RAD. Receive this stranger to your fellowship,

A partner and a brother, that desires
A life retir'd;
And if my genius prompts me not amiss,
He will deserve our loves.

TIT. However, sir,
To me he 's welcome; chiefly for your sake
My love I tender.

RAD. Pray know this man;
This is the jovialest shepherd in all Thrace.

EUS. His aspect speaks for him. Sir, I desire
To be known better to you; and you, fair dame,
Whose beauty adds more lustre to these fields,
Than all that summer Flora can produce.

SER. And these plains much honour'd by your presence.

ANT. Receive a welcome too of Antimon.

CLOWN. And I, his son, sir; welcome, good partner;
Nay, good sir, I crave less of your courtesy,
And more of your acquaintance.

ANT. Since we are met by chance so luckily,
Let us proceed unto our country's pastimes,
To give this courteous stranger entertain.

CLOWN. Ay, good father, let 's not lose our sports in any case.

SER. Whom shall we crave to call upon the queen?

RAD. That office shall be mine; stay my return.

Now if the palmer do but keep his word,
I shall enjoy what I so long have wish'd.

Enter a Shepherd *wounded, running.*

Ha! what sad object 's this? How cam'st thou wounded?

Clown. Sure some sheep has bit him.

Rad. Speak, how cam'st thou hurt?

Shep. In rescue of our queen, basely surpris'd.

Rad. Surpris'd! by whom?

Shep. By Thrace's king;
Who, pilgrim-like, wrapp'd in a russet weed,
Taking advantage when she was alone,
Has, with a private ambush, stole her hence.

Rad. To the court gates let us pursue the ravisher;
His court, and all the powers that he can raise,
Shall not protect him. Plague upon his craft!
Is this his skill in phisiognomy?
Worthy friend, let me but call you so,
And let our strife be buried in our loves;
The cause remov'd, let the effect thus die:
And as our hands, so let our hearts unite,
To take revenge on this injurious king.

Eus. Sir, what is yet scarce man, my heart shall ripen;
I 'll stretch beyond my years and power of strength,
But I 'll assist you in this enterprise.

Tit. Let 's muster all the shepherds to our aid,
And fetch her back perforce.

Rad. In the meantime be it your charge to cure
This wounded swain, that sought to rescue her.

Ser. I 'll use my best of skill.

Ant. Old as I am
I 'll go along, and let my mistress know
The King of Thrace makes Antimon his foe.

Clown. If I light on him handsomely, I 'll have a bout with him at quarter-staff.

Tit. One thing let me entreat:
To draw my frantic brother to the field,
Inform him 't is Serena is stolen hence:
To prove if either terror of the wars,
His mistress' loss, or sight of death, and blood,
Can win him to his wits.

Rad. Persuaded well.

Clown. What 's he will take that charge?
Marry, that will I; let me alone with him,
I 'll put it in his pate, I cannot say his brains,
Because he has none: I 'll fetch him presently. [*Exit.*

Rad. Whom shall we make
Our general, and leader of this rabble?

Tit. Who but yourself
Shall we impose so great a charge upon?

Rad. Rather bestow it on this noble youth.

Eus. That warlike charge would not become my years:
I shall be proud to be your soldier, sir.

Enter PALEMON *and* CLOWN.

PAL. Give me my arms; I 'll fetch her back again.

CLOWN. Give you more legs, you 'll ne'er o'ertake her else.

PAL. I 'll leap into the saddle of the moon,
And tie two stars unto my heels, like spurs;
I 'll make my warlike lance of a sun-beam,
And mounted on some strange Bucephalus,
Thus will I overthrow my enemy.

CLOWN. This 'tis to keep madmen company, that has not the wit to know his friends from his foes; but we shall have your brains beat in again.

PAL. Sirrah, take the moon,
And place it me upon the axletree;
I 'll mount on horseback straight.

CLOWN. The moon's not up yet, sir; some three hours hence you shall be sure to have her.

PAL. How know you that, sir?

CLOWN. Well enough, sir, 'tis a shepherd that keeps her,
And he's called *the man in the moon.*

PAL. I'll fetch a sheep-skin then to make a drum,
Ta, ra, ranta, ra, tan, tara, ran tan. [*Exit.*

RAD. He has possess'd him well; let him go on.
Now courage, fellow soldiers, and let 's try
To fetch her back, or in her quarrel die.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Trumpets flourish. Enter PHEANDER, LORDS, *drums, colours, and soldiers.*

PHEAN. Is 't possible the number of the swains
Should be so many?

2 LORD. Full five hundred strong.

PHEAN. What 's their pretence?

1 LORD. That 's yet unknown, my lord,
Unless it be to have their queen again.

PHEAN. How should they know 'twas we that stole her thence?

1 LORD. Belike the swains that sought to rescue her,
Heard some one name the king; no other cause
Could give intelligence, 'twas done so private.

PHEAN. What should we fear? Let 's meet 'em in the field:
Were their force trebled o'er, when we appear
They 'll fly like hares that fear the lion's frowns.
How might we do for to behold the rebels?

1 LORD. They lie so low entrench'd beyond the hill
That fronts the castle gate, that no prospect
About the house can yield the least survey.

PHEAN. Let's parley with 'em then; so we may hear
What they pretend, and view their regiment.

2 LORD. Here is a herald to the same effect
Arriv'd at court.

PHEAN. Go, bring him in;
We 'll hear what brave defiance they have sent.

Enter Old ANTIMON *with a piece of painted Cloth like a Herald's Coat,* CLOWN *sounding a Tucket before him.*

Now, sir, the prologue to this bloody tragedy.
ANT. I am a herald, come to tell the king
That he has done a most mischievous thing:
We had but one fair ewe amongst our lambs,
And he has stol'n her with his wolfish rams;
For which our shepherds vow by force of arm*,
To fetch her back, kill all, but do no harm:
But if you 'll set her free, they bid me say,
They 'll take her home, and so make holiday.
OMNES LORDS. Ha, ha, ha, ha!
ANT. It seems they are not angry at my words,
Because they laugh; I fear'd they 'd draw their swords.
PHEAN. Tell 'em we render thanks for their good mirth,
And would entreat a parley, if they 'll come
And meet us here under the castle wall.
ANT. You would entreat 'em fairly for to come?
PHEAN. I thought as much. Go you along with him,
And tell their general what you heard us say.

* *arm.*] The old copy "*arms.*"

2 Lord. I shall. Come show me to your general.
[*Exeunt Antimon, Clown, and Second Lord.*

1 Lord. Will you in person parley with the rout ?

Phean. Why not ?

1 Lord. 'Tis dangerous, for fear the swains,
Not knowing what belongs to law of arms,
Being once cross'd, should offer violence.

Phean. 'Tis well advis'd: Pallation, bid our guard
Be near our person ; bring up all our troops
Close to the gates, that if occasion serve,
They may at unawares make issue forth,
And cut off all the rear : see it perform'd.
I have a trick new crept into my brain ;
And if my policy deceive me not,
Shall bring these several bodies to one head,
And crown all my designs with full event.
[*A march within.*
They 're coming ; keep your ranks.

Enter all the shepherds, Radagon, Eusanius, Tityrus, Palemon, Clown, Antimon.

Phean. Which is the general ?

Omnes. This.

Phean. We would exchange some private words with him.

Rad. You are deceiv'd ; I better understand
The name and honour of a general,
Than to disgrace it 'gainst the law of arms :

Though we are not so expert as those men
That daily practise 'em, yet you shall find
We 'll make a shift to right our injuries.

PHEAN. 'Sdeath! where learnt he this discipline?
Are shepherds now become such martialists?
I see I must dissemble.

RAD. If you have aught to say, speak publicly;
No private protestations, bribes, nor fears,
Have power to convert our resolutions.
We need not to capitulate our wrongs,
They are too apparent. Let us see our queen,
And if she have receiv'd the smallest wrong,
A general ruin shall o'er-spread the land;
We 'll fire thy castles, burn up all thy towns,
And make a desolation of thy people.

PHEAN. You cannot be so shallow as to think,
I took her with a lustful appetite:
This honour'd badge proclaims that lust is past.
Our seizing her was motive to your good,
If you conceive it. List! and I 'll explain it.
Within our land our foes are resident;
Sicilia's king, under whose government
These many years you have been servitors.
The reason this: when he did first invade,
We found ourself too weak to make resistance,
And under show of satisfaction,
We did resign to him our dignity,
Pretending search of Radagon, his son;
Which he accepted, and did back return

To Sicilia,
Leaving [a] deputy to govern here:
And though Pallation bore the name of rule;
It was by his permission. Do but weigh
The servile yoke of foreign government,
What danger may ensue, what privilege
You lose in Thrace if we be dispossess'd,
The time of truce expir'd, and he 's returned
To take possession; for without his son,
Our crown and kingdom, both are forfeited
Into his hands; which yet we may prevent:
If you 'll agree to join your force with ours,
And back expulse him, we 'll not only grant
Your queen her liberty, but we 'll enlarge
Your former privilege: give you choice of state,
Honour, and dignity; make you lords and knights;
And in remembrance of the shepherds' wars,
Add a new festival; which at our * charge
Shall yearly be perform'd. Consider on 't.

RAD. Happy position! Thanks, great justicer!
Occasion puts revenge into my hand!
To think that I should be so fortunate,
To be commander of a band of men,
To war against my father: bless'd event!

PHEAN. What 's your reply?

CLOWN. Good general, consent;
I have a foolish desire to be a lord.

* *our.*] The old copy "*your.*"

Pal*. And what shall I be ?

Clown. You shall be a lord too, and if you 'll be quiet ;

There are a great many mad lords.

Phean. What answer do you give ?

Rad. Were it in me

To give an answer, you should soon prevail ;

But 'tis a general voice ; for my own part,

My service and myself I offer to you.

Eus. And so do I.

Tit. And I.

Omnes. So do we all.

Phean. A king that 's thus held up can never fall.

Draw all your force within the castle walls ;

'Tis large and spacious, and will well contain 'em.

This night we 'll feast, to-morrow shall be seen

Your loves to us.

Rad. Our's to the shepherds' queen.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT V.—SCENE I.

Drum and colours. *Enter* King of Sicilia, Lords, *and Soldiers.*

K. of Sicil. Is all our army in a readiness,

Prepar'd for battle if occasion serve ?

* *Pal.*] The old copy "*Phe.*"

1 Sicil. Lord. They are, my lord.

K. of Sicil. This day our truce takes end, the king return'd,
And we expect our son's delivery.

1 Sicil. Lord. Pray heaven it be so happy, but I fear
A worse intent; for all the way he comes
The commons rise; shepherds and silly swains
That never were inur'd to carry swords,
Take arms and follow him.

K. of Sicil. What 's that to us? Did he not make a vow
Ne'er to return until he found my son?
May be he comes for to invest us king,
And offer sacrifice unto the gods,
And so conclude this weary pilgrimage.

1 Sicil. Lord. You speak, my liege, as you yourself would do;
But he that dar'd to banish 'em,
Think you he fears to violate an oath?
'Tis ill to trust a reconciled foe:
Be still in readiness, you do not know
How soon he may assault us.

K. of Sicil. Thou speak'st but well, 'tis good to doubt the worst,
We may in our belief be too secure;
As king's forbidden to condemn the just,
So kings for safety must not blame mistrust.

Enter Second Lord.

Why is this haste?

2 Sicil. Lord. To bid you haste to arms:
The foe comes on, the sentinels fall off,
The scouts are posting up and down the plain
To fetch in all the stragglers. Thrace's king
Has break his vow, and seeks by force of arms
For to expulse you.

1 Sicil. Lord. Will ye yet give credit
To a tyrant's oath?

K. of Sicil. By yon bright sphere I vow, and if there be
A greater punishment for perjury
Reigning on earth than is the conscience' sting,
I will inflict it on this perjur'd man.
You spirits resolute 'gainst fear and death,
You that have hitherto maintain'd your being
In equal power, like rivals to the gods,
Now show your valour; let us not debate
Our wrongs like women; for the wrath of kings
Is like an angry cloud, swoln big with fire,
That speaks revenge in thunder. [*Soft charge.*]
Hark! they charge.
Beat a defiance! See, the signal's given;
Who dies in this just cause, shall live in heaven.

Alarum. The Shepherds give the first assault, and beat off some of the Sicilian Lords: enter EUSANIUS, *driving over the* KING OF SICILIA: *enter* RADAGON.

RAD. The fury of this boy will overthrow
All my designs: twice since the fight begun,
In spite of my best art, he has unhors'd
My royal father, and the last career
Drew blood from his shrunk veins; yet the good old man,
Like to an aged oak that long hath stood,
Endangers all that seek * to cut him down;
He does not bear that fearful policy,
That many use, to fight in base disguise,
But has a white flag carried before him,
Which does signify the justice of his cause
Is innocence,
Or as a mark, as if a man should say,
I am the butt you aim at, shoot at me.
The greatest conquest I have won this day,
Hath been the preservation of his life,
With hazard of mine own: in my pursuit,
Thinking to place him in his court of guard,
I follow'd him so far that I was forc'd
To make retire for to recover breath.

* *seek.*] The old copy "*seeks.*"

Enter EUSANIUS, *with the* KING OF SICILIA, *prisoner.*

EUS. Why do you sound a retreat? the day is ours;
See, here's their king; I knew him by his ensign,
Which I seized in spite of all oppos'd.
Here, general, to your hands I do commit him:
Carry Thrace's king
This as a ransom for the shepherds' queen.
[*Soft alarum.*
Hark! the fight renews; one hour more
Makes a full conquest, and I 'll ne'er give o'er
Till it be finish'd. [*Exit.*

RAD. But that no fame, or credit, can be got
To conquer age, I 'd scorn for to present
Another's prisoner.

K. OF SICIL. Aged as I am, had I a sword
I'd scorn as much to be subdued by thee.

RAD. That shall be tried. Here, take your arms again.

K. OF SICIL. Art thou in earnest then? come on, i' faith.
How now! what means this? wilt thou not fight with me?

RAD. Yes, sir, that I will; with you I 'll fight,
But never fight against you. See the man
That thrice this day preserv'd you from your foe,
And the last time I bore you off from death;
I, that man,

Am now your champion; do not question why,
But rest assur'd, for you I 'll live and die.

[*Exeunt.*

Alarum, and the Shepherds within crying fly! fly! &c. Enter EUSANIUS *and all the Shepherds.*

EUS. What coward's that began this fearful cry?
Is not the day likely to be our own?
Have I not taken their king prisoner,
Seiz'd his white flag, and by our general's hand
Sent him unto Pheander?

TIT. But he 's revolted, and has set him free,
And we have ne'er a general to lead us.

EUS. O villain, traitor, coward!
Were he my father I should call him so:
Fly from his colours! Courage, fellow swains;
Let us not blot the honour we have won:
Want of a general? I 'll supply that place,
Rather than lose so fair a victory.

PAL. No; I 'll be general.

CLOWN. Ay, ay, and so you shall, and I 'll be commander over you. We should be led like wild geese then, i' faith; wild geese, nay, woodcocks rather; for your wild geese keep their wings, their front, their rear, and have a leader too.

TIT. Ay, ay, you are the man.

EUS. Follow then; come. [*Exeunt.*

A great Alarum. Enter Radagon.

Rad. Sound a retreat!
It is impossible to win the day;
These shepherds fight like devils: I saw a man
Borne on our lances' points quite from the earth,
Yet when he came to ground he fought again,
As if his strength had been invincible.
[*A shout and flourish.*
Hark, how the proud foe with triumphant voice
Proclaims unto the world her victory!

Enter Two Sicilian Lords.

2 Sicil. Lord. Hark! how Sicilia, with triumphant voice,
Proclaims unto the world his victory.
Rad. Sicilia!
2 Sicil. Lord. Ay, Sicilia:
Sophos, brother to the Thracian king,
Is with Alcade, King of the Africans,
Come to assist you.
Rad. Give 'em entertain
With all the royal pomp our state can yield.
2 Sicil. Lord. He shall have soldier's welcome; that's the best.

Trumpets flourish. Enter one way the KING OF SICILIA *and* LORDS; *another*, ALCADE, SOPHOS, LILLIA GUIDA, *Drums and Colours.*

K. of SICIL. To give a welcome fitting to the state
Of Afric's king, Sophos, and this fair dame,
Whose beauty all the western world admires,
Were to neglect a greater happiness;
For by your aid fair Victory sits crown'd,
Pluming her golden wings upon our crest:
Let us not beat her back by detraction.

ALCADE. Royal sir, we come to fight and not to feast;
Yet for this night we will repose ourselves:
Our troops are weary, and our beauteous child
Rests undispos'd of: let her have a guard
Of demi-negroes, call'd * from either part,
And let her lodgings be plac'd † next our own;
That's all we do desire.

K. OF SICIL. Which we 'll perform.

SOPH. Let the retreat we heard at our approach,
Call back your powers: and early in the morn,
Whenas the daring enemy comes on,
Thinking to prey upon a yielding foe,
Our forces shall confound 'em; Thrace shall know
Sophos is here, come to perform his vow.

[*Trumpets flourish a retreat. Exeunt.*

* *call'd.*] The editor of 1816 "*culled,*" which may be right.

† *plac'd.*] The old copy "*place.*"

SCENE II.

Enter PALEMON *wounded*, TITYRUS *and* CLOWN.

PAL. Upon 'em, upon 'em, upon 'em! they fly, they fly, they fly!

CLOWN. Ay, ay, they run away.

TIT. I 'm glad they are retreated; had they stood,
His lack of sense had been his loss of life;
Howe'er he 'scapes it yet: come, now retire.

PAL. I 'll have my love first.

CLOWN. So ho, ho, boys!

PAL. What noise is that? are you a fowler, sir?

CLOWN. I know what belongs to a retreat, sir; I was the first man took flight, and lured off the rest as well as I could.

PAL. Then y' are an engineer?

TIT. An admirable fellow, Palemon.
Hold him in talk whilst I run for Serena,
And use my best persuasions to procure
Her gentle patience his deep wounds to cure. [*Exit.*

PAL. Come then, grave Nestor, to the council table:
Nay, you shall see that I can speak to you.

CLOWN. And you shall hear that I can answer you.

PAL. You say you are a falconer?

CLOWN. Or a fowler, which you please.

PAL. What think you, Nestor, if we lim'd our pikes,

As you your twigs, and set 'em in the way
Just as the army flies ? Do you not think
They would hang fast by the wings ?

Clown. Yes, if they do not leave their wings behind 'em, and fly away with their legs.

Pal. May they do so ?

Clown. Faith, ay, sir, 't has been the coward's fashion time out of mind.

Pal. Or, father,
Shall 's cast into the air a gorgeless falcon,
That mounting the bleak region, till she spy
My beauteous love Serena, then souse down,
And snatch her from the army:
Jove's bird, the eagle, in her talons bore
His darling Ganymed to his palace so:
Speak, Nestor, is it possible or no ?

Clown. Very easy, sir, if women be made of such light stuff as they say they are; besides, no falcon but dares venture upon a ringtail, and what 's a woman else ?

Pal. Then as stern Pyrrhus did old Priam take,—
Or stay,—
As cruel Nero with his mother did,
I 'll rip thy bowels out, then fling thee
Like a gorgeless falcon in the air;
But first I 'll tie these bells unto thy legs,
That I may know which way to follow thee.

Clown. Nay, an you begin to meddle with my

legs, I 'll show you as fair a pair of heels as e'er you saw in your life.

PAL. Nay, fly me not, my fair Angelica.

CLOWN. Put up thy bilbo then, my mad Orlando.

PAL. Thy hand shall be the scabbard; there it is:

I yield me to thy mercy, Alexander;
Yet save my life, great Cæsar.

Enter TITYRUS *and* SERENA.

CLOWN. As we are Alexander, we will save thy life. Come, sit at Cæsar's feet. So, so, now I 'll deal well enough with you.

TIT. Prithee, have more remorse; if not for love,
For love of life, help to redress his wounds;
Remember 'tis for you he came thus hurt,
Take pity on his smart.

SER. Had I like power to restore his sense,
As to recure his wounds, upon the earth
I would leave no means unthought, unsought for,
But I 'd apply 't for his recovery.

TIT. This is the tyranny we men endure;
Women can make us mad, but none can cure.

SER. O, may I prove the first! upon my knees,
If ever a poor virgin's prayers were heard,
Grant the fruition of my suit may prove
A saving health both to his life and love!

TIT. Nay, and you go about it with such willingness,

'Twill come to a good end sure:
The whilst you dress his wounds I 'll sit and sing,
And invocate the gods to pity him. [*Sings.*

Fair Apollo, whose bright beams
Cheer * all the world below:
The birds that sing, the plants that spring,
The herbs and flowers that grow:
O, lend thy aid to a swain sore oppress'd,
That his mind
Soon may find
The delight that sense admits!
And by a maid let his harms be redress'd,
That no pain
Do remain
In his mind to offend his wits!

Ser. His blood returns; rub his pulses o'er the fire;
His looks prescribe an alteration.

Clown. Would I could hear him speak a wise word once!

Pal. Either the earth, or else my head turns round.

Tit. 'Las, my poor brother!

Ser. Peace, disturb him not.

Pal. And yet methinks I do not feel such pains

* *Cheer.*] The old copy "*Cheers.*"

As I was wont to endure. Ha!
Sure I should know—Speak, are not you my love?

TIT. He knows her. Ay, 'tis she.

PAL. And you my brother?

TIT. True.

CLOWN. And what am I?

PAL. A fool.

CLOWN. But you are no madman now, I 'm sure. He that can distinguish a fool from a woman is a wise man, believe it.

SER. Palemon, see, since it hath pleas'd the gods,
In pity of thy youth, to grant thy sense,
Serena grants her love, and at thy feet
Craves pardon for her cruel injury.

PAL. More welcome now than ever, my Serena!
Love that is often cross'd, at length obtain'd,
Is sweeter far than pleasure easily gain'd.

TIT. But what shall I do now? I 'm gone in the common law; and if a jury of women go upon me, I 'm sure to be cast. I think I had best to appeal to the men first, and make them my arbitrators.

CLOWN. O, no, no, no! make your peace with the women first, whate'er you do; for if they take the matter in hand, your men are ne'er able to stand long in a case against them.

TIT. Then first to you whom I have wrong'd so much;
And next, to all that 's here: [*Sings.*

Forgive me, O, forgive me my cruel disdain!
Never poor lover endured such pain,
As I will in my skill, your praises to tell,
And never sing other till death rings my knell.
Therefore no man hate a woman, for now you may prove
It lies in their power to restore life and love.
Therefore no man hate a woman, for now you may prove
It lies in their power to restore life and love.

[*Exeunt.*

A great alarum, and excursions; then enter Eusanius *and Shepherds, with* Alcade, Sophos, *and* White Moor, [Lillia Guida,] *prisoners.*

Eus. The honour of thy overthrow, brave Moor,
Is due to great Pheander, King of Thrace;
But thy crown's ransom does belong to me.
Alcade. Take life and all, it is not worth the keeping,
Without addition of a victory.
To be a peasant's prisoner! cursed fate!
Why should a king be so unfortunate?
Soph. Unhappy chance! came I to Thrace for this,
To lose both life and honour, in the land
That gave me life? and by a brother too?
Black destiny!

Eus. Some post unto Pheander,
And glad his ears with this our victory.

Enter First Thracian Lord.

1 Thr. Lord. Why come ye on so slowly? renew the fight:
Our king is taken prisoner by that slave,
That by his falling off lost the last battle.
Eus. Pheander taken!
Alcade. That's some comfort yet:
I hope Sicilia will not ransom him,
Till he consent unto our liberty.
Soph. And if he should,
He were unworthy to be term'd a king.
Eus. Why, then let 's summon 'em unto a parley,
First offer to exchange our prisoners,
And then begin the bloody fight again.
1 Thr. Lord. Summon a parley then.

A Parley. *Enter* King of Sicilia, Radagon, Lords, *with* Pheander *prisoner.*

Look here, Sicilia: since by chance of war
Our Thracian king is taken prisoner,
To ransom him we will deliver back
Into your hands the great Alcade, Sophos,
And this white Moor.
Phean. Three prisoners for one! Detain 'em still;
I' ll not be ransom'd at so dear a rate.

ALCADE. And if thou shouldst, I scorn it should be so;
For look what ransom Sicilia sets down,
I 'll pay it trebly o'er to ransom us.
K. OF SICIL. We 'll take no ransom, but will set you free
By force of arms.
EUS. Bear back the prisoners, and renew the fight.
RAD. Stay;
Dar'st thou that seem'st so forward, hand to hand,
In single opposition end this strife?
EUS. O, were these kings but pleas'd it should be so,
How soon would we decide this difference!
K. OF SICIL. What says Alcade? if he be so content,
I 'll gladly put my right upon his sword.
PHEAN. The like will I upon my champion,
Whose unmatch'd valour has been well approv'd.
ALCADE. I like his fair aspect, and give consent.
May'st thou prove happy in this enterprise!
RAD. I 'll lose my life, or gain your liberty.
EUS. The like will I, or set Pheander free.
[*Exeunt Rad. and Eus.*
PHEAN. Then till the champions be in readiness,
Let the conditions be concluded on.
Pallation, draw the articles for us.
K. OF SICIL. And you for us: if we be overcome,

Pheander is to have his liberty,
And we depart this land, resigning back
All interest, due by his permission,
And never seek revenge for our lost son:
This, as we are royal, we 'll consent unto.

ALCADE. If Thrace be overcome,
He shall surrender all his dignity
Into our hands; which Sophos shall enjoy,
With * our fair daughter, paying Sicily
A yearly tribute; and your soldiers' pay,
Since their abode in Thrace, shall be discharg'd
From our exchequer.

PHEAN. This I 'll add besides;
Because by us Sicilia lost a son,
Whoever shall enjoy the crown of Thrace,
Shall once a year, clad in his pilgrim's weeds,
Offer sacrifice unto the gods,
And lay his crown down at Sicilia's feet.

SOPH. And Sophos vows to offer up his life
A ransom for this beauteous African,
If we be vanquish'd by our enemy.

K. OF SICIL. There's Sicilia's hand.

PHEAN. And mine.

ALCADE. There Alcade's. †

LIL. And mine.

SOPH. And Sophos' join'd in one.

* *With.*] The old copy "*Which.*"
† *Alcade's.*] The old copy "*Alcade.*"

1 Thr. Lord. A happy end crown this contention!

Pal. Beseech your graces, since this difference
Is to be ended by a shepherd's hand,
To let our queen be set at liberty,
To see the champion that must fight for her.

Phean. Go, fetch her forth.
And now I call to mind the oracle,
That said a shepherd should restore my crown;
Sure one of these will prove that happy man.

K. of Sicil. The trumpet sounds again; let's take our seats,
And see who shall obtain the victory.

Phean. Nay, altogether now, till the last stroke
Make a division.

Enter Ariadne *brought in by Shepherds.*

O, the shepherds' queen!

Alcade. A lovely dame! Sit by our daughter's side.
The combatants will take encouragement
[*Tuckets.*
From your fair eyes. Hark! now they come.

Enter Radagon, *brought in by the* Sicilian Lords, Eusanius *by the Shepherds: with Shields pictured with Neptune riding upon the waves.*

Clown. Now, boy, thrust home! 'tis for a lady.

PAL. Courage, fellow swain.

1 SICIL. LORD. The champions are prepar'd; sound to the fight.

RAD. I for my king.

EUS. I for my country's right.

[*Fight.*

2 SICIL. LORD. So, recover breath.

PHEAN. What means that strange device upon their shields?

'Tis something sure concerns the oracle;
God Neptune riding on the waves o' th' sea?
I 'll question them to know the meaning on 't.

EUS. Come, sir.

ALCADE. What means the King of Thrace?

PHEAN. To ask a question ere they fight again.

ALCADE. Then speak aloud, we 'll have no whispering.

PHEAN. I prithee tell me, 'tis to thee I speak;
What heinous wrongs hast thou receiv'd from us,
Or good from these, that thou alone shouldst prove
The chiefest champion for our enemy?

RAD. So please these kings vouchsafe me audience,
I shall tell you.

BOTH. Speak freely.

RAD. In brief, Pheander,
I am nor subject unto him nor you,
More than the duty of a son allows;
Though this rude transmigration of my hair

Bars me your knowledge, with the change of time,
Yet here behold the banish'd Radagon.
K. of Sicil. My son!
Ariad. My husband!
Phean. Shame and my joy so struggle in my breast,
I shall dissolve to air. O, my dear child!
Rad. Can it be possible that we should live
So long together, and not know each other?
Ariad. I knew Menalchus, but not Radagon.
Rad. I Mariana, not my beauteous wife.
But what 's become of my Eusanius?
Had I my child again my joy were full.
Ariad. Alas, I lost him fourteen years ago,
Keeping my flocks upon the plain of Thrace.
Rad. This greater tide of joy o'ercomes * the less,
And will not suffer me as yet to mourn.
Soph. Pray speak those words again;
Where did you lose him? on the plains of Thrace?
Ariad. Indeed I did, just fourteen years ago.
Soph. The time—the place—how habited? and then——
Ariad. In a small coat made of a panther's skin,

* *o'ercomes.*] The old copy "*overcomes.*"

A garland on his head, and in his hand
A hook made of a cane.

Soph. The very same ; the time, the place, the habit,
All things just as you describe to me ; that child
I, being banish'd from my native soil,
Found sporting in the plains, and that 's the child
I carried with me into Africa.

Alcade. Was that the child you brought into the court ?
What adverse fate had I to banish him !

Lil. Far worser fate had I to lose my love.

Eus. That child, so found, so lost,
Brought up in Africa, and banish'd thence,
Should be myself.

Lil. Eusanius ! Ay, 'tis he.

Ariad. O, my dear child !

Eus. Are you my mother ? this my father, then ?

Phean. Is this my warlike grandchild ?

Alcade. What wonder 's this ?

Phean. Now is the oracle confirm'd at full.
Here is the wonder, being wrack'd at sea,
Which Neptune from his waves cast up again :
These are the lions that did guide the lambs,
Living as shepherds, being princes born:
And these the seas,
Whose equal valour neither ebbs nor tides,
But makes a stand, striving for victory :

Their shields proclaim as much, whose figure is
Neptune commanding of the rugged waves:
And this the happy shepherd from the plain,
Whose sight restores me all my joys again.

K. of Sicil. Radagon, thou shalt wear Sicilia's crown.

Phean. Pheander's too, which is too small a satisfaction
For the great wrongs he hath sustain'd by us.

Rad. Do not impose more cares upon my head,
Until my joys be fully finished.
Good father, keep your crown and govern still,
And let me frolic with my beauteous bride:
And for Pheander's crown, let me entreat
My uncle Sophos, partner in our wars,
May, if he survive, be King of Thrace.

Phean. With all my heart: and for these harmless shepherds,
Whose loves have been co-partners in our wars,
Once every year
They shall be feasted in our royal palace,
And still this day be kept as holiday,
In the remembrance of the shepherds' queen.

Alcade. 'Twould ask an age of time to explicate
All our delights. Eusanius, take our child,
With her our royal crown of Africa.
Thy pardon, Sophos, for we promis'd thee.

Soph. I willingly resign my interest, sir.

Phean. One forty days we 'll hold a festival
Within the court of Thrace before we part.
When was there such a *Wonder* ever seen?
Forty years banish'd, and live still a queen!

[*Exeunt.*

A MONUMENTAL COLUMN.

A Monumental Columne, Erected to the living Memory of the ever-glorious Henry, late Prince of Wales. Virgil. Ostendent terris hunc tantum fata. By John Webster. London, Printed by N. O. for William Welby dwelling in Paul's Church-yard at the signe of the Swan, 1613, forms a portion of a 4to. tract, the general title of which (in white letters on a black ground) runs thus:

Three Elegies on the most lamented Death of Prince Henrie.

The first } *written by* { *Cyril Tourneur.*
The second } { *John Webster.*
The third } { *Tho. Heywood.*

London, Printed for William Welbie. 1613. 4to.

Prince Henry died, to the great grief of the whole nation, on the 6th of November, 1612, in his nineteenth year.

To the Right Honourable Sir Robert Carr, Viscount Rochester*, Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter, and one of his Majesty's most honourable Privy Council.

My right noble lord, I present to your voidest leisure of survey these few sparks, found out in our most glorious Prince his ashes. I could not have thought this worthy your view, but that it aims at the preservation of his fame, than which I know not anything, (but the sacred lives of both their Majesties, and their sweet issue,) that can be dearer unto you. Were my whole life turned into leisure, and that leisure accompanied with all the Muses, it were not able to draw a map large enough of him; for his praise is an high-going sea that wants both shore and bottom. Neither do I, my noble lord, present you with this night-piece to make his death-bed still float in those compassionate rivers of your eyes: you have already, with much lead upon your heart, sounded both the sorrow royal and your own. O that care should ever attain to so ambitious a title!

* *Sir Robert Carr, Viscount Rochester, &c.*] The minion of a weak prince, created Earl of Somerset, in the year during which the present tract was printed. He died in 1645. The connection of this infamous man with the still more infamous Countess of Essex, and the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, are circumstances too notorious to require repetition here.

Only here though I dare not say you shall find him live, for that assurance were worth many kingdoms, yet you shall perceive him draw a little breath, such as gives us comfort his critical day is past, and the glory of a new life risen, neither subject to physick nor fortune. For my defects in this undertaking, my wish presents itself with that of Martial's;

> O utinam mores animumque effingere possem!
> Pulchrior in terris nulla tabella foret.

Howsoever, your protection is able to give it noble lustre, and bind me by that honourable courtesy to be ever

Your Honour's truly devoted servant,

JOHN WEBSTER.

A FUNERAL ELEGY.

The greatest of the kingly race is gone,
Yet with so great a reputation,
Laid in the earth, we cannot say he 's dead,
But as a perfect diamond set in lead,
Scorning our foil, his glories do break forth,
Worn by his Maker, who best knew his worth.
Yet to our fleshly eyes there does belong
That which we think helps grief, a passionate tongue:
Methinks I see men's hearts pant in their lips;
We should not grieve at the bright sun's eclipse,
But that we love his light: so travellers stray
Wanting both guide and conduct of the day:
Nor let us strive to make this sorrow old,
For wounds smart most when that the blood grows cold.
If princes think that ceremony meet
To have their corpse embalm'd to keep them sweet,
Much more they ought to have their fame exprest
In Homer, though it want Darius' chest:

To adorn which in her deserved throne,
I bring those colours which truth calls her own.
Nor gain nor praise by my weak lines are sought,
Love that 's born free cannot be hir'd nor bought.
Some great inquisitors in nature say,
Royal and generous forms sweetly display
Much of the heavenly virtue, as proceeding
From a pure essence and elected breeding:
Howe'er truth for him thus much doth importune,
His form and virtue both deserv'd his fortune;
For 'tis a question not decided yet,
Whether his mind or fortune were more great.
Methought, I saw him in his right hand wield
A caduceus, in th' other Pallas' shield;
His mind quite void of ostentation,
His high-erected thoughts look'd down upon
The smiling valley of his fruitful heart;
Honour and courtesy in every part
Proclaim'd him, and grew lovely in each limb:
He well became those virtues which grac'd him.
He spread his bounty with a provident hand,
And not like those that sow th' ingrateful sand.
His rewards follow'd reason, ne'er were plac'd
For ostentation, and to make them last,
He was not like the mad and thriftless vine,
That spendeth all her blushes at one time,
But like the orange-tree his fruits he bore,
Some gather'd, he had green, and blossoms store.

We hop'd much of him, till death made hope err:
We stood as in some spacious theatre,
Musing what would become of him, his flight
Reach'd such a noble pitch above our sight,
Whilst he discreetly wise this rule had won,
Not to let fame know his intents till done.
Men came to his court as to bright academies
Of virtue and of valour: all the eyes,
That feasted at his princely exercise,
Thought that by day Mars held his lance, by night
Minerva bore a torch to give him light.
As once on Rhodes, Pindar reports, of old
Soldiers expected 't would have rain'd down gold,
Old husbandmen i' th' country 'gan to plant
Laurel instead of elm, and made their vaunt
Their sons and daughters should such trophies wear,
Whenas the prince return'd a conqueror
From foreign nations, for men thought his star
Had mark'd him for a just and glorious war.
And sure his thoughts were ours; he could not read
Edward the Black Prince's life, but it must breed
A virtuous emulation to have his name
So lag behind him both in time and fame;
He that like lightning did his force advance
And shook to th' centre the whole realm of France,
That of warm blood open'd so many sluices
To gather and bring thence six flower-de-luces;

Who ne'er saw fear but in his enemies' flight;
Who found weak numbers conquer, arm'd with right;
Who knew his humble shadow spread no more
After a victory than it did before;
Who had his breast instated with the choice
Of virtues, though they made no ambitious noise;
Whose resolution was so fiery still
It seem'd he knew better to die than kill,
And yet drew fortune as the adamant steel,
Seeming t' have fix'd a stay upon her wheel;
Who, jestingly, would say, it was his trade
To fashion death-beds, and hath often made
Horror look lovely, when i' th' fields there lay
Arms and legs so distracted, one would say
That the dead bodies had no bodies left;
He that of working pulse sick France bereft;
Who knew that battles, not the gaudy show
Of ceremonies, do on kings bestow
Best theatres; t' whom nought so tedious as court sport;
That thought all fans and ventoys of the court
Ridiculous and loathsome to the shade,
Which, in a march, his waving ensign made.
Him did he strive to imitate, and was sorry
He did not live before him, that his glory
Might have been his example: to these ends
Those men that follow'd him were not by friends

Or letters preferr'd to him; he made choice
In action, not in complemental voice.
And, as Marcellus did two temples rear
To Honour and to Virtue, plac'd so near
They kiss'd, yet none to Honour's got access
But they that pass'd through Virtue's, so to express
His worthiness, none got his countenance
But those whom actual merit did advance.
Yet, alas! all his goodness lies full low.
O, greatness! what shall we compare thee to?
To giants, beasts, or towers fram'd out of snow,
Or, like wax gilded tapers, more for show
Than durance? thy foundation doth betray
Thy frailty, being builded on such clay.
This shows the all-controlling power of fate,
That all our sceptres, and our chairs of state,
Are but glass-metal, that we are full of spots,
And that, like new-writ copies, t' avoid blots
Dust must be thrown upon us; for in him
Our comfort sunk and drown'd, learning to swim.
And though he died so late, he 's no more near
To us than they that died three thousand year
Before him; only memory doth keep
Their fame as fresh as his from death or sleep.
Why should the stag or raven live so long,
And that their age rather should not belong
Unto a righteous prince, whose lengthen'd years
Might assist men's necessities and fears?

Let beasts live long, and wild, and still in fear,
The turtle-dove never outlives nine year.
Both life and death have equally exprest
Of all the shortest madness is the best.
We ought not think that his great triumphs need
Our wither'd taunts. Can our weak praise feed
His memory, which worthily contemns
Marble, and gold, and oriental gems?
His merits pass our dull invention.
And now, methinks, I see him smile upon
Our fruitless tears; bids us disperse these showers,
And says his thoughts are far refin'd from ours.
As Rome of her beloved Titus said,
That from the body the bright soul was fled
For his own good and their affliction:
On such a broken column we lean on;
And for ourselves, not him, let us lament,
Whose happiness is grown our punishment.
But, surely, God gave this, as an allay
To the blest union of that nuptial day
We hop'd, for fear of surfeit, thought it meet
To mitigate, since we swell with what is sweet.
And, for sad tales suit grief, 'tis not amiss
To keep us waking, I remember this.
Jupiter, on some business, once sent down
Pleasure unto the world, that she might crown
Mortals with her bright beams; but her long stay
Exceeding far the limit of her day,—

Such feasts and gifts were number'd to present her,
That she forgot heaven and the god that sent her,—
He calls her thence in thunder, at whose lure
She spreads her wings, and to return more pure,
Leaves her eye-seeded robe wherein she 's suited,
Fearing that mortal breath had it polluted.
Sorrow, that long had liv'd in banishment,
Tugg'd at the oar in gallies, and had spent
Both money and herself in court delays,
And sadly number'd many of her days
By a prison calendar, though once she bragg'd
She had been in great men's bosoms, now all ragg'd,
Crawl'd with a tortoise pace, or somewhat slower,
Nor found she any that desir'd to know her,
Till by good chance, ill hap for us, she found,
Where Pleasure laid her garment: from the ground
She takes it, dons it, and, to add a grace
To the deformity of her wrinkled face,
An old court lady, out of mere compassion,
Now paints it o'er, or puts it into fashion.
When straight from country, city, and from court,
Both, without wit or number, there resort
Many to this impostor: all adore.
Her haggish false-hood; usurers from their store
Supply her, and are cozen'd; citizens buy
Her forged titles; riot and ruin fly,
Spreading their poison universally.

Nor are the bosoms of great statesmen free
From her intelligence, who lets them see
Themselves and fortunes in false perspectives ;
Some landed heirs, consort her with their wives,
Who, being a bawd, corrupts their all spent oaths,
They have entertain'd the devil in Pleasure's cloaths.
And since this cursed mask, which, to our cost,
Lasts day and night, we have entirely lost
Pleasure, who from heaven wills us be advis'd
That our false Pleasure is but Care disguis'd.
Thus is our hope made frustate, O, sad ruth !
Death lay in ambush for his glorious youth ;
And, finding him prepar'd, was sternly bent
To change his love into fell ravishment.
O, cruel tyrant ! how can'st thou repair
This ruin, though hereafter thou should'st spare
All mankind ! break thy dart and ebon spade,
Thou can'st not cure this wound which thou hast made.
Now view his death-bed, and from thence let 's meet,
In his example, our own winding sheet.
There his humility, setting apart
All titles, did retire into his heart.
O, blessed solitariness ! that brings
The best content to mean men and to kings :

Manna their fates, from heaven the dove there flies
With olive to the ark, a sacrifice
Of God's appeasement; ravens, in their beaks,
Bring food from heaven; God's preservation speaks
Comfort to Daniel in the lion's den,
Where contemplation leads us happy men
To see God face to face; and such sweet peace
Did he enjoy amongst the various press *
Of weeping visitants; it seem'd he lay,
As kings at revels sit, wish'd the crowd away,
The tedious sports done, and himself asleep,
And in such joy did all his senses steep,
As great accountants troubled much in mind,
When they hear news of their quietus sign'd.
Never found prayers, since they convers'd with death,
A sweeter air to fly in than his breath†;
They left in 's eyes nothing but glory shining;
And, though that sickness with her over-pining
Look ghastly, yet in him it did not so;
He knew the place to which he was to go

* *press.*] Most probably Webster wrote "*preace,*" the old form of the word.

† *A sweeter air to fly in than his breath.*] So in *The Devil's Law-case;*

"It could never have got
A sweeter air to fly in than your *breath.*"
Vol. ii. p. 14.

Had larger titles, more triumphant wreathes
To instate him with; and forth his soul he breathes,
Without a sigh, fixing his constant eye
Upon his triumph, immortality.
He was rain'd down to us out of heaven, and drew
Life to the spring; yet, like a little dew,
Quickly drawn thence: so many times miscarries
A crystal glass, whilst that the workman varies
The shape i' th' furnace, fix'd too much upon
The curiousness of the proportion,
Yet breaks it ere 't be finish'd, and yet then
Moulds it anew, and blows it up again,
Exceeds his workmanship, and sends it thence
To kiss the hand and lip of some great prince;
Or, like a dial, broke in wheel or screw,
That 's ta'en in pieces to be made go true:
So to eternity he now shall stand,
New-form'd and gloried by the all-working hand.
Slander, which hath a large and spacious tongue,
Far bigger than her mouth to publish wrong,
And yet doth utter 't with so ill a grace,
Whilst she 's a speaking no man sees her face;
That like dogs lick foul ulcers, not to draw
Infection from them, but to keep them raw;
Though she oft scrape up earth from good men's graves,
And waste it in the standishes of slaves,

To throw upon their ink, shall never dare
To approach his tomb, be she confin'd* as far
From his sweet reliques as is heaven from hell:
Not witchcraft shall instruct her how to spell
That barbarous language which shall sound him ill.
Fame's lips shall bleed, yet ne'er her trumpet fill
With breath enough; but not in such sick air
As make waste elegies to his tomb repair,
With scraps of commendation, more base
Than are the rags they are writ on. O, disgrace
To nobler poesy! this brings to light,
Not that they can, but that they cannot write.
Better they had ne'er troubled his sweet trance:
So silence should have hid their ignorance;
For he 's a reverend subject to be penn'd
Only by his sweet Homer and my friend†.
Most savage nations should his death deplore,
Wishing he had set his foot upon their shore,
Only to have made them civil. This black night
Hath fal'n upon 's by‡ nature's oversight;
Or, while the fatal sister sought to twine
His thread and keep it even, she drew it so fine
It burst. O, all compos'd of excellent parts,
Young, grave Mecœnas of the noble arts,

* *confin'd.*] See note *, vol. ii. p. 244.

† *his sweet Homer and my friend.*] i. e. Chapman, who dedicated his translation of Homer to Prince Henry.

‡ *by.*] The old copy "*be.*"

Whose beams shall break forth from thy hollow
tomb,
Stain the time past, and light the time to come*!
O, thou, that in thy own praise still wert mute,
Resembling trees, the more they are ta'en with
fruit,
The more they strive to bow and kiss the ground!
Thou that in quest of man hast truly found,
That while men rotten vapours do pursue,
They could not be thy friends and flatterers too:
That despite all injustice would'st have prov'd
So just a steward for this land, and lov'd
Right for its own sake: now, O woe! the while
Fleet'st dead in tears, like to a moving isle.
Time was, when churches in the land were thought
Rich jewel-houses; and this age hath bought
That time again: think not, I feign; go view
Henry the Seventh's chapel, and you 'll find it
true,
The dust of a rich diamond 's there inshrin'd,
To buy which thence would beggar the West-
Inde.
What a dark night-piece of tempestuous weather
Have the enraged clouds summon'd together!

* *Stain the time past, and light the time to come.*] So in *The Dutchess of Malfi;*

"She *stains the time past, lights the time to come.*"
Vol. i. p. 186.

As if our loftiest palaces should grow
To ruin, since such highness fell so low,
And angry Neptune makes his palace groan,
That the deaf rocks may echo the land's moan.
Even senseless things seem to have lost their pride,
And look like that dead month wherein he died;
To clear which soon arise that glorious day*,
Which, in her sacred union, shall display
Infinite blessings, that we all may see
The like to that of Virgil's golden tree,
A branch of which being slipt, there freshly grew
Another, that did boast like form and hue.
And for these worthless lines, let it be said
I hasted till I had this tribute paid
Unto his grave: so let the speed excuse
The zealous error of my passionate muse.
Yet though his praise here bear so short a wing,
Thames hath more swans that will his praises sing,
In sweeter tunes, be-pluming his sad hearse,
And his three feathers, while men live or verse.
And by these signs of love let great men know
That sweet and generous favour they bestow
Upon the Muses never can be lost;
For they shall live by them, when all the cost

* *To clear which soon, &c.*] An allusion to the marriage of the princess Elizabeth to the Elector Palatine, which took place in February, 1613.

Of gilded monuments shall fall to dust:
They grave in metal that sustains no rust;
Their wood yields honey and industrious bees,
Kills spiders and their webs, like Irish trees*.
A poet's pen, like a bright sceptre, sways
And keeps in awe dead men's dispraise or praise.
Thus took he acquittance of all worldly strife:
The evening shews the day, and death crowns life.

My impresa to your lordship, a swan flying to a laurel for shelter, the mot, *amor est mihi causa.*

* *rish trees.*] See note†, vol. i. p. 44.

ODE.*

Triumphs were wont with sweat and blood be crown'd:
To every brow
They did allow
The living laurer,† which begirted round
Their rusty helmets, and had power to make
The soldier smile, while mortal wound did ache.

But our more civil passages of state
(Like happy feast
Of inur'd rest,
Which bells and woundless cannons did relate)
Stood high in joy since warlike triumphs bring
Remembrance of our former sorrowing.

The memory of these should quickly fade,
(For pleasure's stream
Is like a dream,
Passant and fleet, as is a shade,)

* Prefixed to *The Arch's of Triumph, Erected in honor of the High and mighty prince James the first of that name King of England, and sixt of Scotland at his Maiesties Entrance an passage through his Honorable Citty and Chamber of London, upon the 15th Day of March,* 1603. *Invented and published by Stephen Harrison Joyner and Architect and graven by William Kip.* 1604, folio.

† *laurer.*] Fr. So Chaucer, in *The Marchantes Tale;*
"As *laurer* thurgh the yere is for to sene."

Unless thyself, which these fair models bred,
Had given them a new life when they were dead.

Take then, good countryman and friend, that merit,
Which folly lends,
Not judgment sends
To foreign shores for strangers to inherit;
Perfection must be bold, with front upright,
Though Envy gnash her teeth, whilst she would bite.

JOH. WEBSTER.

TO HIS BELOVED FRIEND, MASTER THOMAS HEYWOOD.*

Sume superbiam quæsitam meritis.

I CANNOT, though you write in your own cause,
Say you deal partially, but must confess
(What most men will) you merit due applause,
So worthily your work becomes the press.

And well our actors may approve your pains,
For you give them authority to play;
Even whilst the hottest plague of envy reigns,
Nor for this warrant shall they dearly pay.

What a full state of poets have you cited
To judge your cause, and to our equal view
Fair monumental theatres recited,
Whose ruins had been ruin'd but for you!

Such men who can in tune both rail and sing,
Shall, viewing this, either confess 'tis good,
Or let their ignorance condemn the spring,
Because 'tis merry and renews our blood.

* Prefixed to Heywood's *Apology for Actors*, 1612.

Be therefore your own judgment your defence,
  Which shall approve you better than my praise ;
Whilst I, in right of sacred innocence,
  Durst o'er each gilded tomb this known truth raise,
Who, dead, would not be acted by their will,
It seems such men have acted their lives ill.

By your friend,

JOHN WEBSTER.

TO HIS INDUSTRIOUS FRIEND, MASTER HENRY COCKERAM*.

To over-praise thy book, in a smooth line,
(If any error 's in 't,) would made it mine:
Only, while words for payment pass at court,
And whilst loud talk and wrangling make resort,
I' the term, to Westminster, I do not dread
Thy leaves shall scape the Scombri, and be read;
And I will add this as thy friend, no poet,
Thou hast toil'd to purpose, and the event will shew it.

JOHN WEBSTER.

* Prefixed to *The English Dictionarie, or, an interpreter of hard English words, by H. C., Gent.* 1623.

ADDENDA.

THE WHITE DEVIL.

Vol. i. p. 17, note †.

" God refuse me."

" Mist. Purge. And what do they sweare by now their mony is gone ?

Club. Why, by [ ] and *God refuse them.*

Mist. Purge. And can they not as well say men refuse them, as *God refuse them?*

Club. No, mistresse, for men, especially Citizens and riche men, have refused them their bonds and protestations allready."

Middleton's *Family of Love*, 1608, Sig. B.

In the passage just quoted, the old copy has a break between brackets as given here.

—— p. 19, note *—

" They that have the yellow jaundice think all objects they look on to be yellow."

Compare Flecknoe;

" As *all things seem yellow to those infected with the Jaundice*, so all things seem of the colour of her suspicions."

Enigmatical Characters, 1665, p. 56.

Vol. i. p. 62— " They are first,
Sweetmeats which rot the eater."

So Dekker;

" What gives she me? good words,
Sweet meates that rotte the eater."
The Whore of Babylon, 1607, Sig. I 2.

—— p. 80, note §—
" Some copies of the 4to. of 1612, '*gue.*' "

" *Gue* " (Fr. gueux) may be the right reading: it occurs twice in a little work which I have had occasion to quote several times in my notes to the present volumes;

" I was her Ingle, *Gue*, her Sparrow bill,
And in a word, my Ladies what you will."
Brathwait's *Honest Ghost*, 1658, p. 139.

" Diligent search was made all there about,
But my ingenious *gue* had got him out
Before this inquisition," &c. Id. p. 232.

—— p. 106— " *Paulus Quartus.*"

From what work Webster took the plot of *The White Devil* I have not been able to discover: whatever it was, he most probably followed it in making Monticelso Pope Paul IV.; the person who was really raised to that dignity was John Peter Caraffa.

THE DUTCHESS OF MALFI.

Vol. i. p. 171, note *;

" George Harding, Baron Berkeley."

This nobleman was a patron of poets: "My good lord," says Massinger, inscribing *The Renegado* to him, "to be honoured for old nobility, or hereditary titles, is not alone proper to yourself, but to some few of your rank, who may challenge the like privilege with you; but in our age to vouchsafe (as you have often done) a ready hand to raise the dejected spirits of the contemned sons of the muses; such as would not suffer the glorious fire of poesy to be wholly extinguished, is so remarkable and peculiar to your lordship, that with a full vote and suffrage, it is acknowledged that the patronage and protection of the dramatick poem is yours, and almost without a rival."

—— p. 204, note *—

" See vol. iii."

The passage here quoted from *The Malcontent* occurs in vol. iv. p. 26: the present work was originally intended to have been comprised in *three* vols.

—— p. 274—

" the whistler shrill."

So Spenser;

" *The whistler shrill,* that whoso heares doth dy."

The Fairie Queene, b. ii. c. xii. st. 36.

THE DEVIL'S LAW-CASE.

Vol. ii. p. 14—

"It could never have got
A sweeter air to fly in than your breath."

So Massinger;

"My own praises *flying*
In such pure *air* as *your sweet breath*, fair lady,
Cannot but please me."

The Picture, act v. sc. last.

—— p. 25—

"Rom. Look as you love your life, you have an eye
Upon your mistress: I do henceforth bar her
All visitants. I do hear there are bawds abroad,
That bring cut-works, and mantoons, and convey letters
To such young gentlewomen; and there are others
That deal in corn-cutting and fortune-telling;
Let none of these come at her on your life;
Nor Deuce-ace, the wafer-woman, that prigs abroad
With musk-melons, and malakatoones; nor
The Scotch-woman with the cittern, do you mark;
Nor a dancer by any means, though he ride on 's foot-cloth;
Nor a hackney-coachman, if he can speak French.

Win. Why, sir?

Rom. By no means; no more words;
Nor the woman with the marrow-bone puddings: I have heard
Strange juggling tricks have been conveyed to a woman
In a pudding."

Here Webster recollected Ben Jonson;

"Be you sure, now,
You have all your eyes about you; and let in
No lace-woman, nor *bawd, that brings* French masks,
And *cut-works;* see you? nor *old croans with wafers,*
To convey letters: nor no youths, disguis'd
Like country-wives, with cream and *marrow-puddings.*
Much knavery may be vented in a pudding,
Much bawdy intelligence: they are shrewd cyphers."

The Devil is an ass, act ii. sc. i.

APPIUS AND VIRGINIA.

Vol. ii. p. 139—

"A reprint of it was given in 1816, in the fifth vol. of a Continuation of Dodsley's Old Plays."

This collection of plays, though now generally found with reprinted title-pages dated 1816, originally appeared some years before.

—— p. 146— "Agidon."

This must be a misprint for "*Algidum*."

THE FAMOUS HISTORY

OF

SIR THOMAS WYATT.

Vol. ii. p. 298, note *—

"There came but one Dondego," &c.

This passage, of which no printed work that I have ever seen affords an explanation, is illustrated by the following extract from a very curious letter, among the Cottonian MSS., (Jul. C. iii.), which must have been written about the beginning of 1597, Harington's *Ajax* having been first printed in 1596;

"Only Mr. Harrington of late hath set up such a filthy stinking jakes in Pouls churchyard that the stationers wold give any money for a cover for it: what shold move him to it, I know not, except he meant to bid a turd in all gentle readers teeth, or *whereas Don Diego and Brokenbury beeshit Powls,* to prevent the like inconvenience, he hath revived an olde innes a court tricke of turning it out in a paper," &c.

NORTHWARD HO.

Vol. iii. p. 151, note *—

"Quest-houses."

. . . . "But you may say, it is like a farthing candle in a great Church: I answer, that light will not enlighten the by Chapels of the Church, nor *the Quest-house*, nor the Belfry; neither doth the Light move the Church, though it enlightens it." —*Philosophical Letters*, by the Dutchess of Newcastle, 1664, p. 189.

—— p. 213, note *—

"But the wearing of such rings was not confined to those motherly gentlewomen."

Underwood, the player, bequeathed "to his daughter Elizabeth two seal rings of gold, *one with a death's head*."—See his will, in Malone's *Hist. &c. of the English Stage*, p. 216, ed. Boswell.

—— p. 248—

"Barbary buttons."

"Yet by their sides wear continually *Barbary purses*, which never ope to any but pedantical parisites."—Nash's *Christ's Tears over Jerusalem*, (*Dedication to Lady Elizabeth Carey.*) 1593.

THE MALCONTENT.

Vol. iv. p. 41, note †—

"only constant in unconstancy."

So also in a volume of poems by Philip Jenkins, entitled *Amorea*, 1660,

"What, *only constant in unconstancie?*
And true alone to mutability?" p. 52.

—— p. 52, note *—

A *cast* of hawks is rather a pair than a flight of hawks.

"A *cast of Faulcons* (in their pride
At passage scouring) fowle espide
Securely feeding from the Spring,
At One both ayme with nimble wing.
They first mount up above Mans sight,
Plying for life this emulous flight
In equall compasse, and maintaine
Their pitch without a lazie plaine.
Then stooping freely (lightning-like)
They (counter) dead each other strike.
The fowle escapes, and with her wings
Their funerall dirge this lesson sings,

Who aims at glory not aright
Meetes death, but Glorie takes her flight."
Scott's *Certaine Pieces of this Age Paraboliz'd*, p. 89,
printed with his *Philomythie*, 1616.

—— p. 93, note †—

" Qy. Los guantes."

In Anthony Munday's *Banquet of Daintie Conceits*, 1588, is

" A Dyttie expressing a familiar controversie between Wit and Will: wherein Wit mildlie rebuketh the follies of Will, and sheweth him (as in a glasse) the fall of wilfull heads.

This Dittie may be sung after the note of a courtlie daunce, called *Les Guanto*."

THE THRACIAN WONDER.

Vol. iv. 145—

"The Editor of *A Continuation of Dodsley's Old Plays*, 1816."

I have already noticed in the Addenda that the first title-pages of this work are of an earlier date.

—— p. 205— "quilted calves."

"Nay some (as I have heard) wanting lyniaments to their liking, and Calfe to support themselves; are fayne to use Arte, and supply themselves with quilted Calves, which oftentimes in Revelling fall about their Ancles."

Middleton's *Family of Love*, 1608, Sig. C 2.

—— p. 250—

"hand to hand,
In single opposition, end this strife."

So Shakespeare;

"*In single opposition, hand to hand.*"

First part of Henry IV., act i. sc. 3.

INDEX TO THE NOTES.

	Vol.	Page
Abominable	iii.	175
above,—the upper stage	i.	314
aconitum,—a cure for the sting of venomous reptiles	ii.	204
actious	ii.	296
adamant	i.	22
Alexander and Lodowick	i.	200
Allegant, or Alligant	iii.	321
almond for a parrot	iii.	122
Ambree, Mary	iii.	111
Amboyna, massacre of the English by the Dutch at	ii.	88
Antony Now-now	iii.	177
apples of Sodom	i.	61
arpines	ii.	82
arraigned	ii.	261
arras powder	i.	133
Ascapart	iii.	112
atone	i.	73
aunts	iii.	155
away with	ii.	112
babery	iii.	218
ballassed	i.	182
band	iii.	81
banes	i.	47
Bankes's horse, Marocco	iii.	207
barb	iv.	78

	Vol. Page
Barbary buttons	iii. 248—iv. 294
Barmotho pigs	ii. 62
barnacle, Scotch	iv. 73
barriers, the	i. 14, 127
basons and ewers of silver given as presents	iii. 196
bastard	iii. 321
becco	iv. 26
beds thrust on the stage	ii. 60
beholdingness	iv. 102
bench-hole	iii. 254
Bermoothes	i. 243
bezeled	iv. 55
Blackfriars, the residence of Puritan feather-makers	iii. 104
blackguard, the	i. 20
blank-verse corrupted	i. 219, 243
blue, worn by servants	iii. 156
boot, Scotch	iv, 74
Bosoms inn	iii. 183
braches	i. 156
brachygraphy men	ii. 89
brakes	iv. 141
brave	i. 103
brawl, the	iv. 94
break up	iii. 31
brides wore their hair loose	i. 83
bronstrops	iii. 327
Bucklersbury	iii. 19
buffoonery on the stage	i. 293
Burbadge, Richard	iv. 13
Burse, the New	ii. 15
busk-points	iv. 91
Calais sands, duelling on	iii. 277
Ca'ndish's voyage	iii. 128

	Vol.	Page
candlestick, fashioned like a man in armour	i.	57
canions	iii.	165
carracks	ii.	49
carving by ladies	i.	19
caskanet	ii.	27
cast a' ladies	iv.	52, 295
catchpolls, encountered by	iii.	157
Catherine-pear-coloured	iii.	43
catso	iv.	28
censure	ii.	147
chains bought in St. Martin's Lane	iii.	153
Chapman alluded to	iv.	275
cheek with an excellent bias	i.	16
cheese-trenchers, posies on	iii.	191
child's part	iii.	157
cipres	iv.	75
coals, to carry	iv.	108
cockatrice	iii.	65
coistered	iv.	112
cole-harbour	iii.	90
colliers, cry of	iii.	64
———, why in bad repute	—	—
collogue	iv.	123
colon	ii.	280
come	iv.	117
come aloft, Jackanapes	iv.	25
commedled	i.	77
commodities	i.	85
comrague	ii.	223
conceited	ii.	48
confine	ii.	244
consort	iii.	177
con thanks	iii.	321
convince	ii.	241
corrasived	i.	270

	Vol.	Page
corsive	iv.	157
Corydons	iii.	123
could	iii.	143
cross	iii.	62
cross and pile	iii.	337
crusadoes	i.	69
Cuckold's Point, tradition concerning	iii.	197
cuckoo heard before the nightingale	iii.	324
cullis	i.	220
Cundall, Henry	iv.	13
curiosity	ii.	75
Curtian Gulph	iii.	253
cutworks	i.	12
Damnation	iii.	44
dance lacrymæ	ii.	110
Danske	i.	36
daw	iii.	106
dead pays	ii.	233
depart	ii.	292
devil, the, in crystal	i.	95
dipsas	iv.	52
disgest	ii.	58
do withal	iii.	215
Dondego	ii. 298—iv.	293
double chin, the characteristic of a bawd	iii.	154
draw dun out a' the mire	iii.	54
Dunkirks	iii.	157
dun's the mouse	iii.	116
durance	iii.	63
Duw gwyn	iii.	220
Early up and never the nearer	iii.	298
Eastward Ho, origin of the title of	iii.	3

	Vol.	Page
Elizabeth, Queen, allusion to her death	ii.	77
Elizabeth, Princess, allusion to her marriage	iv.	277
enginous wheels	i.	238
Farewell, father snot	iii.	163
favoured	iv.	214
Finch, Sir Thomas	ii.	5
fins of the eyelids	i.	204
flapdragons	ii.	32
flaw	i.	16
Flood, ballad of	iii.	327
foot cloth	i.	15
Ford, John	i.	174
fox, an English	i.	162
fraight	i.	288
French rider	i.	109
——— disease, allusion to its effects	iii.	132
froes	iii.	104
Galley-foist	iii.	111
garden-house	iii.	187
garlick with a white head and a green stalk	iii.	210
gentleman-usher	i.	269
German clock	iii.	10
Gillian of Brentford	iii.	107
give aim	i.	59
give the bag	iii.	96
gleek	ii.	33
good cheap	i.	137
God refuse me	i. 17—iv.	287
Griffith, Margaret, with the horn in her forehead, probably alluded to	iv.	47
grincomes	iii.	154
gue	iv.	288

	Vol.	Page
guess	iii.	357
guarded	iv.	47
Guise, Webster's	ii.	5
Hamlet, Shakespeare's, its popularity	iii.	118
hangers	iii.	63
Harding, George, Baron Berkeley	i. 171—iv.	289
hare, melancholick	i.	80
harness	ii.	226
harpers	ii.	295
Harvey, Gabriel, his hexameters ridiculed	iv.	17
healths drunk on the knees	iii.	98
Hoby's translation of Castiglione's Courtier	iii.	7
hog-rubber	ii.	86
Honest Lawyer, resemblance between a passage in it, and one in The Widow	iii.	211
horse, begot by the wind	i.	182
horse-flesh in sack	iii.	77
hoyting	iv.	179
Humourous Lovers, by the Duke of Newcastle,—song in it now first printed from a MS.	iii.	165
Hungarians	iii.	113
hunts-up	iii.	115
Hypermnestra	i.	157
In by the week	i.	54
ingeniously	i.	79
inward	iii.	352
Ireland breeds no poison	i.	44
Irish gamester	i.	14
——, after game at	ii.	90
Island Voyage	iii.	185
Jaundice,—those who have it think all things yellow	i. 19—iv.	187
julio	i.	70
jumps	ii.	311

	Vol.	Page
Kempe's Nine Daies Wonder, allusion to	iii.	103
kissing-comfits	i.	297
Knight of Rhodes	i.	103
——— St. Michael	—	—
——— the Golden Fleece	i.	104
——— the Holy Ghost	—	—
——— the Annunciation	—	—
——— the Garter	—	—
Kyd's Spanish tragedy, allusion to	iii.	45
Lambeth Marsh	iii.	86
lancepersado	ii.	269
Lannoy, Charles de	i.	246
lapwing, with the shell on its head	i.	36
latten	ii.	104
Les Guanto	iv.	296
lieger ambassadors	i.	53
liver, the seat of amorous passions	ii.	218
livery and seisin	ii.	23
Long-lane	iii.	39
long spoon, he had need of one that eats with the devil	ii.	105
Lowin, John	iv.	13
Lozenges of sanctified sincerity	iv.	71
luxurious	i.	190
lycanthropia	i.	289
lyam	i.	17
Malakatoones	ii.	25
mandrake	i.	221
Maquerelle	iii.	113
matachin	i.	158
maugre	ii.	175
measure	iv.	93
medam	iv.	90

	Vol.	Page
Meg, Long, of Westminster	iii.	111
merely	iv.	51
Middleton, Thomas	i.	173
minioning	iv.	97
moile	i.	67
Moone, old	iii.	177
More-clacke	iii.	66
much	iv.	67
mumchance	iii.	36
mummia	i.	10
Muscovy glass	iv.	49
mutton	ii.	190
Nest of goblets	iii.	193
Nicholas, St., his clerks	iii.	286
night-caps	i.	202
noddy	iii.	75, 171
noise of fiddlers	iii.	51
none a' God's angel	iii.	173
Northward Ho, origin of the title of	iii.	3
Oak, the builder	i.	56
o'erpaise	iv.	131
Ostend, siege of	iii.	11
out a' cry	iii.	205
overthwart	iii.	125
Palped	ii.	183
pantables	iii.	50
parenthesis	iii.	242
partridge purged by laurel	i.	141
pash	i.	9
patches worn for the rheum	iii.	30
patience, the herb	iii.	158

	Vol.	Page
Paul's, the middle aisle of	iii.	38
Paul's Wharf	iii.	217
Pawn, the	iii.	35
pax	iii.	195
peevish	i.	231
perfumes chafed	i.	11
Perkins, Richard, the player	i.	165
pestered	iv.	115
petty-lassery	iii.	347
Physick for Fortune	iv.	71
pickadell	iii.	193
plastick	iv.	49
players, their occasional extemporizing	iii.	84
plays, old,—copies of the same editions sometimes differ from each other	i. 3, 169—ii. 251—iii. 3—iv. 3	
Polack shaved	i.	39
pomander	iv.	113
Pope, form in which his election is declared	i.	105
populous	ii.	161
Portugal voyage	iii.	224
possessed	ii.	153
poting-stick	iv.	129
poulter	i.	57
preace	iv.	273
priest, this hand shall be his	iv.	154
properties	iii.	55
provant apparel	ii.	152
puckfist	iii.	150
purchase	i.	226
Quat	i. 98—ii. 36	
Quest-houses	iii. 151—iv. 294	
———, gaming in	iii.	152

	Vol.	Page
quilted calves	iv.	297
quoted	i.	84
Ready	iv.	174
——, to make	ii.	32
regardant	ii.	189
regreets	ii.	186
Rhenish wine-house i' th' Stillyard	iii.	34
rid ground	iii.	221
rifle	iii.	246
rifling, wrongly explained by Dr. Nott	iii.	247
rings with deaths heads on them	iii. 212—iv.	294
roaring boys	i.	201
Rochel church-man	iv.	68
Rosiclear	iv.	120
Rowley, William	iii.	259
Saddle, poisoning the pummel of a	i.	114
sadness	i.	312
sconce	iv.	51
scorpions, whip of	i.	225
sennet	i.	13
set the hare's head against the goose giblets	iii.	131
shake it	iv.	180
Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, anecdote of	ii.	105
shaking of the sheets	iii.	113
shamois	i.	55
sheers, there goes but a pair of, &c.	iv.	110
shins, blows on, a punishment in Russia	i.	92
shoot the bridge	i.	100
Shrove Tuesday, 'prentices riotous on	iii.	225
Sidanen	iii.	176
Sinklow	iv.	12
sirrah applied to females	iii.	23

	Vol.	Page
slatted	iv.	99
Sly, William	iv.	11
smoor	i.	144
Somerset, Carr, Earl of	iv.	263
sous'd, unfortunately adopted by Gifford in a passage of Ben Jonson	iv.	97
spancounter	iii.	149
Spanish fig	i.	93
spurs that gingled worn by gallants	iv.	48
squibs running on lines	iii.	226
squirrility	iii.	28
stalking-horse	iv.	102
state of floods	i.	258
statute against vagabonds	iii.	97
stibium	i.	44
stigmatick	i.	79
Stillyard	iii.	34
stock	iv.	53
stools on the stage	iv.	11
strage	ii.	245
Sturbridge Fair	iii.	141
suburbs, the	iv.	139
sugar-loaf	iii.	114
surphling	iv.	60
Switzers borrowed	i.	33
swoop	i.	9
Table-board	ii.	38
take bells	iii.	220
tallants, used by old poets for talons	i.	142
Tasso quoted	i.	238
tavern-token	iii.	45
taw a son	iii.	210
tenpenny infidel, the	iii.	95

	Vol.	Page
tent	i.	181
than	iii.	88
thou'st	iv.	102
three merry men, &c. song of	iii.	125
thrill	ii.	226
toderers	iv.	22
Toledo, a	i.	162
torved	ii.	241
traverse	i.	145
trochilus and crocodile, fable of the	i.	102
truchman	iv.	163
trussing	iii.	24
Turnbull-street	iii.	327
tweak	iii.	327
twopenny-ward	ii.	207
Unheal	iv.	58
unicorn's horn	i.	30
unshale	iv.	26
ure	ii.	192
Velure	iii.	165
veney	iii.	54
victualling-houses	iii.	327
virginal jacks	iii.	156
Vulcan's engine	i.	191
Wage	ii.	183
Wall, Mother,—her cakes and pasties	iii.	225
West-Chester	iii.	140
Westward Ho, origin of the title of	iii.	3
Westward indeed	iii.	96
——— for smelts	iii.	53
when	i.	279

	Vol.	Page
where	ii.	55
whereas	iv.	164
whifflers	iii.	119
white	iii.	216
whiting-mop	iii.	37
wide of the bow-hand	ii.	205
will	ii.	264
Winchester goose	iii.	328
Wolner, the great eater	i.	77
wolf in a woman's breast	i.	130
wolf scraping up the corpse of a person murdered	i.	282
wolves, tribute of, paid in England	i.	86
woodcock-pie and woodcocks	iii.	196
word, the	i.	46
world, to put a girdle about the	i.	229
wounds, bleeding at the presence of the murderer	ii.	243
Yeoman-fewterer	ii.	206
you'st	iv.	132

FINIS.

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APPENDIX

TO THE WORKS OF JOHN WEBSTER,

EDITED BY THE REV. ALEX. DYCE.

LONDON:
WILLIAM PICKERING,
1838.

Monuments of Honor. Deriued from remarkable Antiquity, and Celebrated in the Honorable City of London, at the sole Munificent charge and expences of the Right Worthy and Worshipfull Fraternity of the Eminent Merchant-Taylors. Directed in their most affectionate Loue, at the Confirmation of their right Worthy Brother John Gore in the High Office of His Maiesties Liuetenant ouer this His Royall Chamber. Expressing in a Magnificent Tryumph, all the Pageants, Chariots of Glory, Temples of Honor, besides a specious and goodly Sea Tryumph, as well particularly to the Honor of the City as generally to the Glory of this our Kingdome. Inuented and Written by John Webster Merchant-Taylor. Non norunt hæc monumenta mori. Printed at London by Nicholas Okes. 1624, 4*to.*

Of this piece (see Account of Webster and his Writings, p. xii.) a copy, perhaps unique, which formerly belonged to Mr. Heber, is now in the collection of his grace the Duke of Devonshire, who in the most obliging manner has allowed me to transcribe it for the present Appendix.

TO THE

RIGHT WORTHY DESERVER OF THIS SO NOBLE A CEREMONY

THIS DAY CONFERRED UPON HIM,

JOHN GORE,

LORD MAYOR AND CHANCELLOR OF THE RENOWNED

CITY OF LONDON.

My worthy lord, these presentments, which were intended principally for your honour, and for illustrating the worth of that worthy corporation whereof you are a member, come now humbly to kiss your lordship's hands, and to present the inventor of them to that service which my ability expressed in this may call me to, under your lordship's favour, to do you* honour, and the city service, in the quality of a scholar; assuring your lordship, I shall never either to your ear or table press unmannerly or impertinently. My endeavours this way have received grace and allowance from your worthy brothers that were supervisors of the cost of these Triumphs; and my hope is, that they shall stand no less respected in your eye, nor undervalued in your worthy judgment: which favours done to one born free of your company, and your servant, shall ever be acknowledged by him stands interested

To your lordship in all duty,

JOHN WEBSTER.

---

* *to do you*] Old ed. "*to* you, *do you*."

MONUMENTS OF HONOUR.

I COULD in this my preface, by as great light of learning as any formerly employed in this service can attain to, deliver to you the original and cause of all Triumphs, their excessive cost in the time of the Romans; I could likewise with so noble amplification make a survey of the worth and glory of the Triumphs of the precedent times in this honourable city of London, that, were my work of a bigger bulk, they should remain to all posterity. But both my pen and ability this way are confined in too narrow a circle: nor have I space enough in this so short a volume to express only with rough lines and a faint shadow, as the painters' phrase is, first, the great care and alacrity of the right worshipful the Master and Wardens, and the rest of the selected and industrious committees, both for the curious and judging election of the subject for the present spectacles, and next that the working or mechanic part of it might be answerable to the invention. Leaving, therefore, these worthy gentlemen to the embraces and thanks of the right honourable and worthy Pretor, and myself under the shadow of their crest, which is a safe one, for 'tis the Holy Lamb in the Sunbeams, I do present to all modest and indifferent judges these my present endeavours.

I fashioned, for the more amplifying the shew upon the water, two eminent spectacles in manner of a Sea-triumph. The first furnished with four persons: in the front Oceanus and Thetis; behind them, Thamesis and Medway, the two rivers on whom the Lord Mayor extends his power, as far as from Stains to Rochester. The other shew is of a fair Terrestrial Globe, circled about in convenient seats, with seven of our most famous navigators; as, Sir Francis Drake, Sir John Hawkins, Sir Martin Frobisher, Sir Humfrey Gilbert, Captain Thomas Cavendish, Captain Christopher Carlisle, and Captain John Davis. The conceit of this device to be, that in regard the two rivers pay due tribute of waters to the seas, Oceanus in grateful recompense returns the memory of these seven worthy captains, who have made England so famous in remotest parts of the world. These two spectacles,

at my Lord Mayor's taking water at the Three Cranes, approaching my Lord's barge, after a peal of sea-thunder from the other side the water, these speeches between Oceanus and Thetis follow.

OCEANUS AND THETIS.

THETIS.

What brave sea-music bids us welcome, hark!
Sure, this is Venice and the day Saint Mark,
In which the Duke and Senates their course hold
To wed our empire with a ring of gold.

OCEANUS.

No, Thetis, you're mistaken: we are led
With infinite delight from the land's head
In ken of goodly shipping and yon bridge;
Venice had ne'er the like: survey that ridge
Of stately buildings which the river hem,
And grace the silver stream, as the stream them.
That beauteous seat is London, so much fam'd
Where any navigable sea is nam'd;
And in that bottom eminent merchants plac'd,
As rich and venturous as ever grac'd
Venice or Europe: these two rivers here,
Our followers, may tell you where we are;
This Thamesis, that Medway, who are sent
To yon* most worthy Pretor, to present
Acknowledgment of duty ne'er shall err
From Stains unto the ancient Rochester.
And now to grace their Triumph, in respect
These pay us tribute, we are pleas'd to select
Seven worthy navigators out by name,
Seated beneath this Globe, whose ample fame
In the remotest part a' the earth is found,
And some of them have circled the globe round.
These, you observe, are living in your eye,
And so they ought, for worthy men ne'er die;
Drake, Hawkins, Frobisher, Gilbert, brave knights,
That brought home gold and honour from sea-fights,
Ca'ndish, Carlisle, and Davis; and to these
So many worthies I could add at seas
Of this bold nation, it would envy strike
I' th' rest a' th' world who cannot show the like:
'Tis action values honour, as the flint
Look[s] black and feels like ice, yet from within 't

---

* *yon*] Old ed. "you."

There are strook sparks which to the darkest nights
Yield quick and piercing food for several lights.

THETIS.

You have quicken'd well my memory; and now
Of this your grateful Triumph I allow;
Honour looks clear, and spreads her beams at large
From the grave Senate seated in that Barge.
Rich lading swell your bottoms! a blest gale
Follow your ventures that they never fail!
And may you live successively to wear
The joy of this day, each man his whole year!

This shew, having tendered this service to my Lord upon the water, is after to be conveyed ashore, and in convenient place employed for adorning the rest of the Triumph. After my Lord Mayor's landing, and coming past Paul's chain, there first attends for his honour, in Paul's church-yard, a beautiful spectacle, called the Temple of Honour; the pillars of which are bound about with roses and other beautiful flowers, which shoot up to the adorning of the King's Majesty's Arms on the top of the Temple.

In the highest seat, a person representing Troynovant or the City, enthroned, in rich habiliments: beneath her, as admiring her peace and felicity, sit five eminent cities, as Antwerp, Paris, Rome, Venice, and Constantinople: under these, sit five famous scholars and poets of this our kingdom, as Sir Geoffry Chaucer, the learned Gower, the excellent John Lidgate, the sharp-witted Sir Thomas More, and last, as worthy both soldier and scholar, Sir Philip Sidney,—these being celebrators of honour, and the preservers both of the names of men and memories of cities above to posterity.

I present, riding afore this Temple, Henry de Royal, the first pilgrim or gatherer of quartridge for this Company, and John of Yeacksley, King Edward the Third's pavilion-maker, who purchased our Hall in the sixth year of the aforesaid king's government. These lived in Edward the First's time likewise; in the sixth of whose reign this Company was confirmed a guild or corporation by the name of Tailors and Linen-armour[er]s, with power to choose a Master and Wardens at midsummer. These are decently habited and hooded according to the ancient manner. My Lord is here saluted with two speeches; first by Troynovant in these lines following.

THE SPEECH OF TROYNOVANT.

History, Truth, and Virtue seek by name
To celebrate the Merchant-Tailors' fame.

That, Henry de Royal, this we call
Worthy John Yeacksley purchas'd first this Hall:
And thus from low beginnings there oft springs
Societies claim brotherhoods of kings.
I, Troynovant, plac'd eminent in the eye
Of these, admire at my felicity
Five cities, Antwerp, and the spacious Paris,
Rome, Venice, and the Turk's metropolis.
Beneath these, five learn'd poets, worthy men
Who do eternise brave acts by their pen,
Chaucer, Gower, Lidgate, More, and for our time
Sir Philip Sidney, glory of our clime:
These beyond death a fame to monarchs give,
And these make cities and societies live.

The next delivered by him represents Sir Philip Sidney.

To honour by our writings worthy men,
Flows as a duty from a judging pen;
And when we are employ'd in such sweet praise,
Bees swarm and leave their honey on our bays:
Ever more musically verses run,
When the loath'd vein of flattery they shun.
Survey, most noble Pretor, what succeeds,
Virtue low-bred aspiring to high deeds.

These passing on, in the next place my Lord is encountered with the person of Sir John Hawkwood, in complete armour, his plume and feather for his horse's chaffron* of the Company's colours, white and watchet.† This worthy knight did most worthy service, in the time of Edward the Third, in France; after, served as general divers princes of Italy, went to the Holy Land, and in his return back died at Florence, and there lies buried with a fair monument over him. This worthy gentleman was free of our Company; and thus I prepare him to give my Lord entertainment.

SIR JOHN HAWKWOOD'S SPEECH.

My birth was mean, yet my deservings grew
To eminence, and in France a high pitch flew:
From a poor common soldier I attain'd
The style of captain, and then knighthood gain'd;
Serv'd the Black Prince in France in all his wars;
Then went i' the Holy Land; thence brought my scars

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* *chaffron*] i. e. chamfron, a head-piece with a projecting spike.—Old ed. "shafforne." † *watchet*] i. e. light blue.

And wearied body, which no danger fear'd,
To Florence, where it nobly lies inteer'd:*
There Sir John Hawkwood's memory doth live,
And to the Merchant Tailors fame doth give.

After him follows a Triumphant Chariot with the arms of the Merchant Tailors coloured and gilt in several places of it; and over it there is supported for a canopy, a rich and very spacious Pavilion coloured crimson, with a Lion Passant: this is drawn with four horses, for porters would have made it move tottering and improperly. In the Chariot I place for the honour of the Company, of which records remain in the Hall, eight famous kings of this land, that have been free of this worshipful Company.

First, the victorious Edward the Third, that first quartered the arms of France with England: next, the munificent Richard the Second, that kept ten thousand daily in his court in check-roll: by him, the grave and discreet Henry the Fourth: in the next chairs, the scourge and terror of France, Henry the Fifth, and by him, his religious though unfortunate son, Henry the Sixth: the two next chairs are supplied with the persons of the amorous and personable Edward the Fourth, for so Philip Commineus and Sir Thomas More describe him; the other with the bad man but the good king, Richard the Third, for so the laws he made in his short government do illustrate him: but lastly in the most eminent part of the Chariot I place the wise and politic Henry the Seventh, holding the charter by which the Company was improved from the title of Linen-armourers into the name of Master and Wardens of Merchant Tailors of Saint John Baptist. The chairs of these kings that were of the house of Lancaster are garnished with artificial red roses, the rest with white; but the uniter of the division and houses, Henry the Seventh, both with white and red; from whence his Royal Majesty now reigning took his motto for one piece of his coin, *Henricus rosas, regna Jacobus.*

The Speaker in this Pageant is Edward the Third: the last line of his speech is repeated by all the rest in the Chariot.

EDWARD THE THIRD.

View whence the Merchant Tailors' honour springs,
From this most royal conventicle of kings:
Eight that successively wore England's crown,
Held it a special honour and renown,

* *inteer'd*] So old ed. for the sake of the rhyme.

(The Society was so worthy and so good),
T'unite themselves into their Brotherhood.
Thus time and industry attain the prize,
As seas from brooks, as brooks from hillocks rise:
Let all good men this sentence oft repeat,
By unity the smallest things grow great.

THE KINGS.

By unity the smallest things grow great:

And this repetition was proper, for it is the Company's motto, *Concordia parvæ res crescunt*.

After this Pageant, rides Queen Anne, wife to Richard the Second, free likewise of this Company; nor let it seem strange, for, besides her, there were two dutchesse[s], five countesses, and two baronnesses free of this Society, seventeen princes and dukes, one archbishop, one and thirty earls, besides those made with noble Prince Henry, one viscount, twenty-four bishops, sixty-six barons, seven abbots, seven priors or sub-prior[s]; and with Prince Henry, in the year 1607, the Duke of Lenox, the Earls of Nottingham, Suffolk, Arundel, Oxford, Worcester, Pembroke, Essex, Northampton, Salisbury, Montgomery, the Earl of Perth, Viscount Cranborne, barons the lord Evres, Hunsdon, Hayes, Burleigh, Master Howard, Master Sheffield, Sir John Harington, Sir Thomas Chaloner, besides states* of the Low-countries, and Sir Noel Caroone their leiger† ambassador.

And in regard our company are styled Brethren of the Fraternity of Saint John Baptist, and that the ancient Knights of Saint John of Jerusalem—to which now demolished house in Saint John's Street our Company then using to go to offer, it is recorded Henry the Seventh then accompanying them gave our Master the upper hand,—because these knights, I say, were instituted to secure the way for pilgrims in the desert, I present therefore two of the worthiest Brothers of this Society of Saint John Baptist I can find out in history; the first, Amade le Grand, by whose aid Rhodes was recovered from the Turks, and the order of Annuntiade or Salutation instituted with that of four letters, FERT, signifying, *Fortitudo ejus Rhodum tenuit;* and the other, Monsieur‡ Jean Valet, who defended Malta from the Turks' invasion, and expelled them from that impregnable key of Christendom; this styled, Great Master of Malta, that, Governor of Rhodes.

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* *states*] i. e. persons of dignity. † *leiger*] i. e. resident.
‡ *the other Monsieur*] Old ed. "*the other* of *Mounsieur*."

Next I bring our two Sea-triumphs, and after that, the Ship called the Holy-Lamb, which brings hanging in her shrouds the Golden Fleece; the conceit of this being, that God is the guide and protector of all prosperous ventures.

To second this, follow the two beasts, the Lion and Camel, proper to the Arms of the Company; on the Camel rides a Turk, such as use to travel with caravans, and on the Lion, a Moor or wild Numidian.

The fourth eminent Pageant, I call the Monument of Charity and Learning; this fashioned like a beautiful Garden with all kinds of flowers, at the four corners, four artificial birdcages with variety of birds in them; this for the beauty of the flowers and melody of the birds to represent a spring in winter. In the midst of the Garden, under an elm-tree, sits the famous and worthy patriot, Sir Thomas White; who had a dream that he should build a college where two bodies of an elm sprang from one root, and being inspired to it by God, first rode to Cambridge to see if he could find any such; failing of it there, went to Oxford, and surveying all the grounds in and near the University, at last in Gloster-Hall-garden he found one that somewhat resembled it; upon which he resolved to endow it with larger revenue and to increase the foundation: having set men at work upon it, and riding one day out at the North Gate at Oxford, he spied on his right hand the self-same elm had been figured him in his dream; whereupon he gives o'er his former purpose of so amply enlarging Gloster-Hall, (yet not without a large exhibition to it), purchases the ground where the elm stood, and in the same place built the College of Saint John Baptist; and to this day the elm grows in the garden carefully preserved, as being, under God, a motive to their worthy foundation.

This I have heard Fellows of the House, of approved credit and no way superstitiously given, affirm to have been delivered from man to man since the first building of it; and that Sir Thomas White, inviting the Abbot of Osney to dinner in the aforesaid Hall, in the Abbot's presence and the hearing of divers other grave persons, affirmed, by God's inspiration, in the former recited manner, he built and endowed the College.

This relation is somewhat with the largest, only to give you better light of the figure: the chief person in this is Sir Thomas White, sitting in his eminent habit of Lord Mayor: on the one hand sits Charity with a pelican on her head; on the other, Learning with a book in one hand and a laurel-wreath in the other: behind him is the College of Saint John

Baptist in Oxford exactly modelled: two cornets, which for more pleasure answer one and another interchangeably; and round about the Pageant sit twelve of the four and twenty Cities, (for more would have over-burthened it), to which this worthy gentleman hath been a charitable benefactor. When my Lord approaches to the front of this piece, Learning humbles herself to him in these ensuing verses:

THE SPEECH OF LEARNING.

To express what happiness the country yields,
The poets feign'd heaven in th' Elysian fields:
We figure here a Garden fresh and new,
In which the chiefest of our blessings grew.
This worthy patriot here, Sir Thomas White,
Whilst he was living had a dream one night
He had built a college and given living to't,
Where two elm-bodies sprang up from one root:
And as he dream'd, most certain 'tis he found
The elm near Oxford; and upon that ground
Built Saint John's College. Truth can testify
His merit, whilst his Faith and Charity
Was the true compass, measur'd every part,
And took the latitude of his Christian heart;
Faith kept the centre, Charity walk'd this round
Until a true circumference was found:
And may the impression of this figure strike
Each worthy senator to do the like!

The last I call the Monument of Gratitude, which thus dilates itself.

Upon an Artificial Rock, set with mother-of-pearl and such other precious stones as are found in quarries, are placed four curious Pyramids, charged with the Prince's Arms, the Three Feathers; which by day yield a glorious show, and by night a more goodly, for they have lights in them, that at such time as my Lord Mayor returns from Paul's shall make certain ovals and squares resembling* precious stones. The Rock expresses the riches of the kingdom Prince Henry was born heir to; the Pyramids, which are monuments for the dead, that he is deceased.† On the top of this, rests half a Celestial Globe; in the midst of this hangs the Holy Lamb in the Sun-beams; on either side of these, an Angel. Upon a pedestal of gold stands the figure of Prince Henry with his coronet, george, and garter: in his left hand he holds a circlet of crimson velvet, charged with four Holy Lambs,

* *resembling*] Old ed. "resemble."

† *deceased*] He died Nov. 6, 1612.

such as our Company choose Masters with. In several cants* beneath sits, first, Magistracy, tending a Bee-hive; to express his gravity in youth and forward industry to have proved an absolute governor: next, Liberality, by her a Dromedary; shewing his speed and alacrity in gratifying his followers: Navigation with a Jacob's-staff and Compass; expressing his† desire that his reading that way might in time grow to the practick and building to that purpose one of the goodliest ships was ever launched in the river: in the next, Unanimity with a Chaplet of Lillies, in her lap a Sheaf of Arrows; shewing he loved nobility and commonalty with an entire heart: next, Industry on a hill where Ants are hoarding up corn; expressing his forward inclination to all noble exercise: next, Chastity, by her a Unicorn; shewing it is guide to all other virtues, and clears the fountain-head from all poison: Justice, with her properties: then Obedience, by her an Elephant, the strongest beast, but most observant to man of any creature: then Peace sleeping upon a Cannon; alluding to the eternal peace he now possesses: Fortitude, a Pillar in one hand, a Serpent wreathed about the other; to express‡ his height of mind and the expectation of an undaunted resolution. These twelve thus seated, I figure Loyalty, as well sworn servant to this City as to this Company; and at my Lord Mayor's coming from Paul's and going down Wood-street, Amade le Grand delivers this speech unto him:

THE SPEECH OF AMADE LE GRAND.

Of all the Triumphs which your eye has view'd,
This the fair Monument of Gratitude,
This chiefly should your eye and ear employ,
That was of all your Brotherhood the joy;
Worthy Prince Henry, fame's best president,
Call'd to a higher court of parliament
In his full strength of youth and height of blood,
And, which crown'd all, when he was truly good:
On virtue and on worth he still was throwing
Most bounteous showers, where'er he found them growing;
He never did disguise his ways by art,
But suited his intents unto his heart;
And lov'd to do good more for goodness' sake
Than any retribution man could make.
Such was this Prince: such are the noble hearts,
Who, when they die, yet die not in all parts,

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* *cants*] i. e. niches.

† *expressing his*] Old ed. "*expressing* that *his*."

‡ *express*] Old ed. "expect."

But from the integrity of a brave mind
Leave a most clear and eminent fame behind
Thus hath this jewel not quite lost his ray,
Only cas'd up 'gainst a more glorious day.
And be't remember'd that our Company
Have not forgot him who ought ne'er to die:
Yet wherefore should our sorrow give him dead,
When a new Phœnix* springs up in his stead;
That, as he seconds him in every grace,
May second him in brotherhood and place.
Good rest, my Lord: Integrity, that keeps
The safest watch and breeds the soundest sleeps,
Make the last day of this your holding seat
Joyful as this, or rather, more complete!

I could a more curious and elaborate way have expressed myself in these my endeavours; but to have been rather too tedious in my speeches, or too weighty, might have troubled my noble Lord and puzzled the understanding of the common people: suffice it, I hope 'tis well, and if it please his Lordship and my worthy employers, I am amply satisfied.

TO MY KIND FRIEND MASTER ANTHONY MUNDAY.†

The sighs of ladies, and the spleen of knights,
The force of magic, and the map of fate,
Strange pigmy-singleness in giant fights,
Thy true translation sweetly doth relate;
Nor for the fiction is the work less fine:
Fables have pith and moral discipline,

Now Palmerin in his own language sings,
That till thy study mask'd in unknown fashion,
Like a fantastic Briton; and hence springs
The map of his fair life to his own nation:
Translation is a traffic of high price;
It brings all learning in one Paradise.

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* *a new Phœnix*] i. e. Prince Charles.

† *To my kind friend, &c.*] Prefixed to the Third Part of Munday's translation of *Palmerin of England*, 4to. 1602.

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